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WRITING OF TODAY

WRITING OF TODAY:

MODELS OF JOURNALISTIC PROSE

Selected and Discussed by

J. W. CUNLIFFE, D.LIT.

Professor of English and Associate Director of The School of Journalism, Columbia University

and

GERHARD R. LOMER, Ph.D.

Instructor in English, The School of Journalism, Columbia University



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PREFACE

Why does the teaching of English composition, to which modern schools and colleges give so much time and energy, yield unsatisfactory results? reason is, in our judgment, that it seems to be out of touch with reality; the pupil sees in his appointed tasks no connection with his life as it is or as it is Accordingly he treats his themes as intellectual 'stunts' that have to be gone through simply because they are part of the course, and he fails to apply in his every day speech and writing the lessons he has learnt in the This sense of artificiality is partly due to the subjects he is asked to write about and the literary models set before him for imitation. acknowledges that he 'played the sedulous ape' to Hazlitt, Lamb, Sir Thomas Browne, Montaigne, and other great writers of prose, but it does not follow that the average American youth can learn to write by the study of Newman, Pater, and Stevenson, even when their essays are elaborately analyzed and interpreted He finds the subjects outside of his everyday interests and the mode of treatment altogether beyond his reach. The result is lassitude and discouragement.

Enterprising teachers have striven to overcome these difficulties by setting exercises on subjects of immediate interest and by the use of current periodicals The present volume is an effort in the same direction, with as models of style. the additional advantage of carefully selected examples, classified for ease of reference under general headings, with such comments on the separate types as seem likely to be of advantage in class room instruction or private study. technique of news reporting having been adequately discussed in more than one recent text book, we have given the space at our disposal to those forms of newspaper and magazine writing which offer more opportunity for individual treatment. A youth who cannot be sent out to gather news may be interested in the discussion of some present day issue, and willing to observe how the masters of the craft exercise their art. The first step in the problem is to win the student's attention and good will. With this in mind we have endeavored to choose papers which from their subject or mode of presentation are likely to attract and stimulate intelligent young people. To disregard the element of literary charm would be even more absurd than to offer the youthful mind the subtleties of the skilled dialectician or the last refinements of a mannered style.

We wish to acknowledge most gratefully the generosity with which authors and publishers have granted us permission to reprint. Some of the articles

have been already republished in book form, and in such cases we have adopted the revised text when the author has requested it; in the other cases, the original form of the article as it appeared in newspaper or magazine has been retained, save for an occasional correction, again at the author's request. The complete text of the selections is reprinted, except in a very few instances, where omissions are indicated by asterisks. Where the author's name is given below the title in square brackets, the article was originally published anonymously, and the name of the writer is now added by authority.

Our first aim has been to select examples likely to be of service to the young student of the art of writing; but the volume will, we hope, also interest the general public as an illustration of the variety and excellence of the articles published day by day in the newspapers and periodicals of the United States and Great Britain.

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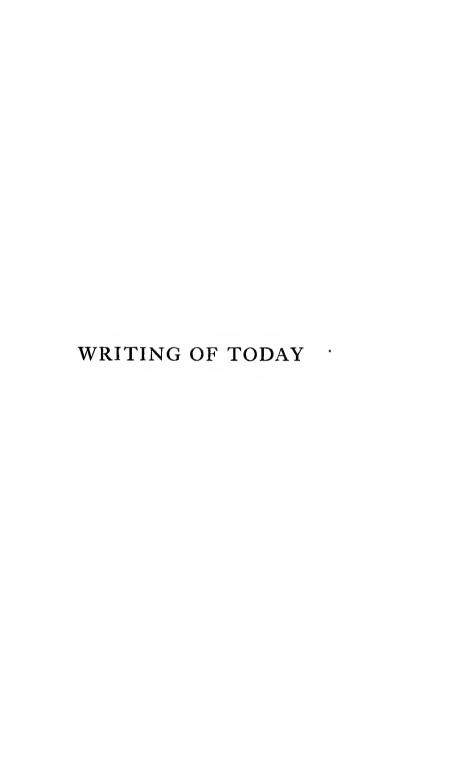
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WRITING OF TODAY

DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES

The essential merits of descriptive writing are (1) accuracy; (2) clearness; (3) vividness. The first depends upon the writer's power of observation, the last upon his power of presentation, and the second on both. A good piece of description should put the ordinary reader in a position to see things not merely with his own eyes, but with the keener eyes of the skilled observer. It is therefore necessary that young people who are learning to write should be trained to observe, and that they should cultivate their faculties of observation by practice. The ambitious student should look with understanding eyes upon the district in which he lives and the country through which he travels. Whether his home is in a great city or in a country town, in a village or on a farm, the place has individual characteristics which he should not fail to note, salient features which the majority of the inhabitants pass which he should not fail to note, salient features which the majority of the inhabitants pass with unseeing eyes. It is a useful exercise for him to endeavor to put down in writing his impressions of what he has seen, and to compare his efforts with those of the craftsmen whose work is included in this section. If he has traveled, abroad or in his own country, let him compare the record of his memories with Viscount Bryce's account of Palestine. If he has lived almost continuously in one place, let him strive to emulate Mr. Will Irwin's description of San Francisco. The result will probably be somewhat disheartening, but it will be salutary if it convinces him that his undertaking involves qualities in addition to the skill of the ready writer. This last is of obvious importance, and there is no need to stress it. The young student is more likely to overlook the importance of an orderly arrangement of his metavial and the selection for his nicture of those features which presented in ment of his material and the selection for his picture of those features, which, presented in due proportion, will give the impression he is seeking to convey. The ability to do these things is seldom innate, and often needs to be cultivated by assiduous practice, but the task is not an impossible one, granted a sufficient degree of native intelligence to start with, and an education which has enabled the student to master the rudiments of English composition. At first, he can only admire from a distance the vivid color with which Mr. Hichens recalls the beauty of Athens or the skill and power with which Mr. Huneker reproduces the experiences of a summer night at Coney Island. If he realizes appreciatively that the thing is done, he may come to understand how, and, according to his own capacity, and in his own way, learn to describe for others life as he sees it himself—but he must first see it.

The same principles apply to the description of a building or a ship, a bridge or a canal, a manufacturing process or a scientific discovery. These may appear simpler on account of their limited scope, but they demand perhaps greater skill on account of their restricted interest, and they present special difficulties from the technical knowledge which is often required. In dealing with them the student should be careful not to try to describe what he does not understand, and he should also avoid attempting to take his readers beyond the limits of their comprehension. In such descriptions the main virtues are simplicity and clearness, and the

various examples here presented have been chosen from that point of view.

T

IMPRESSIONS OF PALESTINE

JAMES BRYCE

[National Geographic Magazine, Washington, D. C. — Copyright, 1915. By special permission.]

all sorts of tastes and interest as Palestine

has been; and this is natural, for none has excited so keen an interest for so long a time and in so many nations.

As we have all at some time or other 5 read much about the country, it may well be thought that nothing now remains to be said about Palestine, except by archeologists, whose explorations of the sites No country has been so often described of ancient cities are always bringing or so minutely described by travelers of to fresh facts to light. But if all of us have read a good deal about the Holy Land,

most of us have also forgotten a good deal, and our ideas of the country - ideas colored by sentiments of reverence and romance — are often vague and not always correct.

It may therefore be worth while to set down in a plain and brief way the salient impressions which the country makes on a Western traveler who passes quickly through it. The broad impressions are 10 north of Jerusalem he sees, looking norththe things that remain in memory when most of the details have vanished, and broad impressions are just what an elaborate description sometimes fails to convey, because they are smothered under an 15 infinitude of details.

A SMALL COUNTRY

Palestine is a tiny little country. Though the traveler's handbooks prepare 20 also is frequently mentioned in the Psalms him to find it small, it surprises him by being smaller than he expected. Taking it as the region between the Mediterranean on the west and the Jordan and Dama Dead Sea on the east, from the spurs of 25 West. Lebanon and Hermon on the north to the desert at Beersheba on the south, it is only 110 miles long and from 50 to 60 broad - that is to say, it is smaller than New Jersey, whose area is 7500 square 30 the limits within which took place all miles.

Of this region large parts did not really belong to ancient Israel. Their hold on the southern and northern districts was but slight, while in the southwest a wide 35 sufficed for so many striking incidents and rich plain along the Mediterranean was occupied by the warlike Philistines, who were sometimes more than a match for the Hebrew armies. Israel had, in fact, little more than the hill country, 40 which lay between the Jordan on the east and the maritime plain on the west. King David, in the days of his power. looked down from the hill cities of Ben-Philistine enemies only twenty-five miles off, on the one side, and looked across the Tordan to Moabite enemies about as far off, on the other.

Israel that are recorded in the Old Testament happened within a territory no bigger than the State of Connecticut, whose area is 4800 square miles; and into crowded from the days of Abraham till our own so much history — that is to say so many events that have been recorded and deserve to be recorded in the annals of mankind. To history, however, I shall return later.

FEELING PALESTINE'S SMALLNESS

Nor is it only that Palestine is really a small country. The traveler constantly feels as he moves about that it is a small country. From the heights a few miles ward, a far-off summit carrying snow for eight months in the year. It is Hermon, nearly 10,000 feet high — Hermon, whose fountains feed the rivers of Damascus.

But Hermon is outside the territory of Israel altogether, standing in the land of the Syrians; so, too, it is of Lebanon. We are apt to think of that mountain mass as within the country, because it and the Prophets; but the two ranges of Lebanon also rise beyond the frontiers of Israel, lying between the Syrians of Damascus and the Phœnicians of the

Perhaps it is because the maps from which children used to learn Bible geography were on a large scale that most of us have failed to realize how narrow were those great doings that fill the books of Samuel and Kings. Just in the same way the classical scholar who visits Greece is surprised to find that so small a territory and for the careers of so many famous men.

LITTLE NATURAL WEALTH

Palestine is a country poor in any natural resources. There are practically no minerals, no coal, no iron, no copper, no silver, though recently some oil wells have been discovered in the Jordan Valjamin, just north of Jerusalem, upon 45 ley. Neither are there any large forests, and though the land may have been better wooded in the days of Joshua than it is now, there is little reason to think that the woods were of trees sufficiently large Nearly all the events in the history of 50 to constitute a source of wealth. A comparatively small area is fit for tillage.

To an Arab tribe that had wandered through a barren wilderness for forty weary years, Canaan may well have hardly any other country has there been 55 seemed a delightful possession; but many a county in Iowa, many a department in France, could raise more grain or wine than all the Holy Land.

PLAIN OF ESDRAELON

There is one stretch of fertile, level land 20 miles long and from 3 to 6 miles wide - the Plain of Esdraelon. But with this 5 rolling hills. It is only in some of the exception it is only in the bottoms and on the lower slopes of a few valleys, chiefly in the territory of Ephraim from Bethel northward and along the shores of the Bay of Acre, that one sees cornfields and 10 olive yards and orchards. Little wine is now grown.

Such wealth as the country has consists in its pastures, and the expression 'a land flowing with milk and honey' ap- 15 for the stony channels at the bottom of propriately describes the best it has to offer, for sheep and goats can thrive on the thin herbage that covers the hills, and the numerous aromatic plants furnish plenty of excellent food for the bees; but 20 clothed the hillsides, and the country it is nearly all thin pasture, for the land would then have been more pleasing to is dry and the soil mostly shallow. The sheep and goats vastly outnumber the oxen. Woody Bashan, on the east side of Jordan, is still the region where one 25 must look for the strong bulls.

SEEN THROUGH A GOLDEN HAZE

Palestine is not a beautiful country. The classical scholar finds charms every- 30 mel rises grandly from the sea, and on its where in Greece, a land consecrated to him by the genius of poets and philosophers, although a great part of Greece is painfully dry and bare. So, too, the traveler who brings a mind suffused by rever- 35 ence and piety to spots hallowed by religious associations sees the landscapes of the Holy Land through a golden haze that makes them lovely. But the scenery of the Holy Land, taken as a whole (for 40 the whole country west of Jordan. there are exceptions presently to be noticed), is inferior, both in form and in color, to that of northern and middle Italy, to that of Norway and Scotland, to that of the coasts of Asia Minor, to that 45 woodland left, and in the canyons that cut of many parts of California and Washington.

The hills are flat-topped ridges, with a monotonous skyline, very few of them showing any distinctive shape. Not a peak 50 These are the only brooks in all the counanywhere, and Tabor the only summit recognizable by its form. They are all composed of gray or reddish-gray limestone, bare of wood, and often too stony for tillage. Between the stones or piles of 55 rock there are low shrubs, and in the few weeks of spring masses of brilliant flowers give rich hues to the landscape; but

for the rest of the year all is gray or brown. The grass is withered away or is scorched brown, and scarcely any foliage is seen on the tops or upper slopes of the valleys that one finds villages nestling among olive groves and orchards where plum and peach and almond blossoms make spring lovely.

Arid indeed is the land. The traveler says with the Psalmist: 'My soul longs in a dry, parched land, wherein no water is.' Wells are few, springs still fewer, and of brooks there are practically none, the glens have no water except after a winter rainstorm. There may probably have been a more copious rainfall twenty or thirty centuries ago, when more wood Northern eyes, to which mountains are dear because rills make music and green boughs wave in the wind.

THE RIVER KISHON

To this general description there are certain exceptions which must not be forgotten. The high ridge of Mount Carland side breaks down in bold declivities and deep glens upon the valley through which the Kishon, an almost perennial stream, finds its way to the Bay of Acre. Here, upon the slopes of a long ridge, on the other side of the Kishon, there is a wildering forest of ancient holm-oaks, all the more beautiful because it is the one considerable stretch of natural wood in

On the other side of that river the slopes of the plateau which runs eastward into the desert, the Bashan and Gilead of the Old Testament, have also patches of deep through these slopes there is many a picturesque scene where the brooks, Jabbok and Yarmuk, leap in tiny water-falls from ledge to ledge of the cliffs. try, these and the Kishon, which itself is reduced in late summer to a line of pools.

VIEW FROM TABOR

Of the wider views there are two that ought to be noted. One is beautiful. is the prospect from the top of Mount

Tabor, a few miles east of Nazareth. over the wide plain of Esdraelon, specially charming in April, when the green of the upspringing wheat and barley contrasts with the rich red of the strips caught of the snowy top of Hermon risof newly plowed land that lie between.

The other is grand and solemn. From the Mount of Olives, and indeed from the higher parts of Jerusalem itself, one looks across the deep hollow where the Jordan, 10 that archeologists dispute over their sites. a little below Jericho, pours its turbid waters into the Dead Sea, and sees beyond this hollow the long, steep wall of the mountains of Moab.

great plateau, 3000 feet higher than the Dead Sea, which extends into the Great Desert of Northern Arabia. Among them is conspicuous the projecting ridge of Nebo, or Pisgah, from which Moses 20 wealth nor a land of natural beauty, what looked out upon that Promised Land which he was not permitted to enter. These mountains are the background of every eastward view from the heights of Judea. Always impressive, they become 25 tombs, ruins, battle-fields, sites hallowed weirdly beautiful toward sunset, when the level light turns their stern gray to exquisite purples and a tender lilac that deepens into violet as the night begins to fall.

PROSPECTS THAT PLEASE

In eastern Galilee also there are noble prospects of distant Hermon; nor is there any coast scenery anywhere finer than 35 to have more pebbles than earth, so that that of the seaward slopes of Lebanon one wonders how crops so good as one behind Sidon and Beirut. But Hermon and Lebanon (as already remarked) lie outside Palestine and would need a description to themselves. Damascus, seen 40 colation of rain makes clefts and hollows from the heights above, its glittering white embosomed in orchards, is a marvel of beauty - a pearl set in emeralds, say the Muslims. Petra, far off in the Arabian Desert to the south, is a marvel of 45 are associated with caverns, from the cave wild grandeur, with its deep, dark gorges and towering crags; but these also lie outside Palestine.

THE SEA OF GALILEE

Though not comparable in beauty either to the lakes of Britain or to those that lie among the Alps, or to Lake George in New York and Lake Tahoe in California. the Sea of Galilee has a quiet charm of 55 caves. It places the Annunciation by the

The shores are bare of wood and the encircling mountains show no bold peaks;

yet the slopes of the hills, sometimes falling abruptly, sometimes in soft and graceful lines, have a pleasing variety, and from several points a glimpse may be ing beyond the nearer ranges. A great sadness broods over the silent waters. The cities that decked it like a necklace have, all but Tiberias, vanished so utterly There is little cultivation, and where half a million of people are said to have lived at the beginning of our era, not 5000 are now to be found. Many a devastating These mountains are the edge of the 15 war and the misgovernment of fourteen centuries have done their fatal work.

PALESTINE SHMMED UP

If Palestine is not a land of natural is it? What are the impressions which the traveler who tries to see it exactly as it is carries away with him? Roughly summed up, they are these: stones, caves, by traditions - all bathed in an atmo-

sphere of legend and marvel.

Never was there a country, not being an absolute desert, so stony. The hillsides 30 seem one mass of loose rocks, larger or smaller. The olive yards and vineyards are full of stones. Even the cornfields (except in the alluvial soil of the plain of Esdraelon and along the sandy coast) seem one wonders how crops so good as one sometimes sees can spring up. Caves are everywhere, for limestone is the prevailing rock, and it is the rock in which the perand caverns most frequent.

HISTORIC CAVES

Many of the incidents of Bible history of Machpelah, at Hebron, where Abraham buried Sarah and in which he is supposed to have been himself interred, down to the sepulchre hewn in rock in which the body 50 of Christ was laid and over which the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was built by Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine.

Tradition points out many other sacred Angel Gabriel to the Virgin at Nazareth in one cavern and the birth of Christ at Bethlehem in another, and assigns others

to Samson, to David, to Elijah, and to various prophets. All over the country one finds tombs hewn in the solid rocks and pillars or piles of stone marking a burial place. Many of these rock tombs 5 In no country are there so many shrines may be the work of races that dwelt here before Israel came. In a rocky land, where natural cavities are common, this becomes the obvious mode of interment. Thus here, as in Egypt, one seems to be in 10 a multitude of pilgrims, not even Belgium a land rather of the dead than of the liv-

The impression of melancholy which this brooding shadow of death gives is heightened by the abundance of ruins. 15 warred with one another, and against From very early times men built here in stone because there were, even then, few large trees, and though the dwellings of the poor were mostly of sun-baked mud Syria and Mesopotamia, the highway of and have long since vanished, the ease 20 war trodden by the armies of Assyria and with which the limestone could be quarried and used for building made those who sought defense surround even small towns with walls, whose foundations at least have remained. The larger among the 25 syria. surviving ruins date from Roman or from Crusading times. These are still numerous, though Muslim vandalism and the habit of finding in the old erections ma- Egyptian Ptolemies. Then appeared the terial for new have left comparatively 30 legions of Rome, first under Pompey, then little of architectural interest.

GRECO-ROMAN RUINS

The best preserved remains are those of dan, and these cities, singularly good specimens of the work of their age, are being rapidly destroyed by the Circassians whom the Turks have placed in that reare so numerous that in the course of a day's ride one is everywhere sure to pass far more of them than the traveler could find in even those parts of Europe that the ancient names are lost.

One is amazed at the energy the Crusaders showed in building castles, not a few of them large and all of them solid none of the fortresses are perfect, and of the churches only four or five have been spared sufficiently to show their beauty. Several, among these the most beautiful and best preserved, have been turned into 55 mosques. Of these ruins few are cared for except by the archeologist and the his-

torian.

RELIGIOUS MEMORIALS

But there are other memorials of the past that have lived on into the present. of ancient worship, so many spots held sacred - some sacred to Jews, some to Christians, some to Mussulmans. Neither has any other country spots that still draw and Lombardy, each a profusion of battlefields. It is a land of ancient strife and

seldom-interrupted slaughter. Before Israel came, the tribes of Canaan those tribes Israel had to fight for its life. Along its western border ran the great line of march from Egypt to northern Babylon when they passed south to attack Egypt, and by the armies of Egypt when the great Pharaohs, Rameses, Thothmes, and Necho, led them north against As-

In later days the Seleucid kings of Babylon and Antioch had fight after fight for the possession of the country with the many a campaign to quell the revolt of the Jews. Still later came those fiercest enemies of Rome, the Sassanid kings of Persia, whose great invasion of A.D. 614 laid the Greco-Roman towns east of the Jor- 35 waste Jerusalem and spread ruin over the land.

THE ARAB INVASION

Just after that invasion the Arabs, then gion. Be the ruins great or small, they so in the first flush of their swift conquest, descended on the enfeebled province and set up that Muslim rule which has often changed hands from race to race and dynasty to dynasty, but has never disaphave been longest inhabited, and of many 45 peared. When the Mohammedan princes had fought among themselves for four centuries they were suddenly attacked by a host of Crusaders from western Europe. and the soil of Palestine was drenched strongholds, as well as churches. But 50 afresh with blood. The chronicle of more recent wars, which includes Napoleon's irruption, stopped at Acre in 1799, comes down to the Egyptian invasion in the days of Mehemet Ali.

> From the top of Mount Tabor one looks down on six famous battlefields - the first, that of the victory of Deborah and Barak over Sisera, commemorated in the oldest

of Hebrew war songs (Judges, Chapters IV-V), and the latest, that of the victory of the French over the Turks in 1799. the mysterious Armageddon (Revelation, Chapter XVI).

DOMINION OF THE PAST

Caves and tombs, ruins and battlefields, and ancient seats of worship are the visible signs of that dominion of the past, overweighting and almost effacing the present, which one feels constantly and 15 voice, forbade the madness of the prophet' everywhere in Palestine. For us Englishspeaking men and women, who read the Bible in our youth and followed the stream of history down through antiquity and the Middle Ages, no country is so 20 steeped in historical associations.

It could not be otherwise, for in no other country (save Egypt) did history begin so early; none has seen such an unending clash of races and creeds; none 25 has been the theater of so many events touching the mind of so large a part of mankind. The interest which Nature, taken alone, fails to give is given in unequaled profusion by history, and by leg- 30 been found, often one highly improbable, end even more than by history.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF LEGEND AND MARVEL

The Holy Land is steeped also in an atmosphere of legend and marvel. As the 35 traveler steps ashore at Jaffa he is shown the rock to which Andromeda was chained when Perseus rescued her from the sea monster. (It is the only Greek story localized on these shores.) Till recent 40 on increasing with the increased ease and years he was also shown the remains of the ribs of another sea monster, the 'great fish' that swallowed and disgorged the prophet Jonah, whose tomb he will see on the coast near Sidon. When he proceeds 45 toward Jerusalem he passes Lydda, the birthplace of St. George, where that youthful hero slew the dragon. A little farther comes the spot where another young chamdays killed a thousand Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass.

Still farther along the railway line he is pointed to the opening of the Valley of Ajalon, where, according to the Book of 55 Joshua, the sun and moon stood still while Israel pursued their enemies. An hour later, as the train approaches Jerusalem.

he looks down on the rocky gorge in which St. Sabas, himself a historical character, famous and influential in the sixth cen-And in this plain, near the spot where Barak overcame Sisera and Pharaoh covercame Josiah, is to be fought stury, dwelt in a cave where a friendly lion tury, dwelt in a cave where a friendly lion came to bear him company; and from Jenezho overcame Josiah, is to be fought stury, dwelt in a cave where a friendly lion tury and frien host of Israel passed dry-shod over Jordan, following the Ark of the Covenant, and near which Elisha made the iron swim and 10 turned bitter waters to sweet. Thence, too, he can descry, far off among the blue hills of Moab, the mountain top to which Balaam was brought to curse Israel, and where 'the dumb ass, speaking with man's (Numbers, Chapter XX; II Peter, Chap-

WILD MUSLIM LEGENDS

These scenes of marvel, all passing before the eye in a single afternoon, are but a few examples of the beliefs associated with ancient sites over the length and breadth of the country. All sorts of legends have sprung up among Muslims, as well as Jews and Christians, the Muslim legends being indeed the wildest. For nearly every incident mentioned in the Old or New Testament a local site has perhaps plainly impossible, which nevertheless the devout are ready to accept.

The process of site-finding had begun before the days of the Empress Helena, and it goes on still. (Quite recently the Muslims have begun to honor a cave at the base of Mount Carmel, which they hold to have sheltered Elijah.) Nothing is more natural, for the number of pilgrims goes cheapness of transportation, and sites have to be found for the pilgrims.

CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS

The Roman Catholics come chiefly from France, but they are few compared with the multitude of Russians, nearly all simple peasants, ready to kiss the stones of every spot which they are told that the pion, Samson, the Danite, had in earlier 50 presence of the Virgin or a saint has hallowed.

> To accommodate these pilgrim swarms, for besides the Catholics and the Orthodox, the other ancient churches of the East, such as the Armenians, the Copts, and the Abyssinians, are also represented, countless monasteries and hospices have been erected at and around Terusalem.

Bethlehem, Nazareth, and other sacred spots; and thus the aspect of these places has been so modernized that it is all the more difficult to realize what they were

like in ancient days.

Jews have come in large numbers; they have settled in farm colonies; they have built up almost a new quarter on the north side of old Jerusalem. But even they are not so much in evidence as the Christian to vividly. One realizes the position of the pilgrims. The pilgrim is now, especially at the times of festival, the dominant feature of Palestine. It is the only country, save Egypt, perhaps even more than Egypt, to which men flock for the sake of 15 of Carmel, to the north; Amalek in the the past; and it is here that the philosophic student can best learn to appreciate the part which tradition and marvel have played in molding the minds and stimulating the religious fervor of man- 20 hadad and Hazael threatens from behind

WHAT PALESTINE MIGHT BE

Under a better government — a government which should give honest adminis- 25 tration, repress brigandage, diffuse education, irrigate the now desolate, because sun-scorched, valley of the lower Jordan by water drawn from the upper course of the river - Palestine might become a 30 foe of Israel meant when he said that the prosperous and even populous country and have its place in the civilization of the

present.

The inhabitants, mostly Muslims, are a strong and often handsome race, natu-35 rally equal to the races of Southern Europe; but as Palestine stands to-day, it is a land of the past, a land of memories memories of religion, but chiefly of religious war, and always rather of war than 40 of peace. The only work ever done in it for peace was done by the preaching, nineteen centuries ago, of One whose teaching His followers have never put in practice.

The strife of Israel against the Amorites and of the Crusaders against the Muslims pale to insignificance compared with the conflict between five great nations today who bear the Christian name, and 50 thunder is pealing above, and Naaman is some of whom are claiming the Almighty as their special patron and protector.

Of one other kind of impression something remains to be said. Does travel in the Holy Land give a clearer comprehen- 55 uses them almost as a handbook. Nasion of the narratives of the Old and New Testament? Does it give a livelier sense of their reality? This question must be

answered separately for the two divisions of the Bible.

ISRAEL'S NEIGHBORS

On the Old Testament the traveler gets an abundance of fresh light from visiting the spots it mentions. The history of Israel from the time of Joshua — indeed. from the time of Abraham - stands out chosen people in the midst of hostile tribes - some tribes close to them: the Philistines at the western part of the Iudean hills: the Tyrians almost within sight desert to the south, raiding as far as Hebron; Moab and the Beni Ammon on the plateau that lies beyond Jordan to the east, while the Syrian kingdom of Benthe ridges of Galilee.

One sees the track along which the hosts of Egypt and Assyria marched. One feels the breath of the desert upon the prophets, for the desert comes into Palestine itself. One traverses it descending from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea. It lies in bare, brown cliffs above the gardens of Jericho. One understands what the gods of Israel were gods of the hills, and

his own gods of the valleys.

HOW NEAR WAS ENDOR!

One sees how near to the Gilboan Mountains was Endor, where Saul went to consult the witch the night before the fatal battle (I Samuel, Chapter XXVIII), and how near also the wall of Bethshan. to which the Philistines fixed his body and that of the gallant Jonathan. Samaria, the stronghold of Omri, and long afterward of Herod, frowns upon the plain beneath, and at Jezreel the slope is seen up 45 which Jehu drove his steeds so furiously to the slaughter of Jezebel (II Kings, Chapter IX).

One can feel it all to be real. Elijah runs before the chariot of Ahab while the bathing in Jordan on his way back to Damascus from the visit to Elisha. The historical books of the Old Testament are so full of references to localities that one poleon, they say, had them read aloud to him in the evenings in his camp on the

Syrian expedition of 1799.

And though the aspect of things has been greatly changed since those days by the disappearance of ancient forests, the introduction of some new trees and new kinds of buildings, not to speak of two 5 railways and a few macadamized roads, still the natural features of hill and valley remain, and there is much in the ways and customs of the people that remains the except that he has no longer to fear the lion, who has long since vanished, nor the bear, who survives only in the recesses of the northern hills.

NEW TESTAMENT PALESTINE

When one turns to the New Testament, how great is the difference. Except as regards Jerusalem and the Sea of Galilee, there are scarcely any references to locali- 20 other of the abstract; the one of the ties in the Gospel narratives, and in those few references little or nothing turns

upon the features of the place.

We can identify some of the spots where miracles are related, such as Nain and 25 teaching becomes ideal and universal, like Cana of Galilee, but the events are not connected with any special feature of the locality. Journeys are mentioned, but not the route along which Christ passed, except Sychar, in the Samaritan territory, 30 where was Jacob's well, one of the few sacred spots which can be positively identified. (The Crusaders erected a church over it which is now being restored by The cities round the 35 Franciscan monks.) Sea of Galilee have, all except Tiberias, vanished from the earth, and the sites of most of them are doubtful.

The town now called Nazareth has been accepted for many centuries as the home 40 of Christ's parents, but the evidence to prove it so is by no means clear, and it is hard to identify the cliff on which the city was built. The Mount of Olives, in particular, and the height on its slope, where 45 or a thoughtful Buddhist from Japan Christ, following the path from Bethany, looked down on Jerusalem, and the temple in all its beauty, are the spots at which one seems to get into the closest touch here that the scene has been most changed by new buildings, high walls, villas and convents and chapels. Even the scenic conditions and whatever we may call 'the the eastern world than to Palestine. You do not feel the incidents to be the more

real because they are placed in this particular part of the East.

THE ACTUAL AND THE IDEAL

All this makes the traveler realize afresh and from a new side that while the Old Testament is about and for Israel, as well as composed in the land of Israel, the Gospel, though the narrative is placed The shepherd leads the same life, so in the land and the preaching was delivered to the people of Israel, is addressed to the world.

> The Old Testament books, or at least the legal and historical books, are con-15 cerned with one people, with the words and deeds of its kings and prophets and warriors, whereas the New Testament is concerned with the inner life of all mankind. The one is of the concrete, the actual, the other of the ideal. The actual is rooted in time and place; the ideal is independent of both. It is only in parts of the poetical and prophetic books that the that of the New Testament.

It ought perhaps to be added that the incidents of Chronicles in the Old Testament belong (except, of course, when the element of marvel comes in) to what may be called normal history, and can therefore be realized just as easily as we realize the wars of the Crusaders and the

deeds of Sultan Saladin.

THE GOSPEL AND PALESTINE

We picture to ourselves the battle of Saul and the Philistines at Gilboa as we picture the battle of Napoleon against the Turks, a few miles farther north. It is much harder to fit the Gospel with the framework of Jerusalem or Galilee, because its contents are unlike anything else in history. An Indian Mussulman scholar might not feel this, but it is hard for a European or American Christian not to feel it.

Whether these explanations be true or with the Gospel narrative; and it is just 50 not, it is the fact that to some travelers the sight of the places that are mentioned in the Gospel seems to bring no further comprehension of its meaning, no heightened emotion, except that which the setting' of the parables belong rather to 55 thought that they are looking upon the very hills, perhaps treading the very paths that were trodden by the feet of Christ and

the Apostles, naturally arouses. The narrative remains to them in just the same ideal, non-local atmosphere which surrounded it in their childhood. It still belongs to the realm of the abstract, to the world of the soul rather than to the world of physical nature. It is robed not in the noonday glare of Palestine, as they see it to-day, nor even in the rich purple which her sunsets shed upon the far-off hills, but 10 the prophets who live on in their burning in a celestial light that never was on sea or land.

TYPICAL PILGRIM'S VIEWPOINT

tants, are the few exceptions. The typical pilgrim, be he or she a Roman Catholic Legitimist from France or an unlettered peasant from Russia, accepts everything forces of humanity were embodied — in and is edified by everything. The Virgin 20 them its passionate aspirations seem to and the saints have always been so real to these devout persons, the sense of their reality heightened by constant prayers before the Catholic image or the Russian icon, that it is natural for the pilgrim to 25 think of them as dwelling in the very spots which the guide points out, and the marvelous parts of the legends present to them no difficulty.

The French Catholic has probably been 30 on a pilgrimage to Lourdes and drawn health from the holy spring in its sacred The Russian peasant has near his home some wonder-working picture. The world to him is still full of religious mira- 35 Athens and the country is green, when the cles, and Palestine is but the land in which the figures who consecrate the spots are the most sacred of all those whom Christianity knows. To him to die in it is happiness, for death is the portal to heaven. 40 bare Acropolis, and the guardians of the Nowhere else does one see a faith so Parthenon, in their long coats the color touching in its simplicity.

A ROMANTIC JOURNEY

poetry in their hearts, be they pilgrims or tourists, or critical archeologists and historians, there is, and there will always be, an inexpressible romance in this journey. Palestine is preëminently the Land of the 50 Past — a land whose very air is charged with the human emotions and the memories of human action, reaching far back into the dim twilight of prehistoric centuries.

No one who is in any degree susceptible to the impressions of nature or of history

can help feeling the glamour of the country. The colors of distant hills, seen at morn or even through this clear, keen air, seem rich and sad with pathos of ages of 5 human effort and human passion. The imagination is always trying to body forth the men and women who lived beneath these skies, the heroes of war and the saints of suffering, the nameless poets, and words, and to give them visible form and life.

Imagination always fails, but it never desists from the attempt, and though it These persons, however, mostly Protes- 15 cannot visualize the scenes, it feels the constant presence of these shadowy figures. In them, shadowy as they are, in the twilight of far-off ages, the primal have their earliest, simplest, and most moving expression.

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IN AND NEAR ATHENS

ROBERT HICHENS

[Century Magazine, April, 1913. By permission.]

What Greece is like in spring, I do not know, when rains have fallen round white dust perhaps does not whirl through Constitution Square and over the garden about the Zappeion, when the intensity of the sun is not fierce on the road to the of a dervish's hat, do not fall asleep in the patches of shade cast on the hot ground by Doric columns. I was there To all travelers who have anything of 45 at the end of the summer, and many said to me, 'You should come in spring, when it is green.'

Greece must be very different then, but

can it be much more beautiful?

Disembark at the Piræus at dawn, take a carriage, and drive by Phalerum, the bathing-place of the Athenians, to Athens at the end of the summer, and though for just six months no rain has fallen, you 55 will enter a bath of dew. The road is dry and dusty, but there is no wind, and the dust lies still. The atmosphere is marvelously clear, as it is, say, at Ismailia in the early morning. The Hellenes, when they are talking quite naturally, if they speak of Europe, always speak of it as a They talk of 'going to Europe.' They say to the English stranger, 'You come to us fresh from Europe.' And as you drive toward Athens you understand.

though the Greeks were the people who saved Europe from being dominated by the races of Asia. All about you - you have not yet reached Phalerum - you see country that looks like the beginning of a 15 you look away from the sea, lifted very desert, that holds a fascination of the des-The few trees stand up like carved The small, Eastern-looking things. houses, many of them with flat roofs, earth-colored, white, or tinted with mauve 20 you here as it does when you stand at the and pale colors, scattered casually and apparently without any plan over the absolutely bare and tawny ground, look from a distance as if they, too, were carved, as if they were actually a part of the sub- 25 but simply because of the feeling in your stance of their environment, not imposed upon it by an outside force. The moving figure of a man, wearing the white fustanelle, has the strange beauty of an Arab moving alone in the vast sands. And yet 30 there is something here that is certainly not of Europe, but that is not wholly of the East — something very delicate, very pure, very sensitive, very individual, free from the Eastern drowsiness, from the 35 heavy Eastern perfume which disposes the soul of man to inertia.

It is the exquisite, vital, one might almost say intellectual, freshness of Greece which, between Europe and Asia, pre- 40 afar the Doric conquers. serves its eternal dewdrops — those dewdrops which still make it the land of the

early morning.

the distance, across the purple water, is the calm mountain of the island of Ægina. Over there, along the curve of the sandy bay, are the clustering houses 50 draws on; you must be gone to Athens. of old Phalerum. This is new Phalerum. with its wooden bath-houses, its one great hotel, its kiosks and cafés, its shadeless plage, deserted now except for one old gentleman who, like almost every Greek 55 George, and always through beautiful, all over the country, is at this moment reading a newspaper in the sun.

Is there any special charm in new Pha-

lerum, bare of trees, a little cockney of aspect, any exceptional beauty in this bay? When you have bathed there a few times, when you have walked along the shore in continent in which Greece is not included. 5 the quiet evening, breathing the exquisite air, when you have dined in a café of old Phalerum built out into the sea, and come back by boat through the silver of a moon to the little tram station whence you re-This country is part of the East, al- 10 turn to Athens, you will probably find that there is. And from what other bav can you see the temple of the Parthenon as you see it from the bay of Phalerum?

You have your first vision of it now, as high on its great rock of the Acropolis as on a throne. Though far off, nevertheless its majesty is essentially the same, casts the same tremendous influence upon very feet of its mighty columns. At once you know, not because of the legend of greatness attaching to it, or because of the historical associations clinging about it, own soul roused by its white silhouette in this morning hour, that the soul of Greece - eternal majesty, supreme greatness, divine calm, and that remoteness from which, perhaps, no perfect thing, either God-made or, because of God's breath in him, man-made, is wholly exempt -- is lifted high before you under the cloudless heaven of dawn.

You may even realize at once and forever, as you send on your carriage and stand for a while quite alone on the sands. gazing, that to you the soul of Greece must always seem to be Doric. From

The ancient Hellenes, divided, at enmity, incessantly warring among themselves, were united in one sentiment: they Your carriage turns to the right, and in called all the rest of the nations 'bara moment you are driving along the shore 45 barians.' The Parthenon gives them rea-of a sea without wave or even ripple. In son. 'Unintelligible folk' to this day must acknowledge it, using the word 'barbarian' strictly in our modern sense.

But the sun is higher, the morning Down the long, straight, new road, between rows of pepper-trees, passing a little church which marks the spot where a miscreant tried to assassinate King bare country like the desert, you drive. And presently you see a few houses, like the houses of a quiet village; a few great Corinthian columns rising up in a lonely place beyond an arch tawny with old gold; a public garden looking new but pleasant - not unlike a desert garden at the edge of the Suez Canal,—with a white statue 5 (it is the statue of Byron) before it; then a long, thick tangle of trees stretching far, and separated from the road and a line of large apartment-houses only by an old and slight wooden paling; a big square with a 10 so it seemed to me, you look upon the sea. garden sunken below the level you are on, and on your right a huge, bare white building rather like a barracks. You are in Athens, and you have seen already the Zappeion garden, Constitution Square, and the garden and the palace of the king.

Coming to Athens for the first time by this route, it is difficult to believe one is in the famous capital, even though one has 20 thing into consideration, are perhaps the seen the Acropolis. And I never quite lost the feeling there that I was in a delightful village, containing a cheery, bustling life, some fine modern buildings, and many wonders of the past. Yet Athens is 25 for beauty of landscape. One famous large and is continually growing. One of the best and most complete views of it is obtained from the terrace near the Acropolis Museum, behind the Parthenon. Other fine views can be had from Lyca- 30 sites the Greeks selected for their great bettus, the solitary and fierce-looking hill against whose rocks the town seems almost to surge, like a wave striving to overwhelm it, and from that other hill, immediately facing the Acropolis, on which 35 ing in allusion to the beauty of nature; stands the monument of Philopappos.

It is easy to ascend to the summit of the Acropolis, even in the fierce heat of a summer day. A stroll up a curving road, the mounting of some steps, and you are there, 40 five hundred and ten feet only above the level of the sea. But on account of the solitary situation of the plateau of rock on which the temples are grouped and of its precipitous sides, it seems very much 45 trees and gardens. Lycabettus stands out, higher than it is. Whenever I stood on the summit of the Acropolis I felt as if I were on the peak of a mountain, as if from there one must be able to see all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. 50

What one does see is marvelously, ineffably beautiful. Herodotus called this land, with its stony soil and its multitudes of bare mountains, the 'rugged nurse of liberty.' Though rugged, and 55 often naked, nevertheless its loveliness and that soft word must be used - is so great and so pure that, as we give to

Greek art the crown of wild olive, so we must give it surely also to the scenery of Greece. It is a loveliness of outline, of color, and above all of light.

Almost everywhere in Greece you see mountains, range upon range, closing about you or, more often, melting away into far distances, into outlines of shadows and dreams. Almost everywhere, or And as the outlines of the mountains of Greece are nearly always divinely calm, so the colors of the seas of Greece are magically deep and radiant and varied. Olympicion, the Arch of Hadrian, the 15 over mountains and seas fall changing wonders of light, giving to outline eternal meanings, to color the depth of a soul.

When you stand upon the Acropolis you see not only ruins which, taking everymost wonderful in the world, but also one of the most beautiful views of the world. It is asserted as a fact by authorities that the ancient Greeks had little or no feeling writer on things Greek states that 'a fine view as such had little attraction for them,' that is, the Greeks. It is very difficult for those who are familiar with the temples and theaters, such as the rock of the Acropolis, the heights at Sunium and at Argos, the hill at Taormina in Sicily. etc., to feel assured of this, however lackunless in connection with supposed animating intelligences, Greek literature may be. It is almost impossible to believe it as you stand on the Acropolis.

All Athens lies beneath you, pale, almost white, with hints of manve and yellow, gray and brown, with its dominating palace, its tiny Byzantine churches, its tiled and flat roofs, its solitary cypresssmall, but bold, almost defiant. Beyond. and on every side, stretches the calm plain That winding river of dust of Attica. marks the Via Sacra, along which the great processions used to pass to Eleusis by the water. There are the dark groves of Academe, a place of rest in a bare land. The marble quarries gleam white on the long flanks of Mount Pentelicus, and the great range of Parnes leads on to Ægaleos. Near you are the Hill of the Nymphs, with its observatory; the rocky plateau from which the apostle Paul spoke

of Christ to the doubting Athenians; the new plantation at the foot of Philopappos which surrounds the so-called 'Prison of Socrates.' Honey-famed Hymettus, gray and patient, stretches toward the sea - 5 Egypt, however familiarly known, can live toward the shining Saronic Gulf and the bay of Phalerum. And there, beyond Phalerum, are the Piræus and Salamis. Mount Elias rules over the midmost isle of Ægina. Beneath the height of Sunium, 10 where the Temple of Poseidon still lifts blanched columns above the passing mariners who have no care for the sea-god's glory, lies the islet of Gaidaronisi, and the mountains of Megara and of Argolis lie 15 between thirty and forty feet. The archilike dreaming shadows in the sunlight. Very pure, very perfect, is this great view. Nature here seems purged of all excesses, and even nature in certain places can look almost theatrical, though never in Greece. 20 immense. But The sea shines with gold, is decked with marvelous purple, glimmers afar with silver, fades into the color of shadow. The shapes of the mountains are as serene as the shapes of Greek statues. Though 25 was once a hidden place the passing travbare, these mountains are not savage, are not desolate or sad. Nor is there here any suggestion of that 'oppressive beauty' against which the American painter-poet Frederic Crowninshield cries out in a re-30 cent poem — of that beauty which weighs upon, rather than releases, the heart of

From this view you turn to behold the Parthenon. A writer who loved Greece 35 sion created by the Parthenon as a buildmore than all other countries, who was steeped in Greek knowledge, and who was deeply learned in archeology, has left it on record that on his first visit to the mendous call. Acropolis he was aware of a feeling of 40 any severity. disappointment. His heart bled over the ravages wrought by man in this sacred place — that Turkish powder-magazine in the Parthenon which a shell from Venetians blew up, the stolen lions which saw 45 Italy, the marbles carried to an English museum, the statues by Phidias which clumsy workmen destroyed.

But so incomparably noble, so majestically grand is this sublime ruin, that the 50 temple looks very pale in color, often infirst near view of it must surely fill many hearts with an awe which can leave no room for any other feeling. It is incomplete, but not the impression it creates.

tered, almost entirely roofless, deprived of its gilding and color, its glorious statues, its elaborate and wonderful friezes, its lions, its golden oil-jars, its Athene Parthenos of gold and ivory, the mere naked shell of what it once was, is stupendous. No memory of the gigantic ruins of in the mind, can make even the puniest fight for existence, before this Doric front of Pentelic marble, simple, even plain, but still in its devastation supreme. is great, but one has seen far greater The fluted columns, lifted up on the marble stylobate which has been trodden by the feet of Pericles and Phidias. are huge in girth, and rise to a height of trave above their plain capitals, with its projecting molding, is tremendously massive. The walls of the cella, or sanctuary of the temple, where they still remain, are now. where reigned,- for in the days when the temple was complete no light could enter it except through the doorway,- the sunlight has full possession. And from what eler can look out over land and sea.

Some learned men have called the Parthenon severe. It is wonderfully simple, so simple that it is not easy to say exactly why it produces such an overpowering impression of sublimity and grandeur. But it is not severe, for in severity there is something repellent, something that frowns. It seems to me that the impresing is akin to that created by the Sphinx as a statue. It suggests — seems actually to send out like an atmosphere — a tremendous calm, far beyond the limits of

The whole of the Parthenon, except the foundations, is of Pentelic marble. And this marble is so beautiful a substance now after centuries of exposure on a bare height to the fires of the sun, to the seawinds and the rains of winter, that it is impossible to wish it gilded, and painted with blue and crimson. From below in the plain, and from a long distance, the deed white. But when you stand on the Acropolis, you find that the marble holds many hues, among others pale yellow, cocoa color, honey color, and old gold. The Parthenon, as it exists to-day, shat-55 have seen the columns at noonday, when they were bathed by the rays of the sun, glow with something of the luster of amber, and look almost transparent. I have 🖟 seen them, when evening was falling, look almost black.

The temple, which is approached through the colossal marble Propylea, or state entrance, with Doric colonnades and 5 Ionic, has a colonnade, is made of Pentelic steps of marble and black and deep-blue Eleusinian stone, is placed on the very summit of the Acropolis, at the top of a slope, now covered with fragments of ruin. scattered blocks of stone and marble, sec- 10 youd the Propylæa, and not far from the tions of columns, slabs which once formed parts of altars, and broken bits of painted ceiling, but which was once a place of shrines and of splendid statues, among chos, in armor, and holding the lance whose glittering point was visible from the sea. The columns are all fluted, and all taper gradually as they rise to the architrave. And the flutes narrow as they 20 draw nearer and nearer to the capitals of the columns. The architrave was once hung with wreaths and decorated with shields. The famous frieze of the cella. cession, and which ran round the external wall of the sanctuary, is now in pieces, some of which are in the British Museum, of the temple. The cella had a ceiling of painted wood. On one of its inner walls I saw traces of red Byzantine figures, one apparently a figure of the Virgin. These was used as a Christian church, and was dedicated to Mary the mother of God, before it became a mosque, and, later, a Turkish powder-magazine. The white marble floor, which is composed of great 40 tive genius she succeeded in being more blocks perfectly fitted together, and withany joining substance, contrasts strongly with the warm hues of the inner flutes of the Doric columns. Here and there in the marble walls may be seen 45 vice of love, - and slaves have been defragments of red and of yellow brick. From within the Parthenon, looking out between the columns, you can see magnificent views of country and sea.

Acropolis, with the Propylæa and the Parthenon, the Temple of Athene Nike and the Erechtheum. They are absolutely different from the profoundly masculine Par- vine, courage. They are watchers, these thenon, and almost resemble two beautiful 55 maidens, not alertly, but calmly watchful female attendants upon it, accentuating by their delicate grace its majesty.

The Temple of Nike is very small.

stands on a jutting bastion just outside the Propylæa, and has been rebuilt from the original materials, which were dug up out of masses of accumulated rubbish. It is marble, and was once adorned with a series of winged victories in bas-relief.

Ionic like the Temple of Nike, but much larger, the Erechtheum stands be-Parthenon, at the edge of the precipice beneath which lies the greater part of Athens. A marvelously personal element attaches to it and makes it unique, giving them the great statue of Athena Proma-15 it a charm which sets it apart from all other buildings. To find this you must go to the southwest, to the beautiful Porch of the Carvatids, which looks toward the Parthenon.

There are six of these carvatids, or maidens, standing upon a high parapet of marble and supporting a marble roof. Five of them are white, and one is a sort of yellowish black in color, as if she had once which represented in marble a great pro- 25 been black, but, having been singled out from her fellows, had been kissed for so many years by the rays of the sun that her original hue had become changed, brightand some in Athens. A portion of this ened by his fires. Four of the maidens frieze may still be seen on the west front 30 stand in a line. Two stand behind, on each side of the portico. They wear flowing draperies, their hair flows down over their shoulders, and they support their burden of marble with a sort of exquisite date from the period when the Parthenon 35 submissiveness, like maidens choosing to perform a grateful and an easy task that brings with it no loss of self-respect.

I once saw a great English actress play the part of a slave girl. By her imaginathan a slave: she became a poem of slavery. Everything ugly in slavery was eliminated from her performance. Only the beauty of devoted service, the willing servoted to their masters,- was shown in her face, her gestures, her attitudes. Much of what she imagined and reproduced is suggested by these matchlessly tender and Two other temples form part of the 50 touching figures; so soft that it is almost incredible that they are made of marble, so strong that no burden, surely, would be too great for their simple, yet almost diof something far beyond our seeing. They are alive, but with a restrained life such as we are not worthy to know, neither fully human nor completely divine. They have something of our wistfulness and something also of that attainment toward which we strive. They are full of that strange and eternal beauty that is in all 5 seats, or even stretched out at full-length the greatest things of Greece, from which the momentary is banished, in which the perpetual is enshrined. Contemplation of them only seems to make more deep their simplicity, more patient their strength, and to bed of the famous Ilissus! more touching their endurance. Retirement from them does not lessen, but almost increases, the enchantment of their very quiet, very delicate spell. Even when their faces can no longer be distinguished is carved. Those which are grouped closely and only their outlines can be seen, they do not lose one ray of their soft and tender vitality. They are among the eternal things in art, lifting up more than marble, setting free from bondage, if only for a 20 trave. moment, many that are slaves by their submission.

About two years ago this temple was carefully cleaned, and it is very white, and looks almost like a lovely new building 25 in the distance the snow-white marble not yet completed. Here and there the Stadium where the modern Olympic and white surface is stained with the glorious golden hue which beautifies the Parthenon, the Propylæa, the Odeum of Hero-thousand people. The seats, the staircases, des, the Temple of Theseus, the Arch of 30 the pavements are all of dazzling-white Hadrian, and the Olympieion. terior of the temple is full of scattered blocks of marble. In the midst of them, and as it were faithfully protected by fires, is almost blinding. All round the them, I found a tiny tree carefully and 35 Stadium cypress-trees have been planted, solemnly growing, with an air of selfrespect. Above the doorway of the north front is some very beautiful and delicate carving. This temple was once adorned with a frieze of Eleusinian stone and with 40 queen face two stelæ of marble and the white marble sculpture. Its Ionic columns carved, and 1ook strangely slender, if you come to them immediately after you have been among the feet high, and till you descend into it, columns of the Parthenon. Majesty and 45 it looks small, though it is really very charm are supremely expressed in these two temples, the Erechtheum and the Parthenon, the smaller of which is on a lower level than the greater. One thinks again of the happy slave who loves her mas- 50 vulgar, dusty, and despicable. I could not

The group of magnificent, gold-colored Greco-Roman columns which is called the Olympieion stands in splendid isolation on a bare terrace at the edge of the 55 charming Zappeion garden. In this garden, full of firs and pepper-trees, acacias, palms, convolvulus, and pink oleanders, I

saw many Greek soldiers, wearied out with preparations for the Balkan war against Turkey, which was declared while I was in Athens, sleeping on the wooden on the light, yellow soil. For there is no grass there. Beyond the Olympieion there is a stone trough in which I never saw one drop of water. This trough is the river-

The columns are very splendid, immense in height, singularly beautiful in color,—they are made of Pentelic marble,
—and with Corinthian capitals, nobly together are raised on a platform of stone. But there are two isolated columns which look even grander and more colossal than those which are united by a heavy archi-The temple of which they are the remnant was erected in the reign of Hadrian to the glory of Zeus, and was one of the most gigantic buildings in the world.

From the Zappeion garden you can see Pan-Hellenic games take place. It is gigantic. When full, it can hold over fifty thousand people. The seats, the staircases, marble, and as there is of course no roof, the effect of this vastness of white, under a bright-blue sky, and bathed in golden and their dark-green heads rise above the outer walls, like long lines of spearheads guarding a sacred inclosure. Two comfortable arm-chairs for the king and far-off entrance. The earthen track where the sports take place is divided from the spectators by a marble barrier about five large. The entrance is a propylæum. is a great pity that immediately outside this splendid building the hideous panorama should be allowed to remain, cheap, help saying this to a Greek acquaintance. He thoroughly agreed with me, but told me that the Athenians were very fond of their panorama.

In a straight line with the beautiful Arch of Hadrian, and not far off, is the small and terribly defaced, but very graceful, Monument of Lysicrates, a circular chamber of marble, with small Corinthian columns, an architrave, and a frieze. It is surrounded by a railing, and stands rather forlornly in the midst of modern houses.

The Temple of Theseus, or more properly of Hercules, on the other side of the town, is a beautifully preserved building, lovely in color, very simple, very complete. It is small, and is strictly Doric and very 10 and Cocytus environing Tartarus, where massive. Many people have called it tremendously impressive, and have even compared it with the Parthenon. It seems to me that to do this is to exaggerate, to compare the very much less with the very 15 brown. It is as though one walked at the much greater. There really is something bottom of a muddy sea. The farther wall severe in great massiveness combined with small proportions, and I find this temple, noble though it is, severe.

Athens contains several very handsome 20 modern buildings, and one that I think really beautiful, especially on a day of fierce sunshine or by moonlight. This is the Academy, which stands in the broad and airy University Street, at whose 25 night to believe that the sun still shines. mouth are the two cafés which Athenians call 'the Dardanelles.' It is in a line with the university and the national library, is made of pure white marble from creetly adorned with a little bright gold, the brilliance of which seems to add to the virginal luster of the marble. The central section is flanked by two tall and slenues. Ionic colonnades relieve the classical simplicity of the façade, with some marble and terra-cotta groups of statuary. general effect is very calm, pure, and digans are proud, and with reason, of this beautiful building, which they owe to the generosity of one of their countrymen.

III

THE BLACK FOG

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

[Atlantic Monthly, February, 1908. By permission of author and publisher.]

The black fog has come. Over all the midnight reigns. Almost material, almost tangible, almost massive, seems this envelope of sulphurous gloom. It invests the

city like a flood; within the streets, within the houses, and within the lungs of all its denizens, it lies intrenched and pitiless. The chimneys pour forth their smoke, but the leaden air oppresses and repels it, and it sinks to the ground, making the darkness denser. The gloom seems to have risen from the shores of those streams of wailing and lamentation, baleful Acheron the thin shades cluster and move, like those who are now pent in this city on the Thames.

The darkness is not black, but of a deep bottom of a muddy sea. The farther wall of this chamber is almost invisible — at ten o'clock in the morning. Above this dreadful pall that hides his rays, the lifegiving sun, bursting with useless fire, now beats upon the surface of the sea of shadow, but his baffled light is repelled or smothered in the misty deeps. is it for him who walks in an unlifted Let us forth into the streets so still and

sorrowful. With our hands we grope our way past garden-railings, feeling with adventurous foot for the steps or curbs. A Pentelicus, and is very delicately and dis- 30 glowing patch appears above us; it seems incredibly far away. We put forth our hand and touch the dank iron of a lamppost. Not even fire and light avail against the almighty fog. Footsteps resound der detached columns crowned with stat- 35 about us, but they are the footsteps of ghosts, for one beholds no body. Now and then some human being brushes by a woman, announced, perhaps, by rustling skirts or by some perfume cast from her nified, and very satisfying. The Atheni- 40 clothes; perhaps a man, declared by the thud of a cane on the flagstones or the dull glow of a cigar.

Upon the main thoroughfares, a weird and muffled pandemonium prevails. From 45 out the heart of the yellow-reddish murk resounds the beat of horses' hoofs; now and then a spark flies close from their iron shoes. Hoarse warning cries are heard from everywhere, and sometimes, 50 where the fog for a moment is thinned, exaggerated shapes and monstrous figures loom up and creep along, great trucks, wains, and omnibuses with lanterns lit and the drivers leading the horses. city it lies intact and deep. An absolute 55 again strange man-shaped spots appear, like demons come from infernal corridors; they swell out of the darkness surrounded by faint red haloes. These are pedestri-

ans preceded by link-boys, bearing their flaming torches to guide their patrons on their way. The lofty and powerful electric arc-lights, so keenly radiant when the air is clear, now sputter dismally, invisible 5 of fading time. save at a few yards. From directly below the iron standards, the fierce white arc is dimmed to the luminosity of a red-hot em-Before some of the railway stations wave great gasoline flambeaux, and fires 10 straying from her mother, has been swalin iron cressets struggle with the fog like beacons before the sea-castle of some medieval robber-lord. The detonators. placed upon the railway tracks in place of light signals, incessantly rend the air. 15 the tall specter of the constable. The curbs are cumbered with useless hackney and hansom cabs, the horses unharnessed, the drivers disconsolate. The crawling omnibuses, blundering along the indistinguishable streets, often meet or 20 mount upon the sidewalks amidst cries and wild confusion, and there they remain, like ships becalmed at night. Those huge Behemoths and cars of Juggernaut, the gigantic, double-decked motor-omnibuses, 25 hands emerges through the walls of obwith their two lurid yellow eyes and little scurity. 'Where are you? I'll show you sparks of red and green, stand trembling and snorting with impatience, immersed and obliterated in the fog. Universal night enthralls the world-metropolis; its 30 breast. He is blind. The little maid currents of commerce stagnate in its veins, its mighty plans and purposes are frustrated or delayed, and this central heart of the trade of the whole earth is standing still in a dark paralysis.

Onward into the night, into the mists, into the unknown! We see not and are not seen. We pass and repass, all of us shrouded in the all-enveloping gloom, the sunlight of yesterday; we pass, - lovers may almost touch each other, each unknown to each, wives may pass their husbands and mothers their sons, mortal enemies may walk side by side and feel 45 no stir of rage, the outcast and pariah may jostle with the peer of golden millions, for all are blind, helplessly blind! Eerie is this fog-life; London lies beneath its specthick shadows of war or insurrection.

Swiftly we move along beside a stone apparition looms up before us and our hands touch its cold, graven sides. It is the Marble Arch, rising like a pale transparent stain out of the dunnest blankness of the fog. One might imagine it the vision of a cyclopean tomb of some longburied Cæsar lifted up out of the vistas

A great policeman stands before us not a yard away, yet ghostly and insubstantial to the eye. To him there comes a little girl, terror-stricken and in tears, who, lowed up in the mists.

'I've lost my mother, where is my

mother?' she cries.

'Where do you live, little girl?' asks

'I live in Fulham, sir,' she replies. 'Please, sir, which is the way to Fulham?' The policeman points into the darkening

wastes. 'You cannot find it now,' he says. 'Better wait here, then come to the station with me.'

'Where are you, little girl?' says a voice, and a bent figure with outstretched the way to Fulham. Come with me.'

· It is an old man; his beard is white as snow; a placard glimmers faintly on his places her hand in his; they make two steps and the next instant are effaced in the fog. Only the blind know the way through this city that is blind.

Does the sun still move on overhead and the hours with him, or are time and the earth standing still? After a long time we at last wander along the Strand, which is smitten with an unusual silence. along the daily walks where life roared in 40 The close current of its traffic is stayed and disorganized; its thousands of pedestrians have shrunk to hundreds groping through the choking miasma and the channels of tenebrous smoke.

How in the blindness that encompasses them do these dark-flitting shapes of men and women hurry on! They are as shadows lost and dissolved in night. They are the searchers and the symbols of the nevertral pall like a doomed state whose hope 50 ending quest for light, for happiness, for and whose daylight are wrecked by the peace. Something of the same feeling comes upon me as once came upon me when I walked through the empty streets wall surmounted by an iron rail which of the dead Pompeii and only my footfall serves as a guide. We recoil as a vast 55 echoed on its sunswept stones. Here each is by and to himself complete, a little animated fire in the heart, a little light in the brain, in the veins a little warm red blood

that keeps the breathing mechanism astir so long as the fire burns. Out of the darkness they came, in darkness they walk, into the darkness they shall space, this apparition of the sign of human go. The Black Fog, like Death it- 5 love, it would but have called forth ideas go. The Black Fog, like Death itself, is a great leveler. All these beings are but phantoms to the eye, phantoms of human lives, dusky moths storm-driven to and fro on the gusts of existence, each on its own quest, which is that dream of the ro

unattainable that will not come to pass. Now we are close to Saint Paul's Churchyard. Here the mausolean night is vague and mystic bulk of gray, a shadow without shading or relief. It is the immense cupola of the cathedral rising like a mountain above the streets. The sun dome and melts them to a dull and sullen gold, wherein the star of day hangs like a quivering globe of blood. It is a spectacle of soft yet somber sublimity, such as Turner, a Doré, or a John Martin, expressed by brushes of opulent wealth and daring power, could conceive or execute. The drifting scud grows thinner and ever thinner in the upper air, and unfolds to 30 him who gazes upward from the deep streets the gilded symbol of Christianity glowing softly in the golden haze, invested with a mild irradiance from the feeble gleams above the shadows like the sweet smile of the gentle Galilean whose sorrow and burthen it was and whose symbol it has remained. Below rolls the world, above, the titanic cross stretches wide its golden arms as with an imploring appeal from the Son of Man to the Love of Man. Pillars and cornices and angles of carven like dim suggestions in a dream, or halfheard whispers out of midnight, all under the towering rood throbbing to the sky. It is high noon; a burst of bells suddenly clanging chorus, loud, vibrant, and metallic. These violent voices are the chimes that utter every day with their iron tongues the beloved national hymn, 'God darken about the dome once more; the luster fades, and the great cross blurs dimly back into the crowding ocean of

fog that overpowers it. Few of the thousands pressing along the paves have seen it, and had their eyes beheld it for a of the olden agony or a slight, subconscious tremble of reverence in those of religious blood. We repeat again the eternal interrogations: What is Truth? and -Where may Peace be found?

Is it here, perchance, where we now stand, upon the cold stone arches of London Bridge, above the ghostly rushing lifted for a space, and out of the blankness Thames whose clashing waves lap and of an umber-tinted vast swells forth a 15 swish against the stolid stone? Whence comes or goes this river, plunging out of darkness into darkness, broad and vast with the mystery of existence, and the constant cry of ever-recurrent life? does battle with the flying mists about the 20 from the hills to the sea, we say, up from the sea to the cloud, then down to the hills. again, and again onward to the sea. It is the known and visible obedience to some iron law. But seldom we venture to only the towering imaginations of a 25 pierce beneath the surfaces of semblance, lest we alight upon truths unknown, horrors negative to Hope, and see the old guides through life, blind and decrepit now, fall dead at our feet, or lest, cowering in our creeds, we fear, like savages in the storm-swept woods, that the hand that lifts the veil will be withered by some bolt from the furious heavens. Mantled in the palls of this everlasting iglight of the sun. There it lifts and 35 norance, we stalk upon the highways of life like shadows drowned in shadow. Upon this ignorance the human heart builds its dreams as with inspiration, and draws hope from the very truth that this swart-black with its crime and misery; 40 life seems so ill a recompense for all that tears and torments the baffled mind, adrift on the desert seas of mere conjecture. Yet all nature about us is content, and the sojourn in the sunshine of all other livstone emerge faintly from the turbid chaos, 45 ing things is full of beauty and joy. But to-day the city mourns in sackcloth and

Darkly the waters gurgle through this murky night-in-day. Perhaps Peace is breaks forth from the gossamer towers, a 50 there, upon their bosom or within their depths, to be borne onward in some oarless, rudderless boat, past the muffled thunder of the metropolis, past fields filled with the mystery of things that live and grow Save the King.' Now the strong glooms 55 and die, past the river's mouth where its lips of land speak a great farewell, out into the wastes of the infinite sea. Lovingly its breast would open and merge one again into the elements of its mighty vase, to be formed anew in the unceasing ferment of processes of creation.

Over the bridge the breathing specters move; below, indistinct and long-drawn shapes fare by, silent and immense, past all the pride of the city,- bearing what burthens? steered by what ghostly helmsman? So the barge of dolor must cross The shadow of another boat, with sweeps groaning in their locks, glides by beneath. Within its ribs lie piled

whom?

Perchance it is a fate-appointed hearse, Bearing away to some mysterious tomb

Or Limbo of the scornful universe The joy, the peace, the life-hope, the abortions

· Of all things good which should have been our portions

But have been strangled by that City's curse.

IV

THE CITY THAT WAS

WILL IRWIN

The old San Francisco is dead. The gayest, lightest hearted, most pleasure loving city of the Western Continent, and in 40 vites out of doors. many ways the most interesting and romantic, is a horde of refugees living among ruins. It may rebuild; it probably will; but those who have known that peculiar flavor of the Arabian Nights, feel that it can never be the same. It is as though a frivolous woman had passed pretty, through a great tragedy. She survives, rises out of the ashes it must be a modern city, much like other cities and without its old atmosphere.

San Francisco lay on a series of hills and the lowlands between. These hills 55 are really the end of the Coast Range of mountains, which stretch southward between the interior valleys and the Pacific

Ocean. Behind it is the ocean; but the greater part of the town fronts on two sides on San Francisco Bay, a body of water always tinged with gold from the 5 great washings of the mountain, usually overhung with a haze, and of magnificent color changes. Across the Bay to the north lies Mount Tamalpais, about 3000 feet high, and so close that ferries from the lamenting currents of the infernal to the waterfront take one in less than half an hour to the little towns of Sausalito and Belvidere, at its foot.

Tamalpais is a wooded mountain, with ample slopes, and from it on the north What merchandise? whence, whither, and for 15 stretch away ridges of forest land, the outposts of the great Northern woods of sempervirens. This mountain Seguoia and the mountainous country to the south bring the real forest closer to San Fran-20 cisco than to any other American city. Within the last few years men have killed deer on the slopes of Tamalpais and looked down to see the cable cars crawling up the hills of San Francisco to the 25 south. In the suburbs covotes still stole in and robbed hen roosts by night. The people lived much out of doors. There is no time of the year, except a short part of the rainy season, when the weather 30 keeps one from the fields. The slopes of Tamalpais are crowded with little villas dotted through the woods, and these minor [This is a recast of a newspaper article of the same title published in the Sun, April 21, 1906, three days after the Visitation came upon San Francisco. It is here reprinted by permission of the Sun and of Mr. B. W. Hnebsch, who republished the revised article in book form. Two omitted passages are indicated by asterisks.]

dotted through the woods, and these minor estates run far up into the redwood country. The deep coves of Belvidere, sheltstend article in book form. Two omitted passages are indicated by asterisks.] people lived in the rather disagreeable summer months, coming over to business every day by ferry. Everything there in-

The climate of California is peculiar; it is hard to give an impression of it. In the region about San Francisco, all the forces of nature work on their own laws. city by the Golden Gate, have caught its 45 There is no thunder and lightning; there is no snow, except a flurry once in five or six years; there are perhaps half a dozen nights in the winter when the thermometer drops low enough so that in the but she is sobered and different. If it 50 morning there is a little film of ice on exposed water. Neither is there any hot weather. Yet most Easterners remaining in San Francisco for a few days remember that they were always chilly.

> So much for the strange climate, which invites out of doors and which has played its part in making the character of the

people. The externals of the city are or were, for they are no more - just as curious. One usually entered San Francisco by way of the Bay. Across its yellow flood, covered with the fleets from the 5 strange seas of the Pacific, San Francisco presented itself in a hill panorama. Probably no other city of the world, excepting perhaps Naples, could be so viewed as he reached dockage, in a succession of hill terraces. At one side was Telegraph Hill, the end of the peninsula, a height so abrupt that it had a one hundred and fifty Further along lay Nob Hill, crowned with the Mark Hopkins mansion, which had the effect of a citadel, and in later years by the great, white Fairmount. Further along was Russian Hill, the highest point. 20 of the architecture and with the green-Below was the business district, whose low site caused all the trouble.

Except for the modern buildings, the fruit of the last ten years, the town presented at first sight a disreputable ap- 25 San Francisco since the padres came and pearance. Most of the buildings were low and of wood. In the middle period of the '70's, when a great part of San Francisco was building, the newly-rich perpetrated some atrocious architecture. In that time, 30 mysterious Pacific, the untamed ocean; too, every one put bow windows on his house to catch all of the morning sunlight that was coming through the fog; and those little houses, with bow windows and fancy work all down their fronts, were 35 characteristic of the middle class residence districts.

Then the Italians, who tumbled over Telegraph Hill, had built as they listed and with little regard for streets, and their 40 bringing in copra, to take out cottons and houses hung crazily on a side hill which was little less than a precipice. The Chinese, although they occupied an abandoned business district, had remade their dwellings Chinese fashion, and the Mexicans 45 were deep-chested craft, capable of roundand Spaniards had added to their houses those little balconies without which life is not life to a Spaniard.

Yet the most characteristic thing after all was the coloring. The sea fog had a 50 trick of painting every exposed object a sea gray which had a tinge of dull green in it. This, under the leaden sky of a San Francisco morning, had a depressing effect on first sight and afterward became 55 who have brought their customs and sail a delight to the eye. For the color was soft, gentle and infinitely attractive in mass.

The hills are steep beyond conception. Where Vallejo Street ran up Russian Hill it progressed for four blocks by regular steps like a flight of stairs. It is unnecessary to say that no teams ever came up this street or any other like it, and grass grew long among the paving stones until the Italians who live thereabouts took advantage of this herbage to pasture a cow at first sight. It rose above the passenger, 10 or two. At the end of four blocks, the pavers had given it up and the last stage to the summit was a winding path. On the very top, a colony of artists lived in little villas of houses whose windows got foot sheer cliff on its seaward frontage, 15 the whole panorama of the bay. Luckily for these people, a cable car scaled the hill on the other side, so that it was not much of a climb to home.

With these hills, with the strangeness gray tinge over everything, the city fell always into vistas and pictures, a setting for the romance which hung over everything, which has always hung over life in gathered the Indians about Mission Dolores.

And it was a city of romance and a gateway to adventure. It opened out on the and through the Golden Gate entered China, Japan, the South Sea Islands. Lower California, the west coast of Central America, Australia. There was a sprinkling, too, of Alaska and Siberia. From his windows on Russian Hill one saw always something strange and suggestive creeping through the mists of the Bay. It would be a South Sea Island brig. idols; a Chinese junk after sharks' livers; an old whaler, which seemed to drip oil, home from a year of cruising in the Arctic. Even the tramp windjammers ing the Horn or of circumnavigating the globe; and they came in streaked and picturesque from their long voyaging.

In the orange colored dawn which always comes through the mists of that Bay, the fishing fleet would crawl in under triangular lateen sails; for the fishermen of San Francisco Bay are all Neapolitans with lateen rigs stained an orange brown and shaped, when the wind fills them, like

the ear of a horse.

Along the waterfront the people of these craft met. 'The smelting pot of the races,' Stevenson called it; and this was aloud bit of always the city of his soul. There were hell. No one knows who coined the black Gilbert Islanders, almost indistin- 5 name. The place was simply three blocks guishable from negroes; lighter Kanakas from Hawaii or Samoa: Lascars in turbans: thickset Russian sailors; wild Chinese with unbraided hair; Italian fishermen in tam o' shanters, loud shirts and 10 gramaphones, and the cumulative effect of blue sashes; Greeks, Alaska Indians, little Spanish-Americans, together with men of all the European races. These came in and out from among the queer craft, to lose themselves in the disrep- 15 esque bundle of names characteristic of the utable, tumble-down, but always mysterious shanties and small saloons. In the back rooms of these saloons South Sea Island traders and captains, fresh from the lands of romance, whaling masters, 20 who lived in the What Cheer House, over people who were trying to get up treasure expeditions, filibusters, Alaskan miners, used to meet and trade adventures.

There was another element, less picturesque and equally characteristic, along 25 product of his gun made some holes in the the waterfront. San Francisco was the back eddy of European civilization — one end of the world. The drifters came there and stopped, lingered a while to live by their wits in a country where living 30 after a fashion has always been marvelously cheap. These people haunted the waterfront and the Barbary Coast by night, and lay by day on the grass in Portsmouth Square.

The square, the old plaza about which the city was built, Spanish fashion, had seen many things. There in the first burst of the early days the vigilance committee used to hold its hangings. There, in the 40 tic. time of the sand lot troubles, Dennis Kearney, who nearly pulled the town down about his ears, used to make his orations which set the unruly to rioting. In later years Chinatown lay on one side of 45 foreign consuls, working together, stopped it and the Latin quarter and the 'Barbary Coast' on the other.

On this square the drifters lay all day long and told strange yarns. Stevenson learned the things which he wove into The Wrecker and his South Sea stories; and now in the center of the square up a municipal building on one side of this square and prevented the loungers, for decency's sake, from lying on the grass. Since then some of the peculiar character of the old plaza has gone.

of solid dance halls, there for the delight of the sailors of the world. On a fine busy night every door blared loud dance music from orchestras, steam pianos and the sound which reached the street was chaos and pandemonium. Almost anything might be happening behind the swinging doors. For a fine and picturplace, a police story of three or four years ago is typical. Hell broke out in the Eve Wink Dance Hall. The trouble was started by a sailor known as Kanaka Pete. a woman known as Iodoform Kate. Kanaka Pete chased the man he had marked to the Little Silver Dollar, where he halted and punctured him. The byfront of the Eye Wink, which were proudly kept as souvenirs, and were probably there until it went out in the fire. This was low life, the lowest of the low.

Until the last decade almost anything except the commonplace and the expected might happen to a man on the waterfront. The cheerful industry of shanghaing was reduced to a science. A citizen taking a 35 drink in one of the saloons which hung out over the water might be dropped through the floor into a boat, or he might drink with a stranger and wake in the forecastle of a whaler bound for the Arc-Such an incident is the basis of Frank Norris's novel, Moran of the Lady Letty, and although the novel draws it pretty strong, it is not exaggerated. Ten years ago the police, the Sailors' Union, and the

Kearney Street, a wilder and stranger Bowery, was the main thoroughfare of these people. An exiled Californian, lounged there with them in his time and 50 mourning over the city of his heart, has

'In a half an hour of Kearney Street I could raise a dozen men for any wild adthere stands the beautiful Stevenson mon-venture, from pulling down a statue to ument. In later years the authorities put 55 searching for the Cocos Island treasure.' This is hardly an exaggeration. It was the Rialto of the desperate, Street of the Adventurers.

These are a few of the elements which made the city strange and gave it the glamour of romance which has so strongly attracted such men as Stevenson, Frank Fruit trees, grown from cuttings of East-Norris, and Kipling. This life of the 5 ern stock, produce fruit larger and finer, if floating population lay apart from the regular life of the city, which was distinctive in itself.

The Californian is the second generation of a picked and mixed ancestry. 10 to old age. The mixed stock has given The merry, the adventurous, often the desperate, always the brave, deserted the South and New England in 1849 to rush around the Horn or to try the perils of the plains. They found there a land al- 15 given her a deep bosom; the cosmetic ready grown old in the hands of the Spaniards - younger sons of hidalgo and many of them of the best blood of Spain. To a great extent the pioneers intermarfor a proud little colony here and there, the old, aristocratic Spanish blood is sunk in that of the conquering race. Then there was an influx of intellectual French people, largely overlooked in the histories 25 of the early days; and this Latin leaven has had its influence.

Brought up in a bountiful country, where no one really has to work very hard to live, nurtured on adventure, scion 30 of a free and merry stock, the real, native Californian is a distinctive type; as far from the Easterner in psychology as the extreme Southerner is from the Yankee. He is easy going, witty, hospitable, lov-35 and Kearney - the 'line' of San Franable, inclined to be unmoral rather than immoral in his personal habits, and easy to meet and to know.

Above all there is an art sense all through the populace which sets it off 40 thing Latin in the spirit of this ceremony from any other population of the country. This sense is almost Latin in its strength, and the Californian owes it to the leaven of Latin blood. The true Californian lingers in the north; for southern California 45 has been built up by 'lungers' from the East and Middle West and is Eastern in character and feeling.

Almost has the Californian developed a racial physiology. He tends to size, to 50 smooth symmetry of limb and trunk, to an erect, free carriage; and the beauty of his women is not a myth. The pioneers were all men of good body; they had to be to live and leave descendants. The 55 land woman on whom a hard soil has bebones of the weaklings who started for El Dorado in 1849 lie on the plains or in the hill-cemeteries of the mining camps.

Heredity began it; climate has carried it on. All things that grow in California tend to become large, plump, luscious. coarser in flavor, than that of the parent tree. As the fruits grow, so the children grow, A normal, healthy, Californian woman plays out-of-doors from babyhood her that regularity of features which goes with a blend of bloods; the climate has perfected and rounded her figure; out-ofdoors exercise from earliest youth has mists have made her complexion soft and brilliant. At the University of California, where the student body is nearly all native, the gymnasium measurements show that ried with Spanish women; in fact, except 20 the girls are a little more than two inches taller than their sisters of Vassar and Michigan.

> The greatest beauty-show on the continent was the Saturday afternoon matinée parade in San Francisco. Women in socalled 'society' took no part in this function. It belonged to the middle class, but the 'upper classes' have no monopoly of beauty anywhere in the world. It had grown to be independent of the matinées. From two o'clock to half-past five, a solid procession of Dianas, Hebes, and Junos passed and repassed along the five blocks between Market and Powell and Sutter cisco slang. Along the open-front cigar stores, characteristic of the town, gilded youth of the cocktail route gathered in There was someknots to watch them. — it resembled church parade in Buenos Ayres. Latin, too, were the gay costumes of the women, who dressed brightly in accord with the city and the climate. gaiety of costume was the first thing which the Eastern woman noticed - and disapproved. Give her a year, and she, too, would be caught by the infection of daring dress.

> In this parade of tall, deep bosomed, gleaming women, one caught the type and longed, sometimes, for the sight of a more ethereal beauty - for the suggestion of soul within which belongs to a New Engstowed a grudged beauty - for the mobility, the fire, which belongs to the Frenchwoman. The second generation of

France was in this crowd, it is true; but climate and exercise had grown above their spiritual charm a cover of brilliant flesh. It was the beauty of Greece.

display itself on the streets, except in the matinée parade, it was because the winds made open-air cafés disagreeable at all seasons of the year. The life careless 10 went on indoors or in the hundreds of pretty estates - 'ranches' the Californians called them - which fringe the city.

San Francisco was famous for its restaurants and cafés. Probably they were is invited him home to dinner. As long as lacking at the top; probably the very best, for people who do not care how they spend their money, was not to be had. But they gave the best fare on earth, for the price,

lar, or even fifteen cents.

If one should tell exactly what could be had at Coppa's for fifty cents or at the Fashion for, say thirty-five, no New Yorker who has not been there would be- 25 lieve it. The San Francisco French dinner and the San Francisco free lunch were as the Public Library to Boston or the stockyards to Chicago. A number of causes contributed to this. The country 30 all about produced everything that a cook needs and that in abundance—the bay was an almost untapped fishing pound, the fruit farms came up to the very edge of the town, and the surrounding country 35 produced in abundance fine meats, game, all cereals, and all vegetables.

But the chefs who came from France in the early days and stayed because they and front of it. They passed on their art to other Frenchmen or to the clever Chi-Most of the French chefs at the biggest restaurants were born in Canton. country where good food is appreciated, came and brought their own style. Householders always dined out one or two nights of the week, and boarding houses were scarce, for the unattached preferred 50

the restaurants.

The city never went to bed. There was no closing law, so that the saloons kept remain open until two o'clock in the morning at least.

This restaurant life, however, does not express exactly the careless, pleasure-loving character of the people. In great part their pleasures were simple, inexpensive, With such a people, life was always 5 and out of doors. No people were fonder gay. If the fairly Parisian gaiety did not of expeditions into the country, of picnics - which might be brought off at almost any season of the year - and of long tours in the great mountains and forests.

Hospitality was nearly a vice. As in the early mining days, if they liked the stranger the people took him in. At the first meeting the San Francisco man had him put up at the club; at the second, he the stranger stayed he was being invited to week end parties at ranches, to little dinners in this or that restaurant and to the houses of his new acquaintances, until at a dollar, seventy-five cents, a half a dol- 20 his engagements grew beyond hope of fulfilment. Perhaps there was rather too much of this kind of thing. At the end of a fortnight a visitor with a pleasant smile and a good story left the place a wreck. This tendency ran through all grades of society - except, perhaps, the sporting people who kept the tracks and the fighting game alive. These also met the stranger - and also took him in.

Centers of man hospitality were the clubs, especially the famous Bohemian and the Family. The latter was an off-shoot of the Bohemian; and it had been growing fast and vying with the older organization for the honor of entertaining pleasing

and distinguished visitors.

The Bohemian Club, whose real founder is said to have been the late Henry George, was formed in the '70's by newsliked this land of plenty were the head to paper writers and men working in the arts or interested in them. It had grown to a membership of 750. It still kept for its nucleus painters, writers, musicians, and actors, amateur and professional. China. Later the Italians, learning of this 45 They were a gay group of men, and hospitality was their avocation. Yet the thing which set this club off from all others in the world was the midsummer High Jinks.

The club owns a fine tract of redwood forest fifty miles north of San Francisco on the Russian River. There are two varieties of big trees in California: the Sequoia gigantea, and the Sequoia semopen nights and Sundays at their own 55 pervirens. The great trees of the Marisweet will. Most of the cafés elected to posa grove belong to the gigantea species. The sempervirens, however, reaches the diameter of sixteen feet, and some of the

greatest trees of this species are in the Bohemian Club grove. It lies in a cleft of the mountains; and up one hillside there runs a natural out of doors stage of re-

markable acoustic properties.

In August the whole Bohemian Club. or such as could get away from business, went up to this grove and camped out for two weeks. On the last night they in praise of the forest with poetic words, music, and effects done by the club. In late years this has been practically a masque or an opera. It cost about \$10.men for weeks; yet these 750 business men, professional men, artists, newspaper workers, struggled for the honor of helping out on the Jinks; and the whole thing was done naturally and with reverence. 20 this underground life than formerly, for It would not be possible anywhere else in this country; the thing which made it possible was the art spirit which is in the Californian. It runs in the blood.

arts and on learning and comparatively weak in business and the professions. Now some one who has taken the trouble has found that more persons mentioned in Who's Who by the thousand of the popu-30 lation were born in Massachusetts, than in any other State; but that Massachusetts is crowded closely by California, with the The institutions of learnrest nowhere. ing in Massachusetts account for her pre- 35 ever, it was a Tenderloin for the house eminence; the art spirit does it for California. The really big men nurtured on California influence are few, perhaps; but she has sent out an amazing number of good workers in painting, in authorship, 40

in music, and especially in acting.

'High society' in San Francisco had settled down from the rather wild spirit of the middle period; it had come to be there a good deal as it is elsewhere. 45 newspapers, and a Chinese telephone ex-There was much wealth; and the hills of the western addition were growing up with fine mansions. Outside of the city, at Burlingame, there was a fine country club centering a region of country estates 50 quarter. which stretched out to Menlo Park. club had a good polo team, which played every year with teams of Englishmen from southern California and even with teams from Honolulu.

The foreign quarters are worth an article in themselves. Chief of these was, of course, Chinatown, of which every one

has heard who ever heard of San Francisco. A district six blocks long and two blocks wide, housed 30,000 Chinese when the quarter was full. The dwellings were s old business blocks of the early days; but the Chinese had added to them, had rebuilt them, had run out their own balconies and entrances, and had given the quarter that feeling of huddled irregularity which put on the Jinks proper, a great spectacle to makes all Chinese built dwellings fall naturally into pictures. Not only this; they had burrowed to a depth of a story or two under the ground, and through this ran passages in which the Chinese transacted ooo. It took the spare time of scores of 15 their dark and devious affairs - as the smuggling of opium, the traffic in slave girls, and the settlement of their difficul-

In the last five years there was less of the Board of Health had a cleanup some time ago; but it was still possible to go from one end of Chinatown to the other through secret underground passages. Who's Who in America is long on the 25 The tourist, who always included Chinafown in his itinerary, saw little of the real quarter. The guides gave him a show by actors hired for his benefit. In reality the place amounted to a great deal in a finan-There were clothing and cigar factories of importance, and much of the Pacific rice, tea, and silk importing was in the hands of the merchants, who numbered several millionaires. Mainly, howservants of the city — for the San Francisco Chinaman was seldom a laundryman; he was too much in demand at fancy prices as a servant.

The Chinese lived their own lives in their own way and settled their own quarrels with the revolvers of their highbind-There were two theaters in the quarter, a number of rich joss houses, three change. There is a race feeling against the Chinese among the working people of San Francisco, and no white man, except the very lowest outcasts, lived in the

On the slopes of Telegraph Hill dwelt the Mexicans and Spanish, in low houses, which they had transformed by balconies into a semblance of Spain. Above, and 55 streaming over the hill, were the Italians. The tenement quarter of San Francisco shone by contrast with those of Chicago and New York, for while these people

lived in old and humble houses they had room to breathe and an eminence for light and air. Their shanties clung to the side of the hill or hung on the very edge of the precipice overlooking the Bay, on the verge 5 of which a wall kept their babies from falling. The effect was picturesque, and this hill was the delight of painters. It was all more like Italy than anything in the Italian quarter of New York and Chi- to ing in Saskatchewan. But with the comcago - the very climate and surroundings, the wine country close at hand, the Bay for their lateen boats, helped them.

Over by the ocean and surrounded by cemeteries in which there are no more is in the air. The turnstile storm-doors in burials, there is an eminence which is topped by two peaks and which the Spanish of the early days named after the breasts of a woman. The unpoetic Americans had renamed it Twin Peaks. At its 20 foot was Mission Dolores, the last mission planted by the Spanish padres in their march up the coast, and from these hills the Spanish looked for the first time upon the golden bay.

Many years ago some one set up at the summit of this peak a sixty foot cross of timber. Once a high wind blew it down, and the women of the Fair family then had it restored so firmly that it would re- 30 the sea, and they raise vague speculations sist anything. It has risen for fifty years above the gay, careless, luxuriant, and lovable city, in full view from every eminence and from every valley. It stands to-night, above the desolation of ruins.

The bonny, merry city — the good, gray city - O that one who has mingled the wine of her bounding life with the wine of his youth should live to write the obituary of Old San Francisco!

V

THE STREET

SIMEON STRUNSKY

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It is two short blocks from my office near Park Row to the Subway station where I take the express for Belshazzar 55 stride along and see little. Court. Eight months in the year it is my endeavor to traverse this distance as quickly as I can. This is done by cut-

ting diagonally across the street traffic. By virtue of the law governing right-angled triangles I thus save as much as fifty feet and one-fifth of a minute of time. In the course of a year this saving amounts to sixty minutes, which may be profitably spent over a two-reel presentation of The Moonshiner's Bride, supplemented by an intimate picture of Lumbering of warm weather my habits change. It grows more difficult to plunge into the murk of the Subway.

A foretaste of the languor of June is our office building, which have been put aside for brief periods during the first deceptive approaches of spring, only to come back triumphant from Elba, have been definitely removed. The steel-workers pace their girders twenty floors high almost in mid-season form, and their pneumatic hammers scold and chatter through the sultry hours. The soda-fountains are 25 bright with new compounds whose names ingeniously reflect the world's progress from day to day in politics, science, and the arts. From my window I can see the long black steamships pushing down to in my mind about the cost of living in the vicinity of Sorrento and Fontainebleau. On such a day I am reminded of my physician's orders, issued last December, to 35 walk a mile every afternoon on leaving my office. So I stroll up Broadway with the intention of taking my train farther up-town, at Fourteenth Street.

The doctor did not say stroll. He said 40 a brisk walk with head erect, chest thrown out, diaphragm well contracted, and a general aspect of money in the bank. But here enters human perversity. The only place where I am in the mood to walk 45 after the prescribed military fashion is in the open country. Just where by all accounts I ought to be sauntering without heed to time, studying the lovely texts which Nature has set down in the modest type-forms selected from her inexhaustible fonts,- in the minion of ripening berries, in the nonpareil of crawling insect life, the agate of tendril and filament, and the 12-point diamond of the dust,—there I

And in the city, where I should swing along briskly, I lounge. What is there on Broadway to linger over? On Broadway, Nature has used her biggest, fattest type-forms. Tall, flat, building fronts, brazen with many windows and ribbed with commercial gilt lettering six feet high; shrieking proclamations of auction 5 and the sellers are not Japanese. sales written in letters of fire on vast canvasses; railway posters in scarlet and blue and green; rotatory barber-poles striving at the national colors and producing vertigo; banners, escutcheons, crests, in all 10 tobacco, rubber, silks, woolens, straws, the primary colors - surely none of these things needs poring over. And I know them with my eyes closed. I know the windows where lithe youths in gymnasium dress demonstrate the virtue of home ex- 15 a young woman posing in a drug-shop ercises: the windows where other young men do nothing but put on and take off patent reversible near-linen collars; where young women deftly roll cigarettes; where other young women whittle at sticks with 20 the great mass of human life in the winmiraculously stropped razors. I know these things by heart, yet I linger over them in flagrantly unhygienic attitudes, my shoulders bent forward and my chest and diaphragm in a position precisely the 25 serve their equanimity in the severest winreverse of that prescribed by the doctor.

Perhaps the thing that makes me linger before these familiar sights is the odd circumstance that in Broadway's shopwindows Nature is almost never herself, 30 but is either supernatural or artificial. Nature, for instance, never intended that razors should cut wood and remain sharp; that linen collars should keep on getting cleaner the longer they are worn; that 35 ing thing to me that there should be so glass should not break; that ink should not stain; that gauze should not tear; that an object worth five dollars should sell for \$1.39; but all these things happen in we go down in the Subway from Belshaz-Broadway windows. Williams, whom I 40 zar Court to hear Caruso. The presence meet now and then, who sometimes turns and walks up with me to Fourteenth Street, pointed out to me the other day how strange a thing it was that the one street which has become a synonym for 45 direction? It is not a question of feeling 'real life' to all good suburban Americans is not real at all, but is crowded either with miracles or with imitations.

The windows on Broadway glow with taffeta drawn by bounteous Nature from her storehouses in Parisian garret workshops. Broadway's ostrich feathers have been plucked in East Side tenements. The huge cigars in the tobacconist's win-55 against half the world. dows are of wood. The enormous bottles of champagne in the saloons are of cardboard, and empty. The tall scaffoldings

of proprietary medicine bottles in the drug shops are of paper. 'Why,' said Williams, 'even the jewelry sold in the Japanese auction stores is not genuine,

This bustling mart of commerce, as the generation after the Civil War used to say, is only a world of illusion. Artificial flowers, artificial fruits, artificial limbs. gold, silver. The young men and women who manipulate razors and elastic cords are real, but not always. Williams and I once stood for a long while and gazed at window, and argued whether she was alive. Ultimately she winked and Williams gloated over me. But how do I know her wink was real? At any rate dows is artificial. The ladies who smile out of charming morning costumes are obviously of lining and plaster. Their smug herculean husbands in pajamas preter weather only because of their wireand-plaster constitution. The baby reposing in its beribboned crib is china and excelsior. Illusion everywhere. But the Broadway crowd is real. You

only have to buffet it for five minutes to feel, in eyes and arms and shoulders, how real it is. When I was a boy and was taken to the circus it was always an amazmany people in the street moving in a direction away from the circus. Something of this sensation still besets me whenever of all the other people on our train is simple enough. They are all on their way to hear Caruso. But what of the crowds in the trains that flash by in the opposite sorry for them. I try to understand and I fail. But on Broadway on a late summer afternoon the obverse is true. natural thing is that the living tide as it wax fruits and with flowers of muslin and 50 presses south shall beat me back, halt me, eddy around me. I know that there are people moving north with me, but I am not acutely aware of them. This onrush of faces converges on me alone. It is I

> And then suddenly out of the surge of faces one leaps out at me. It is Williams, whose doctor has told him that the surest

way of fighting down the lust for tobacco is to walk down from his office to the ferry every afternoon. Williams and I salute each other after the fashion of Broadway, which is to exchange greetings 5 of scribbling endlessly on sheets of paper, backward over the shoulder. This is the first step in an elaborate minuet. Because we have passed each other before recognition came, our hands fly out backward. Now we whirl half around, so that I who 10 very moment the thought of the little have been moving north face the west, while Williams, who has been traveling south, now looks east. Our clasped hands strain at each other as we stand there poised for flight after the first greeting. 15 A quarter of a minute perhaps, and we have said good-by.

But if the critical quarter of a minute passes, there ensues a change of geographical position which corresponds to a 20 change of soul within us. I suddenly say to myself that there are plenty of trains to be had at Fourteenth Street. Williams recalls that another boat will leave Battery Place shortly after the one he is 25 It may be part of our commercial gift for bound for. So the tension of our outstretched arms relaxes. I, who have been facing west, complete the half circle and swing south. Williams veers due north, and we two men stand face to face. The 30 beat and clamor of the crowd fall away from us like a well-trained stage mob. We are in Broadway, but not of it.

'Well, what's the good word?' says

Williams.

When two men meet on Broadway the spirit of optimism strikes fire. We begin by asking each other what the good word is. We take it for granted that neither tory and courage to relate. What other word but the good word is tolerable in the lexicon of living, upstanding men? Failure is only for the dead. Surrender is So Williams and I pay our acknowledgments to this best of possible worlds. I give Williams the good word. I make no allusion to the fact that I have spent a ralgia; how can that possibly concern him? Another manuscript came back this morning from an editor who regretted that his is the most unintelligent body of readthree weeks left us last night after making vigorous reflections on my wife's good nature and my own appearance. Only an hour ago, as I was watching the long, black steamers bound for Sorrento and Fontainebleau, the monotony of one's treadmill work, the flat unprofitableness had become almost a nausea. But Williams will know nothing of this from me. Why should he? He may have been sitting up all night with a sick child. At this parched lips, the moan, the unseeing eyes, may be tearing at his entrails; but he in turn gives me the good word, and many others after that, and we pass on.

But sometimes I doubt. This splendid optimism of people on Broadway, in the Subway, and in the shops and offices - is it really a sign of high spiritual courage, or is it just lack of sensibility? Do we find it easy to keep a stiff upper lip, to buck up, to never say die, because we are brave men, or simply because we lack the sensitiveness and the imagination to react to pain? It may be even worse than that. window-dressing, for putting up a good

Sometimes I feel that Williams has no right to be walking down Broadway on business when there is a stricken child at home. The world cannot possibly need him at that moment as much as his own flesh and blood does. It is not courage; it is brutish indifference. At such times 35 I am tempted to dismiss as mythical all this fine talk about feelings that run deep beneath the surface, and bruised hearts that ache under the smile. If a man really suffers he will show it. If a man of us has anything but a chronicle of vic- 40 cultivates the habit of not showing emotion he will end by having none to show. How much of Broadway's optimism is -But here I am paraphrasing William James's Principles of Psychology, which for the man with yellow in his nature. 45 the reader can just as well consult for himself in the latest revised edition of 1907.

Also, I am exaggerating. Most likely Williams's children are all in perfect miserable night in communion with neu- 50 health, and my envelope from the editor has brought a check instead of a rejection slip. It is on such occasions that Williams and I, after shaking hands the way a locomotive takes on water on the ers in the country. The third cook in 55 run, wheel around, halt, and proceed to buy something at the rate of two for a quarter. If any one is ever inclined to doubt the spirit of American fraternity, it is only necessary to recall the number of commodities for men that sell two for twenty-five cents. In theory, the two cigars which Williams and I buy for twenty-five cents are worth fifteen cents apiece. As a matter of fact they are probably tencent cigars. But the shopkeeper is welcome to his extra nickel. It is a small price to pay for the seal of comradeship that stamps his pair of cigars selling for a 10 single quarter. Two men who have concluded a business deal in which each has commendably tried to get the better of the other may call for twenty-five cent perfectos or for half-dollar Dreadnoughts. I 15 understand there are such. But friends sitting down together will always demand cigars that go for a round sum, two for a quarter or three for fifty (if the editor's check is what it ought to be).

When people speak of the want of real comradeship among women, I sometimes wonder if one of the reasons may not be that the prices which women are accustomed to pay are individualistic instead of 25 forth and named Common People, who fraternal. The soda fountains and the street cars do not dispense goods at the rate of two items for a single coin. It is infinitely worse in the department stores. Treating a friend to something that costs 30 it, I must say 'clean-cut.' The men on \$2.79 is inconceivable. But I have really

wandered from my point.
'Well, be good, says Williams, and

rushes off to catch his boat.

The point I wish to make is that on 35 Broadway people pay tribute to the principle of goodness that rules this world, both in the way they greet and in the way they part. We salute by asking each other what the good word is. When we 40 the old. say good-by we enjoin each other to be good. The humorous assumption is that gay devils like Williams and me need to be constantly warned against straying off into the primrose paths that run out of 45 brow and nose and chin. I have known Broadway.

Simple, humorous, average American You have left your suburban couch in time to walk half a mile to the station and catch the 7.59 for the city. You have 50 which is helped out by our triumphant, read your morning paper; discussed the weather, the tariff, and the prospects for lettuce with your neighbor; and made the office only a minute late. You have been fastened to your desk from nine o'clock to 55 and hips. I imagine I ought to despise five, with half an hour for lunch, which you have eaten in a clamorous, overheated restaurant while you watched your hat and

coat. At odd moments during the day the thought of doctor's bills, rent bills, school bills, has insisted on receiving attention. At the end of the day, laden with parcels from the market, from the hardware store, from the seedman, you are bound for the ferry to catch the 5.43, when you meet Smith, who, having passed the good word, sends you on your way with the injunction to be good - not to play roulette, not to open wine, not to turkey-trot, not to joy-ride, not to haunt the stage door. Be good, O simple, humorous, average suburban American!

I take back that word suburban. Sunday Supplement has given it a meaning which is not mine. I am speaking only of the suburban in spirit, of a simplicity, a meekness which is of the soul 20 only. Outwardly there is nothing suburban about the crowd on lower Broadway. The man in the street is not at all the diminutive, apologetic creature with side whiskers whom Mr. F. B. Opper brought begat the Strap-Hanger, who begat the Rent-Payer, and the Ultimate Consumer. The crowd on lower Broadway is alert and well set up. Yes, though one hates to do the sidewalk are young, limber, sharpfaced, almost insolent young men. There are not very many old men in the crowd, though I see any number of gray-haired young men. Seldom do you detect the traditional signs of age, the sagging lines of the face, the relaxed abdominal contour, the tamed spirit. The young, the young-old, the old-young, but rarely quite

speaking only of externals. Clean-cut, eager faces are very frequently disappointing. A very ordinary mind may be working behind that clear sweep of the shock of young men who look like kings of Wall Street and speak like shoe clerks. They are shoe clerks. But the appearance is there, that athletic carriage ready-made clothing. I suppose I ought to detest the tailor's tricks which iron out all ages and all stations into a uniformity of padded shoulders and trim waistlines our habit of wearing elegant shoddy where European chooses honest, clumsy woolens. But I am concerned only with

externals, and in outward appearances a Broadway crowd beats the world. thetically we simply are in a class by ourselves when compared with the Englishgarments. Let the British and German ambassadors at Washington do their worst. This is my firm belief and I will maintain it against the world. The truth anders. I'y suis, j'y reste.

Williams laughs at my lyrical outbursts. But I am not yet through. I still have to speak of the women in the crowd. What a man of her class! To see this for yourself you have only to walk up Broadway until the southward-bearing stream breaks off and the tide begins to run from west mercial district into the region of factories. It is well on toward dark, and the barracks that go by the unlovely name of loft buildings, are pouring out their batbecome a mass. The nervous pace of lower Broadway slackens to the steady, patient tramp of a host. It is an army of women, with here and there a flying detachment of the male.

On the faces of the men the day's toil has written its record even as on the women, but in a much coarser hand. Fatigue has beaten down the soul of these women it has drawn fine the flesh only to make it more eloquent of the soul. Instead of listlessness, there is wistfulness. Instead of vacuity you read mystery. Innate grace rises above the vulgarity of the 40 ahead! If this were a squat, ill-formed dress. Cheap, tawdry blouse and imitation willow-plume walk shoulder to shoulder with the shoddy coat of the male, copying Fifth Avenue as fifty cents may attain to five dollars. But the men's 45 as I have called them, that they should shoddy is merely a horror, whereas woman transfigures and subtilizes the cheap material. The spirit of grace which is the birthright of her sex cannot be killed not even by the presence of her best young 50 condition is to push and be pushed, to man in Sunday clothes. She is finer by the heritage of her sex, and America has accentuated her title. This America which drains her youthful vigor with overwork, which takes from her cheeks the 55 which men have fought in these United color she has brought from her Slavic or Italian peasant home, makes restitution by remolding her in more delicate, more

alluring lines, gives her the high privilege of charm - and neurosis.

Williams and I pause at the Subway entrances and watch the earth suck in the man and the Teuton in their skimpy, ill-cut 5 crowd. It lets itself be swallowed up with meek good-nature. Our amazing goodnature! Political philosophers have deplored the fact. They have urged us to be quicker-tempered, more resentful of must out. Ruat cælum. Ich kann nicht 10 being stepped upon, more inclined to write letters to the editor. I agree that only in that way can we be rid of political bosses, of brutal policemen, of ticket-speculators. of taxicab extortioners, of insolent waitan infinitely finer thing is a woman than 15 ers, of janitors, of indecent congestion in travel, of unheated cars in the winter and barred-up windows in summer. I am at heart with the social philosophers. But then I am not typical of the crowd. to east. You have passed out of the com- 20 When my neighbor's elbow injects itself into the small of my back, I twist around and glower at him. I forget that his elbow is the innocent mechanical result of a whole series of elbows and backs extendtalions of needle-workers. The crowd has 25 ing the length of the car, to where the first cause operates in the form of a station-guard's shoulder ramming the human cattle into their stalls. In the faces about me there is no resentment. Instead of 30 smashing windows, instead of raising barricades in the Subway and hanging the train-guards with their own lanterns about their necks, the crowd sways and bends to the lurching of the train, and young men into brutish indifference, but in the 35 voices call out cheerfully, 'Plenty of room ahead.'

Horribly good-natured! We have taken a phrase which is the badge of our shame and turned it into a jest. Plenty of room proletarian race obviously predestined to subjection, one might understand. But that a crowd of trim, well-cut, self-reliant Americans, sharp-featured, alert, insolent submit is a puzzle. Perhaps it is because of the fierce democracy of it all. The crush, the enforced intimacies of physical contact, the feeling that a man's natural shove ahead when the opportunity offers and to take it like a man when no chance presents itself — that is equality. A seat in the Subway is like the prizes of life for States. You struggle, you win or lose. If the other man wins there is no envy; admiration rather, provided he has not

shouldered and elbowed out of reason. That godlike freedom from envy is passing today, and perhaps the good nature of the crowd in the Subway will pass. I see signs of the approaching change. People 5 weds, and the Dingbats, have acquired a do not call out, 'Plenty of room ahead,' horrible fascination. Otherwise I cannot so frequently as they used to.

Good-natured when dangling from the strap in the Subway, good-natured in front of baseball bulletins on Park Row, to good-natured in the face of so much oppression and injustice, where is the supposed cruelty of the 'mob'? I am ready to affirm on oath that the mob is not vindictive, that it is not cruel. It may be a 15 Fourteenth Street, where I was to take bit sharp-tongued, fickle, a bit mischievous, but in the heart of the crowd there is no evil passion. The evil comes from the leaders, the demagogues, the professional distorters of right thinking and right feel- 20 flows in every direction. It is churned up ing. The crowd in the bleachers is not the clamorous, brute mob of tradition. I have watched faces in the bleachers and in the grand-stand and seen little of that fury which is supposed to animate the fan. 25 nate, but they are the women of the pro-For the most part he sits there with folded arms, thin-lipped, eager, but after all conscious that there are other things in life besides baseball. No, it is the leaders, the azine offices, the publishing houses, the baseball editors, the cartoonists, the hu-30 insurance offices. You detect the bachelor morists, the professional stimulators of 'local pride,' with their exaggerated gloatings over a game won, their poisonous attacks upon a losing team, who are responsible. It is these demagogues who 35 drill the crowd in the gospel of loving only a winner - but if I keep on I shall be in politics before I know it.

If you see in the homeward crowd in the Subway a face over which the pall of 40 depression has settled, that face very likely is bent over the comic pictures in the evening paper. I cannot recall seeing any one smile over these long serials of humorous adventure which run from day to day and 45 way die down as quickly almost as they from year to year. I have seen readers manifested themselves. The idlers 'and from year to year. I have seen readers turn mechanically to these lurid comics and pore over them, foreheads puckered into a frown, lips unconsciously spelling out the long legends which issue in the 50 ters by no means in keeping with the cut form of little balloons and lozenges from that amazing portrait gallery of dwarfs, giants, shrilling viragos and their diminutive husbands, devil-children, quadrupeds, insects, - an entire zoölogy. If any stim-55 between the last of the matinée and shopulus rises from these pages to the puzzled brain, the effect is not visible. I imagine that by dint of repetition through the years

these grotesque creations have become a reality to millions of readers. It is no longer a question of humor, it is a vice. The Desperate Desmonds, the Newlysee why readers of the funny page should appear to be memorizing pages from Euclid.

This by way of anticipation. What the doctor has said of exercise being a habit which grows easy with time is true. It is the first five minutes of walking that are wearisome. I find myself strolling past my train for Belshazzar Court. Never mind, Forty-second Street will do as well. I am now on a different Broadway. The crowd is no longer north and south, but at every corner and spreads itself across the squares and open places. Its appearance has changed. It is no longer a factory population. Women still predomifessions and trades which center about Madison Square -- business women of independent standing, women from the maggirl in the current which sets in toward the home quarters of the undomesticated, the little Bohemias, the foreign eatingplaces whose fixed table d'hôte prices flash out in illumined signs from the side Still farther north and the crowd becomes tinged with the current of that Broadway which the outside world knows best. The idlers begin to mingle with the workers, men in English clothes with canes, women with plumes and jeweled reticules. You catch the first heart-beat of Little Old New York.

The first stirrings of this gayer Broadthose who minister to them have heard the call of the dinner hour and have vanished, into hotel doors, into shabbier quarof their garments and their apparent indifference to useful employment. Soon the street is almost empty. It is not a beautiful Broadway in this garish interval ping crowd and the vanguard of the night crowd. The monster electric sign-boards have not begun to gleam and flash and

revolve and confound the eye and the senses. At night the electric Niagara hides the squalid fronts of ugly brick, the dark doorways, the clutter of fire-escapes, the rickety wooden hoardings. Not an 5 imperial street this Broadway at 6.30 of a summer's afternoon. Cheap jewelry shops, cheap tobacconist's shops, cheap haberdasheries, cheap restaurants, grimy little newspaper agencies and ticket- 10 offices, and 'demonstration' stores for patent foods, patent waters, patent razors.

O Gay White Way, you are far from gay in the fast-fading light, before the magic hand of Edison wipes the wrinkles 15 no shield against the blasting heat. Hufrom your face and galvanizes you into hectic vitality; far from alluring with your tinsel shop-windows, with your puffyfaced, unshaven men leaning against doorposts and chewing pessimistic toothpicks, 20 your sharp-eyed newsboys wise with the wisdom of the Tenderloin, and your itinerant women whose eyes wander from side to side. It is not in this guise that you draw the hearts of millions to yourself, O 25 sorbed the exactions of daily behavior dingy, Gay White Way, O Via Lobsteria Dolorosa!

Well, when a man begins to moralize it is time to go home. I have walked farther than I intended, and I am soft from lack 30 cestors. The ape, the tiger, and the jackal of exercise, and tired. The romance of the crowd has disappeared. Romance cannot survive that short passage of Longacre Square, where the art of the theater and of the picture-postcard flourish in an 35 atmosphere impregnated with gasoline. As I glance into the windows of the automobile salesrooms and catch my own reflection in the enamel of Babylonian limousines I find myself thinking all at 40 when stripped to the skin. once of the children at home. They expand and fill up the horizon. Broadway disappears. I smile into the face of a painted promenader, but how is she to know that it is not at her I smile but at 45 of its changes did not so much amaze and the sudden recollection of what the baby said at the breakfast-table that morning? Like all good New Yorkers when they enter the Subway, I proceed to choke up all my senses against contact with the ex- 50 sweeping beaches, space to turn about ternal world, and thus resolving myself into a state of coma, I dip down into the bowels of the earth, whence in due time I am spewed out two short blocks from Belshazzar Court.

VI

CONEY ISLAND AT NIGHT

IAMES HUNEKER

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It was the hottest night of the summer at Coney Island. All day a steaming curtain of mist hid the sun from the eyes of men and women and children; yet proved midity and not the sun-rays had been the enemy. And when a claret-colored disk showed dully through the nacreous vapors just before setting, we knew that the night would bring little respite from the horror of the waking hours. It was a time to try men's nerves. The average obligations of life had faded into the abyss of general indifference, one that had abpoliteness, order, sobriety, and decency. Add a few notches upward on the thermometer, and mankind soon reverts to the habits and conditions of his primitive anin all of us come to the surface with shocking rapidity. We are, in a reasonable analysis, the victims of our environment, the slaves of temperature. Heat and cold have produced the African and the Laplander. At Coney Island during a torrid spell we are very near the soil; we cast to the winds modesty, prudence, and dignity. Then, life is worth living only

Three seasons had I passed without a visit to this astonishing bedlam, yet I found the place well-nigh unrecognizable. Knowing old Coney Island, the magnitude terrify me. One should never be amazed in America. After an hour's hasty survey, Atlantic City seemed a normal spot. Broad stretches of board walk, long, these and other items might be added. But at Coney Island the cramped positions one must assume to stand or move, the fierce warfare of humanity as it forces its 55 way along the streets or into the crazy shows - surely conceived by madmen for madmen - the indescribable and hideous symphony of noise running the gamut

from shrill steam-whistles to the diapasonic roar of machinery; decidedly the entire place produced the sensation of abnormality, of horrible joys grabbed at by a savage horde of barbarians, incapable 5 positively enthralling; Japanese and Irish, of repose even in their moments of leisure. Some one has said that the Englishman takes his pleasures sadly; then we must take ours by rude assault. All Coney Island reminded me of a disturbed ant- 10 heap, the human ants ferocious in their efforts to make confusion thrice confounded, to heap up horrors of sound and of sight.

how phlegmatic, a residuum of energy which may boil over when some exciting event knocks at the door of our being. It is, psychologists assure us, the play-instinct of the animal in us that delights in 20 games innocent and dangerous. If forty thousand people assemble to see a game of baseball, how many more would gather with feverish gaiety if there were a surety of the umpire's death at every game? 25 vidual with threatening intonations and The Romans daily witnessed men and women destroyed in the arena of their circus - witnessed it with a satisfaction æsthetic and profound. The reason was not that they were less civilized than the mod- 30 erns, but only more frank. Their playinstinct was more fully developed and the classical world was not hampered by our

moral prejudices. civilized nations to-day — the game of life being so vilely cruel that the arena with its bulls and tigers is unnecessary - our play-instinct finds vent in a species of closely, as it verges perilously on idiocy. Coney Island is only another name for topsyturyydom. There the true becomes the grotesque, the vision of a maniac. Else why those nerve-racking entertain- 45 hand of the clever showman, who, knowments, ends of the world, creations, hells, heavens, fantastic trips to ugly lands, panoramas of sheer madness, flights through the air in boats, through water in sleds, on the earth in toy trains! Unreality is 50 rancy. Once en masse, humanity sheds its as greedily craved by the mob as alcohol by the dipsomaniac; indeed, the jumbled nightmares of a morphine eater are actually realized at Luna Park. Every chanical waterfalls, with women and children racing around curving, tumbling floods; elephants tramping ponderously

through streets that are a bewildering muddle of many nations, many architectures; deeds of Western violence and robbery, illustrated with a realism that is Germans and Indians, Hindus and Italians, cats and girls and ponies and - the list sets whirring the wheels of the biggest of dictionaries.

In Dreamland there is a white tower that might rear itself in Seville and cause no comment.1 Hemming it about are walls of monstrosities — laughable, shocking, sinister, and desperately depressing. There must be in every one, no matter is In the center flying boats cleave the air; from the top of a crimson lighthouse flat, sled-like barges plunge down a liquid railroad, while from every cavern issue screams of tortured and delighted humans and the hoarse barking of men with megaphones. They assault your ears with their invitations, protestations, and blasphemies. You are conjured to 'go to Hell-gate'; you are singled out by some brawny indibade enter the animal show where a lion or a tiger is warranted to claw a keeper at least once a day. The glare is appalling, the sky a metallic blue, the sun a slayer.

And then the innumerable distractions of the animated walks, the dwarfs and the dogs, the horses and the miniature railway. Inside the various buildings you may see the cosmos in the act of forma-As cruelty is proscribed among highly 35 tion, or San Francisco destroyed by fire and quake; the end of life, organic and inorganic, is displayed for a modest pittance; you may sleigh in Switzerland or take a lulling ride in Venetian gondolas. diversion that must not be examined too 40 But nothing is real. Doubtless the crowd would be disappointed by a glimpse of the real Venice, the real Switzerland, the real hell, the real heaven. Everything is the reflection of a cracked mirror held in the ing us as children of a larger growth, compounds his mess, bizarre and ridiculous, accordingly. There is little need to ponder the whys and wherefores of our abercivilization and becomes half child, half savage. In the theaters the gentlest are swayed by a sort of mob mania and delight in scenes of cruelty and bloodshed angle reveals some new horror. Me- 55 though at home the sight of a canary with a broken wing sets stirring in us tender sympathy. A crowd seldom reasons. It ¹ This was so before fire destroyed the place.

will lynch an innocent man or glorify a scamp politician with equal facility. Hence the monstrous debauch of the fancy at Coney Island, where New York chases

its chimera of pleasure.

Nevertheless, with all its perversion, its oblique image of life, is Coney Island much madder than the Stock Exchange. the prize-ring, roller-skating, a fashionable theatrical performances? Again I must bid you to remember that everything is relative; that the morals of one age are the crimes of another; that I am, comparacities and perhaps not peculiarly well fitted to judge of such an astounding insti-

tution as Coney Island. The madness converges below Brighton, with pleasure-seekers, fringed by 'fakers' and their utterly abominable wares. Farther up the beach order reigns, men and women are clothed in their right mind, walk, talk, and act rationally. At the 25 abated. Noise still reigned over the Bow-Oriental dignity prevails. Few people are to be seen. The place slumbers. You feel that in such a hotel you may live as you wish. Manhattan, no longer queen intended to return either to my hotel or of the beaches, has its interest. The bath- 30 to New York, but the heat pinioned my ing attracts. The wide porches and the dining couples are pleasing to see. A theater there is for those to whom the ocean is not a stimulating spectacle. Walk not begins to bubble. A smaller Coney confronts you. You pass on. Stopping before what was once Anton Seidl's music pavilion, you indulge, more sadly than senover two decades ago, when the sound of the waves formed a background for the dead master's music-making - Beethoven

wild ride, we hear the wooden horse orchestrion screeching 'Meet Me at the Church.' Move on? Has public musical taste moved with the years? Meet me at the madhouse! We reach the Boulevard 50 Josiah Flynt who would pilot me through and note its agreeable vastness. The sun has set and the world is become suddenly

and Wagner and Liszt.

afire.

Then Coney Island, with its vulgarity, flame. But don't go too near it; your wings will easily singe on the broad avenue where beer, sausage, fruit, pop-corn,

candy, flapjacks, green corn, and again beer, rule the appetites of the multitude. After seeing the aerial magic of that great pyrotechnic artist Pain, a man who could, s if he so desired, create a new species of art, and his nocturnes of jeweled fire, you wonder why the entire beach is not called Fire Island. The view of Luna Park from Sheepshead Bay suggests a cemetery of cotillion, a political mass-meeting, or some to fire, the tombs, turrets, and towers, illuminated, and mortuary shafts of flame. At Dreamland the little lighthouse is a scarlet incandescence. The big building stands a dazzling apparition for men on ships and tively speaking, a stranger to our summer is steamers out at sea. Everything is fretted with fire. Fire delicately etches some fairy structure; fire outlines an Oriental gateway; fire runs like a musical scale through many octaves, the darkness reaching its apex on Surf Avenue, jammed 20 crowding it, the mist blurring it. Fire is the god of Coney Island after sundown, and fire was its god this night, the hottest of the summer.

At ten o'clock the crowds had not ery, and the cafés, restaurants, dens, and shows were full of gabbling, eating, drinking, cursing, and laughing folk. I had will. In company with thousands, I strolled the beach near the Boulevard. An amiable policeman told me that few people would go back to the city, that, hot farther. We reach Brighton. There the 35 as it was at Coney, the East Side was more stifling. The sight of cars coming down crowded at eleven o'clock and returning half-full at midnight determined my plan of action. I went to my hotel, timentally, in memories of those evenings, 40 put on a sweater and a cap, changed a bill into silver, and with a stick for company I returned to the West End. There were more people than before, though it was nearly one o'clock and the lights were be-Instead of Brünhilde and her sisters' 45 ginning to dim. I searched for the friendly policeman, but instead found a surly one, who warned me that it would be a risk to venture upon the beach if I had a watch or money. I longed for a this jungle of humanity. The heat was depressing and mosquitoes made us miserable. They knew me for a fresh comer and exacted a sorry toll from my hands, its babble and tumult, is a glorified city of 55 neck, and face. I wavered in my resolution to spend the night on the beach. I had left my rake at home, and as I am not a socialist I could not emulate the performances of the 'white mice,' as the East Side names the good, well-dressed young men and women of means who make sociological calls on them, noteeves, and burning enthusiasm in their hearts.

All the lights of the pleasure palaces were extinguished. Across at Riccadonna's there was still a light, and peering to est the sudden scream of a woman folover the Brighton pavilion there was a pillar of luminosity that looked a cross between a corn-cob and a thermometer afire. I sat down on the sand. I would stay out the night. And then I began to 15 curious drone was in the air; it was the look about me. In Hyde Park, London, I had seen hundreds of vagabonds huddled in the grass, their clothes mere rags, their attitudes those of death, but nothing in England or America can match what I 20 rank smell of wretched mankind poisoned saw this particular night. While the poorer classes predominated, there was little suggestion of abject pauperism. Many seemed gay. The white dresses of the women and children relieved the som-25 ber masses of black men, who, though coatless for the most part, made black splotches on the sand. In serried array they lay; there was no order in their position, yet a short distance away they 30 gave the impression of an army at rest. The entire beach was thick with humanity. At close range it resolved itself in groups, sweethearts in pairs, families of three or four, six or seven, planted close together. 35 beggar who addressed me. A child began With care, hesitation, and difficulty I navigated around these islets of flesh and blood. Sometimes I stumbled over a foot or an arm. Once I kicked a head, and I was cursed many times and vigorously 40 were two older children. The man who cursed. But I persisted. Like the 'white mice.' I was there to see. Policemen plodded through the crowds, and if there was undue hilarity warned the offenders was exceedingly poor, wearing only a in a low voice. But it was impossible for 45 ragged shirt and trousers. His head was such a large body of people to be more orderly, more decent. I determined to prowl down the lower beach, between the Boulevard and Sea Gate.

face. Here was game. Not in the immemorial mob, joking and snoring, shrieking and buzzing, would I find what I sought. I tried to pass under the bathing-houses, but so densely packed were the paths that 55 tion — a hungry family in all the Gar-I was threatened by a dozen harsh voices. So I pursued a safer way, down Surf Avenue. It was still filled with people - men

and women, battered, bleary, drunk or tired, dragged their weary paces, regarding each other as do wolves, ready to spring. We all felt like sticky August books in their hands, curiosity in their 5 salt. Reaching the beach again, I was too fatigued to walk farther. I propped my head against the wooden pillar of an old bath-house and my eyes began to droop. I heard without a quiver of interlowed by ominous bass laughter. Some one plucked a banjo. Dogs barked. hymn rose on the hot air. Around me it was like a battle-field of the slain. A monster breathing. A muggy moon shone intermittently over us, its bleached rays painting in one ghastly tone the upturned faces of the sleepers. The stale, sour, the atmosphere, thick with sultry vapors. I wished myself home.

Then a gentle voice said — the accent

was slightly foreign:

'What a sight the poor make in the moonlight!' I did not turn, but answered that I had thought that same thing. The voice proceeded. It was not strong, though a resonant baritone:

'You are alone, good sir; but look at my brood, and don't wonder at people dying without asking the world's permis-

sion.

I half arose, expecting that it was a whimpering. I saw a woman on her side holding with relaxed grasp this crying infant—the wail was hardly perceptible above the swish of the surf. Near her had spoken to me was sitting, his head plunged almost between his knees, his skinny hands supporting his head. He large and curly with thick hair. He could not have been more than forty. When he lifted his head his eyes in the moonshine were like two red cinders. A wild beast — My sporting instinct came to the sur- 50 and with a gentle, even cultivated, voice. I went over to him. The child still moaned as the fingers of the exhausted woman opened farther. I forgot sociology and wondered if here was a case of starvagantuan feast of Coney Island. The idea was horrible.

'What's the matter, Batiushka?' I

asked, adopting a familiar form of Russian salutation. He fell on his knees.

'Brother,' he panted, 'are you a Russian? A Jew? Help us. We have not eaten since yesterday morning.' I confess 5 Peck Ślip, but the child was so sick that I shuddered. I confess also that I did n't believe him. A man, a Jewish man with a family, in New York and starving! New York, with its rich charitable institutions! And this fellow tried to make 10 me think that he needed food; that his wife and children needed food! I had eaten my dinner at the Manhattan, and I enjoyed that selfish credulity which an able-bodied gourmand feels when he is 15 scarcely able to hold up his head, watched approached by some one who has tasted no food for days.

And this miserable being came nearer to me, feebly, supplicatingly. His eyes were like red dots in the head of a fam- 20 know your own city. Such things happen ished animal. His hot breath issued as-from an open grave. The child sobbed louder, and the mother, half awake, clutched it. She sat up. The other two children arose, alarmed, silent. It was 25 for the death of a consumptive. Yet he too much for my pampered nerves. Bidding the man remain where he was, I ran across the beach to the Bowery and into a little saloon full of half-drunken, vicious people. Ten minutes later we sat at an 30 in their room, a musty, dirty garret. Life improvised supper of pretzels, cold fish, and beer. I knew this family would n't touch anything else. Starvation itself would not force them to break their tribal law. I have an idea that I was thirsty 35 myself, for I enjoyed the flat beer, and I enjoyed the subdued ferocity with which the family ate and drank. The baby did stir. It had fallen asleep. mother, a worn-out woman, still young, 40 from the crowd of pleasure-seekers. We mechanically put the food into her mouth, not looking at us, not speaking to the two girls. She was numbed by hunger and heat.

'My name,' he stammered, 'is Hy-

'I mean your family name,' I demanded; 'Hyman is your first name.'

quietly replied: 'You are right. My full name is Hyman Levin.'

'Have you a home?' I pursued. I felt my importance. I was playing the rôle of benefactor, and what philanthropist, great 55 lative misfortunes, this death was accepted or small, does not desire the worth of his money? Besides, it is good policy to cross-examine a starving man. He appre-

(Oh. ciates your interest at such a time. what smiling villains are we all!)

'I live in an alley near Oliver Street, Usually we go to the recreation pier near I came down here last night.'

Last night?'

'Yes, I pawned my coat to get the car

fare.' This is a truthful report of the man's conversation. He was out of worksickness - and he had pawned, piece by piece, bit by bit, everything in the house. His wife went to the pawnhouse, while he, the baby. The children lived in the streets, feeding at the garbage cans, thankful for such a chance. Is this exaggeration? If you think so, then you don't every day. The neighbors were kind, especially the Irish. But they, too, could scarcely boast more than one meal a day. Hyman coughed; he evidently was marked fought on. The charities were available — for a time. But funds ran low; public interest also ran low. The Levins found themselves within five days of rent time from heat and insufficient food became intolerable, and, half crazed with fever, on that hot Monday, they contrived to reach the seashore. With only a few pennies, yet they were happier; they could at least breathe fresh air, see the water. But so forbidding was the appearance of this unhappy family that they were warned off the board walk and frightened away do not care to see these death's-heads at our feasts. Finally they found refuge under the bathhouse, and there I met them.

Worse remains. When the dawn came 'See here, what's your name?' I asked. 45 up softly like the vanguard of an army without banners I shook the sleeping Hyman. I awoke the woman. I had heard queer sounds in the throat of the child, noises like water slowly dripping into a He gave me a keen glance. Then he 50 well. Why should I go on? The child was dead, and I was not surprised. Nor were the parents. They made no outcry, but covered the little thing with the mother's old pelisse. Stunned by their cumuwith the fatalism of a Russian. I told a policeman the story, and a half-hour later the entire family was carted away with the promise that they would be given food and shelter.

There was a bitter taste in my mouth. If a poor devil of a tramp or a working man had met me then I should not have 5 his belly pinched by starvation, whether been able to look either one in the eye. Oh, how cheap is charity! The silver I spent did not relieve the Levins. They had scarcely bade me good-by, so oppressed were they by their sorrow, their to East Side for a night, and the people are shame. They must have hated me. The man was not ignorant. His English betrayed a reader. He had conversed well about Gorky and Tolstoy, had read Karl Marx, and knew the names of all his saints 15 The people is a beast of muddy brain of anarchy. A socialist? I do not know That knows not its own strength, and thereof anarchy. A socialist? I do not know. I only know that your bookish theories go to smash when you hear a man's voice thrill with anguish. A pauper, you say, a lazy good-for-nothing? Ay, perhaps 20 he was — perhaps they all are; but drunkard, thief, even murderer, must they starve? Anarchs and infidels? So were the Americans of 1776, according to the English.

Remember what Richard Jeffries wrote: 'Food and drink, roof and clothes are the inalienable right of every child born into the light. If the world does not provide it freely — not as a grudging gift, but as 30 had been a trying one, the new day did a right, as a son of the house sits down to breakfast — then is the world mad. . . . I verily believe that the earth in one year is not the pauper - oh, inexpressibly wicked word! - it is the well-to-do who are the criminal classes.' Grant Allen said that all men are born free and un-

to want for bread? Don't ask me the remedy. I am neither a professional prophet nor a socialist. Don't throw socialism at my head. Ready-made prophylactics smell piciously. The 'dismal science' scares me. Before the fatal words 'unearned increment' I retreat. And the socialist's conception of the state approaches singularly close to the old conception of mon- 50 Policemen fought them into line. The hot archy. I know that there are many Levins in New York, of many nationalities. Starve in New York, the abundant city, where 'God's in the world to-day'? would appear the first detachment of Impossible! cry the sentimentalists. I 55 women and children sick from the night did n't believe it, either, until I met the Levins. That adventure has cured me of all foolish optimistic boasting. I have

told the story plainly. I realized of how little account to people in such awful straits is the clangor of contending political parties. Of what interest to a man, one Tack in office is ousted by another Jack who desires the place; whether this one is president, that one is governor? A flare of fireworks, a river of beer, on the forgotten by their masters. It has been so always; for eternity it will endure. Does not Campanella's sonnet sing:

fore stands Loaded with wood and stone;

Its own are all things between earth and Heaven; But this it knows not, and if one arise To tell this truth it kills him unforgiven.

Grunting, growling, spitting, coughing, 25 the huge army of thousands began in maelstrom fashion to move cityward. Some stopped at the half-way house of whisky; many breakfasted, but the main body made a dash for the cars. The night not promise; yet it was a new day, and with it a flock of fresh hopes was born. The crowd seemed rested; in its eyes was produces enough food to last for thirty. the lust of life, and it was absolutely good-Why, then, have we not enough? . . . It 35 humored. I heard a vague tale about a man-hunt during the night — how a thief had been chased with stones and clubs until, reaching Sea Gate, he had boldly plunged into the water and disappeared. equal. True. But should they be allowed 40 His hawk-like features, the color of clay from fright, had impressed the old man who related the story. In return I told the Levins' heart-breaking tale, and he did not appear much interested. What sus- 45 signified to all those strong, bustling men and women the death of a tiny girl baby - dead and hardly clad in a wisp of blackened canvas?

'Better dead!' The mobs thickened. sun arose, in company with the penetrating odors of bad coffee and greasy crullers. Another day's labor was arrived. Soon in the city. Soon would be heard the howling of the fakers: 'Go to Hell, go to Hell-gate!'

I felt that I had been very near it, that I had seen a new Coney Island. I went home, after this, the most miserable night of my life — miserable because my nerves normal, selfish man, thinking of his bed, of his breakfast. I had, of course, quite forgotten the Levins.

VII

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A. C. DAVID

[Architectural Record, September, 1910. By permission.]

well approach such a building as the New York Public Library without a feeling of grave responsibility. In attempting to put some sort of an estimate upon it, he is confronted both by a large and impor- 25 tant public edifice, and by a formidable array of incidental, but imposing, claims to consideration. The building is not merely spacious and important, but it is the most important building erected, since 30 the American architectural revival began, in the largest city in the country. It has been designed by a firm of architects who, according to general consent, stand at the head of their profession. The library 35 of books. building they have presented to New York is undeniably popular. It has already taken its place in the public mind as a building of which every New Yorker may be proud, and this opinion of the building 40 It has not attempted to solicit patronage is shared by the architectural profession of the country. Of course, it does not please everybody; but if American architects in good standing were asked to name the one building which embodied most of 45 public must, for its own good, come in and what was good in contemporary American architecture, the New York Public Library would be the choice of a handsome majority. In criticizing it, consequently, a merely individual judgment, no matter 50 been associated with such edifices. how well considered it might be, would at the present time scarcely count. It is far more important to understand exactly why the building meets with such widespread popular and professional approval.

Perhaps some justification may be needed for the statement that the New York Public Library is the most impor-

tant building erected since the American architectural revival began. A little consideration will show that the foregoing claim is not in any way excessive. In were out of gear. I was once more the 5 the first place, in any modern American city the public library is the institution which is most representative of the aspirations of the community. The City Hall and the County Court House have 10 become less representative of popular aspirations than they should be, because our local governments and our local courts have deservedly suffered a good deal in popular estimation, and the churches are 15 the spiritual habitations merely of only fragments of the community. But the typical American aspiration is embodied in the word 'education'; and of all the organs of education, the one which belongs An architectural commentator cannot 20 to the whole community is the public library. Partly owing to the generosity of a single individual, they have been built in enormous numbers all over the country; and almost universally they have assumed an institutional character. The old idea of the library as a secluded room, in which a few scholars could browse at leisure among dusty volumes, has given way to the idea that it is essentially a vehicle of popular education — one which should be in some measure supported by public funds and managed chiefly for the purpose of giving the widest possible circulation to its accumulated and accumulating store

The American public library, consequently, has, like all institutional buildings, usually been designed for the purpose of imposing itself upon the public. by a suggestion of studious detachment. It has announced to the public from some colonnaded portico that it was a great educational institution, and that the get educated; and the designers have never felt it necessary to invite patronage by retaining in the building any flavor of domesticity, which in Europe has always

The public libraries in the smaller American cities, whose dimensions were not well adapted to monumental treatment, have suffered from being treated too much 55 as educational institutions and not enough merely as the shell of a reading-room and a book-stack. But in the larger cities, whose libraries are large, well equipped and fully capable of becoming valuable agencies for the dissemination of knowledge and ideas among a large number of people, the institutional idea has a much better chance of effective architectural ex- 5 tural revival are not to be found in monupression. Such was particularly the case with the New York Public Library. No other library in the country represented such a combination of private and public endowment. The collection itself was 10 pure architectural form, are usually wastethe result of the generosity of three private donors, while the site for the new building and its cost was supplied by the city; and the city had been even more generous than Messrs. Astor, Lenox and 15 than they are in the case of a courthouse Tilden. It had given a site in the heart of the city, whose market value at the present time must be between \$7,000,000 and \$8,000,000; and it had erected on this site an edifice almost regardless of ex-20 pense. No public library in the world, unless it be that of Boston, occupies such a superb site, and on no other library building has anything like as much money been lavished. It is, consequently, a veri-25 such buildings as the Columbia, the Bostable institution — the result both of individual and of public aspiration and of individual and public sacrifices, and one which, when completed, will constitute a most efficient piece of machinery for con-30 stand that they are being most completely verting a collection of books into a means of popular instruction. The building becomes the most important building of its kind in the country, because it will provide a fitting habitation for the most useful ex- 35 isting library in the largest American city.

There is one difficulty, however, which confronts almost every American architect who has to design a monumental public building. tal buildings have usually been simple in They have been built usually around a comparatively few rooms of considerable area and height, which were also capable of large and simple treatment, and 45 both the long sides of the room, and enwhose dimensions could be adapted to the scale of the exterior. But in all American monumental buildings, except, perhaps, tombs, the plan is necessarily very complicated. A few large rooms are re-50 tects. The smaller rooms, also, particuquired, together with a multitude of insignificant ones; and these rooms are required for certain practical purposes, which makes good lighting and a certain arrangement essential. A conflict almost cer-55 good light by avoiding anything like a tainly ensues between the plan and the design; and this conflict almost inevitably results in a compromise, in which either

certain important ingredients of a perfect plan or a perfect design, or both, are sacrificed. The consequence is that the finest achievements of the American architecmental buildings; and edifices such as the Columbia College Library and the Pennsylvania Station in New York, which are most imposing and effective as a matter of

ful in plan. In the case of a library, the difficulties which the necessities of the plan impose upon the architect are harder to solve even or a state capitol. The chief requirements are a spacious and perfectly lighted reading-room, an arrangement of the stacks, so that the books are easily accessible and their titles easily read, and a large number of small apartments for particular purposes of all kinds, ranging from galleries to small rooms for special collections of books. It is a well-known fact that in ton and the Congressional libraries, these practical requirements have been met only in a very inferior manner; and while we have never seen the building, we undersatisfied in the new library which has been built for the University of California.

Messrs. Carrère & Hastings have always been most conscientious about arranging the plans of their buildings so as to meet every reasonable practical requirement; and the New York Public Library is no exception to the rule. Its arrangements for storing and handling the books The really great monumen- 40 are said to be entirely satisfactory to the management of the library. The main reading-room is one of the most spacious rooms in the world - beautifully proportioned, lighted by a series of windows on tirely accessible to the stacks. To have obtained a room of these dimensions, so excellently adapted to its purpose in every respect, was a great triumph for the archilarly those like the gallery, whose practical requirements are severe, are also admirably planned for their purposes. These rooms have been supplied with a heavy colonnade on the façade; and while most of them (all of them except those situated on the corners) obtain light from only one direction, the light is, in all except a few cases, all that is needed. The corridors, which run parallel to the outer the other from a court, have to be artificially lighted, but that is as it should be.

It is an interesting fact, however, that the superbly dimensioned reading-room — 10 an apartment 395 feet long, over 75 feet wide and 50 feet high — has practically no salient effect on the exterior of the building. It stretches along the rear of the structure, and this façade is very plainly 15 one which is probably more appropriate. treated, without any pretence to architeceffect. It is, indeed, frankly as the rear of a structure which is not meant to be looked at except on the other sides. Any attempt, consequently, 20 ing issues to the people an invitation to at monumental treatment has been abandoned. The building is designed to be seen from Fifth Avenue and from the side streets. The rear, on Bryant Park, merely takes care of itself; and one of the 25 fountains on either side of the entrance largest apartments in any edifice in the United States is practically concealed, so far as any positive exterior result is concerned.

The striking fact mentioned in the pre- 30 ceding paragraph is a sufficient characterization of the purpose of the architects. They recognized that they could not plan a room of the required dimensions and light it properly without destroying its 35 ing not when one is walking west through value as the primary motive of a monumental building; and in obedience to their settled policy of being loyal primarily to the needs of the plan, they deliberately sacrificed the monumental to the practical 40 ate the fundamental impressiveness and ataspect of the edifice. What is more, they sacrificed the architectural effect of the interior of the reading-room to the convenience of the management in the handling of the books. This superb apartment 45 library is a great educational institution, is cut in two by an elaborate wooden screen, from which the books contained in the stacks are to be distributed; and it is, consequently, almost impossible to get the full architectural effect of the reading- 50 is a real and sometimes an apparently irroom, except from some point along the balcony.

The New York Public Library is not, then, intended to be a great monumental from one point of view as another, and which would be fundamentally an example

of pure architectural form. It is designed rather to face on the avenue of a city, and not to seem out of place on such a site. lines of the building between two rows of It is essentially and frankly an instance of rooms, one lighted from the street and 5 street architecture; and as an instance of street architecture it is distinguished in its appearance rather than imposing. Not. indeed, that it is lacking in dignity. The facade on Fifth Avenue has poise, as well as distinction; character, as well as good manners. But still it does not insist upon its own peculiar importance, as every monumental building must do. It is content with a somewhat humbler rôle, but It looks ingratiating rather than imposing, and that is probably one reason for its popularity. It is intended for popular rather than for official use, and the buildenter rather than a command.

> From a strictly architectural point of view, there are many criticisms which can be passed upon the design. The niches and - the one monumental feature of the building - are a not very happy and appropriate device to ornament the stretches of blank wall which flank the entrance porch. The treatment of the two ends of the façade is weak. The scale of the engaged colonnade looks too contracted. The fact has not been sufficiently considered in the design that one sees the build-Forty-first Street, but when one is walking up or down Fifth Avenue. But blemishes such as those mentioned are not of sufficient importance seriously to attenutractiveness of the facade. The architects have succeeded in making the library sufficiently imposing and dignified in character to satisfy the prevailing idea that a while, at the same time, they have awakened popular interest by making it look like a pleasant place to enter and use. And this is a great triumph, because there reconcilable conflict between the monumental and practical aspects of such build-

The final judgment on the New York building, which would look almost as well 55 Public Library will be, consequently, that it is not a great monument, because considerations of architectural form have in several conspicuous instances been deliberately subordinated to the needs of the plan. In this respect it resembles the new Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. The building is at bottom a compromise be- 5 tween two groups of partly antagonistic demands, and a compromise can hardly ever become a consummate example of architectural form. But, on the other hand, Messrs. Carrère & Hastings have, as 10 in so many other cases, made their compromise successful. Faithful have been to the fundamental requirement of adapting the building to its purpose as a library, they have also succeeded in 15 the loftiest office building, but, if we exmaking it look well; and they have succeeded in making it look well partly because the design is appropriate to its function as a building in which books are stored, read and distributed. A merely 20 monumental library always appears somewhat forbidding and remote. The New York Public Library looks attractive, and so far as a large building can, even intimate. And in this respect it differs from 25 the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, which, excellently planned as it may be, presents a dull and rigid architectural mask to the public.

Library has, consequently, been well earned. The public has reason to like it, because it offers them a smiling countenance; and the welcome it gives is merely the outward and visible sign of an 35 inward grace. When people enter they will find a building which has been ingeniously and carefully adapted to their use. Professional architects like it, because they recognize the skill, the good 40 taste and the abundant resources of which the building, as a whole, is the result; and while many of them doubtless cherish a secret thought that they would have nize that in order to have done it better they would have been obliged to exhibit a high degree of architectural intelligence. In the realism of its plan and in the mixical of that which is best in the contemporary American architectural movement; and New York is fortunate, indeed, that such a statement can be made of the most 55 important public building erected in the city during several generations.

VIII

THE TALLEST OFFICE BUILD-ING IN THE WORLD

[Scientific American, March 8, 1913. By permission.]

For the present at least the tallest office building in the world will be found on the western side of City Hall Park, where the towering Woolworth Building lifts its glittering steel-and-terra-cotta structure through a sheer height of 785 feet above the sidewalk. This is not only cept the Eiffel Tower, it is the tallest structure of any kind as yet erected by man. Two other notable buildings in this city vie with the Woolworth tower in altitude, its nearest competitor being the Metropolitan tower at Madison Square with a total height of just over 700 feet, and the Singer tower, built like the Woolworth structure, on Broadway, and only a few city blocks to the south of it, which has a total height above the sidewalk of 612 feet. Mention should also be made of that remarkable structure on the opposite side of City Hall Park, the New Municipal The popularity of the New York Public 30 Building; the top of the bronze figure with which it is now being crowned will be 560 feet above the sidewalk.

As the eye ranges up through the multitudinous stories of the Woolworth Building to the pyramidal structure at its top, the question arises as to what is the limit of height to which a habitable building can be carried. The answer can be found in a certain restriction laid down by the Building Code of New York City, which states that on a rock foundation the load may reach but not exceed fifteen tons to the square foot. It will surprise some of our readers to done it better, they are obliged to recog- 45 learn that on this basis, it would be possible on a plot of ground 200 feet square to erect an office building 2000 feet in height, and to build it, moreover, so that it would be perfectly secure against the ture of dignity and distinction in the de- 50 fiercest hurricane, and, because of its elassign, the New York Public Library is typticity, even against the altogether improbable event of an earthquake shock.

SOME DIMENSIONS AND QUANTITIES

The Woolworth Building is taller than it looks. To reach its lowest foundation, we must go down in one place to a depth of 120 feet beneath the sidewalk - for that was the depth to which it was necessary to sink the pneumatic caisson in that particular spot before the solid rock of would make the total height of the building from lowest foundation to summit 905 feet. Just here, while touching on the question of dimensions and quantities, we may state that the building contains 23,- to ally they were built in two story lengths, 000 tons of structural steel, 17,000,000 common brick, 7500 tons of terra cotta, 1,800,000 square feet of floor tiles, 1,800,-000 square feet of partition tiles, and 2500 square feet of cut stone.

The construction of the foundation, etc., involved 60,000 yards excavation, the use of 24,000 yards of concrete, 300 tons of reinforcement steel and 350 tons of steel with its furniture, etc., will weigh more than 125,000 tons, will have cost, when

complete, some \$12,000,000.

wings, 60 by 95 feet, facing on Barclay Street and Park Place. The shorter side of the plot is that on Broadway. There are thirty stories in the main building, the roof of which stands 400 feet above 30 ily that special provision had to be made, the street. From the center of the Broadway façade and flush with it, rises a tower measuring 85 by 86 feet, which extends for an additional 25 stories above the roof. The building is carried on 66 concrete 35 that for a building of this magnitude it is piers, sunk through gravel, sand and hardpan, everywhere to solid rock, which was found at an average depth of about 80 feet below the ground-water level. These foundation piers are of solid concrete. 40 forded by the low buildings at its base, we The majority are circular and vary in diameter from 8 to 19 feet. A few of them are of rectangular cross-section.

Until the hardpan was reached, the rapidly done, and one, 6½ feet in diameter, went down 80 feet in less than a sin-

gle day.

ERECTING THE STEEL FRAME

Although the vertical axes of the majority of the columns coincide with the axes of the concrete piers below them, this is not always the case. Several of the piers being spanned by girders with the columns resting at about their center. Thus, in one column the load of nearly

5000 tons is carried at a center of a girder, 8 feet deep, 6 feet 9 inches wide, and 23 feet long, which itself weighs over 100 tons. Ordinarily between the piers Manhattan Island was reached. This 5 and the foot of the columns is a grillage of several tiers of 24-inch I-beams.

Naturally, the columns in a building of this height ran up enormous dimensions and weights in the lower stories. Usuand were of entirely inclosed box-section, consisting usually of two channels with cover plates on both flanges. The largest column measures 34 inches by 30 inches, and its cross-sectional area is 660 square inches; that is to say, the metal in it, if compressed into a solid square bar, would measure 25 inches on each side. It is easy to understand from these dimensions that sheet-piling. Finally, the building which, 20 the total weight of the structural steel reaches 23,000 tons.

TO RESIST WIND PRESSURE

The building covers a plot 155 feet by When it is borne in mind that the 200 feet. It is U-shaped in plan, with two 25 storms which sweep across Manhattan Island, chiefly from the west and southwest, rise at times to cyclonic force and blow at a velocity of between eighty and ninety miles an hour, it can be understood readin designing so lofty a tower, to safeguard it against overturning or against failure in its steel frame, due to the enormous bending stresses engendered. It is considered sufficient to estimate the average wind pressure, at maximum velocity, as thirty pounds upon every square foot of surface exposed. If we disregard the shelter affind that the total wind pressure from top of tower to sidewalk over the whole surface facing a westerly wind is 1300 tons, and this pressure may be considered as sinking of the caissons was quickly and 45 concentrated at a level of say about 300 feet above the sidewalk. It is evident, at once, that in order adequately to take care of this wind-load, special features had to be introduced into the design of the 50 steel framework. The inclined steel rafters of the spire-like roof of the tower take care of the horizontal thrust of the wind. Below the roof at the forty-second floor, the wind stresses are provided for columns are supported upon two piers, the 55 by the wall girders and the columns, which are connected by deep gusset plates at their intersection. From the forty-second to the twenty-eighth floors, deep wall girders, made especially heavy for the purpose, are connected to the columns by double knee-braces. From the twenty-eighth floor to the street, heavy solid plates of steel, or 'portals' as they are called, are 5 constructed on the two sides and top of each opening or panel in the steel work. It was these portals that gave an appearance of enormous width to the columns becotta and stone work. On the Broadway front the portal girders are double as far up as the fourth floor, and they are no less than four feet in depth.

FIREPROOF CONSTRUCTION

The floors of the basement and first story are built of reinforced concrete slabs, and the floors above of hollow terra against fire by a coating of concrete not less than one inch in thickness, or else by three inches of terra cotta. Wood as a material of construction is entirely excluded; the windows, the trim, the doors, 25 are of pressed steel, and furthermore, the exterior windows where exposed are glazed with wire glass. In addition to the twenty-six elevators there are four wide stairways. A description of the installa- 30 might be permitted to ride on a passenger tion of steam heat, ventilation apparatus, plumbing, drainage, gas and electric light, pneumatic service, etc., would make a long story in itself.

The building was commenced in Sep- 35 ing objects. tember, 1910, and it is to-day practically ready for occupation. The rate at which the building was carried up is shown in the accompanying set of illustrations, which were taken from a lofty building on 40 otherwise. All stairways, whether temthe opposite side of City Hall Park.

SAFEGUARDING THE WORKMEN AND THE PUBLIC

tion of the Woolworth Building was the fact that the advanced ideas that underlie modern liability insurance were exemplified in an interesting manner, the inspection service rendered during the work be- 50 own hands would not be injured if the ing particularly worthy of note. insurance company that carried the liability kept two inspectors on duty continuously, and immediately upon noting a condition which was likely to result in an ac- 55 loose planks or boards or elsewhere. cident, they notified the proper foreman or superintendent, and saw that the danger was removed. Their recommendations

were also reported to the office of the engineering and inspection division of the insurance company, and written copies were then sent to the contractors.

Patent scaffolds were used for the bricklaying throughout the work, and these were covered, so far as possible, with substantial wire-mesh roofs, to protect the men at work upon the platforms from fore they were closed in by the terra to tools and materials that might fall from above. The sides of all the scaffold platforms were also protected by guard rails and by wire-mesh screens. Substantial bridges for the protection of pedestrians 15 and others were built over the sidewalks, and these were made stout enough to resist the impact of any material that might fall upon them. Platforms twenty feet wide were also built out from the building The structural steel is protected 20 at four different heights, to catch any material that might fall, and prevent it from descending into the street. Wire-mesh screens were arranged along their outer edges to give still further security.

All the hoisting apparatus was examined frequently and thoroughly by expert elevator inspectors; employees were not allowed to ride on material hoists, and the maximum number of persons who hoist was definitely specified in each case. All hoists, whether used for the transportation of men or of materials, were covered overhead, to prevent accidents from fall-ing objects. The hoist openings were effectively fenced, and were guarded by rails where the materials were loaded or unloaded. Openings in the floors were thoroughly guarded by rails or fences or porary or permanent, were required to be rail-guarded. Proper lighting was insisted upon, particularly at work places, along gangways and passages, and at every other An interesting feature of the construc- 45 important point. Warning signs were put up at all dangerous places. Laborers engaged in cutting concrete and other similar substances were obliged to use chisels fitted with protective handles, so that their strikers should miss the heads of the chisels. An effective watch was kept for nails and other similar sharp metal points projecting from the woodwork or from These are prolific sources of injury, and the men were required to remove them at once. First-aid cabinets were also provided, at the suggestion of the liability in-

spectors.

It will be apparent that the comparative freedom from accident that characterized the erection of the Woolworth Building 5 six seconds; and the remaining 137 feet of was not the result of chance, but that it was the logical outcome of the practical system of inspection that was adopted.

A REMARKABLE ELEVATOR TEST

The express elevators of the Woolworth Building have a vertical travel of 676 feet, and Mr. F. T. Ellithorpe, who is responsible for the safety system provided for the twenty-eight elevators, will make that 15 the air pressures at each stage of the drop sheer drop to demonstrate that his apparatus is equal to the maximum stress to which it may by possible mishap be subjected in service. What is technically known as an 'air cushion' will first check 20 ing distance is four times the stopping inthe car and then bring it to a gentle halt. From the bottom of each shaft upward for a distance of 137 feet the passageway is enclosed, forming the envelope of the so- of this sort, the occupant of the car was called 'cushion.' Of course, there are 25 seated in a chair. When his weight was doors at each floor, but these are closed mechanically as the elevators pass onward. The broad essential is that the surrounding casing shall be substantially air tight and that there shall be no escape for the air 30 the architect; W. Gunvald Aus, the except upward past the sides of the destructural engineer; and the Thompsonexcept upward past the sides of the descending vehicle. For the major part of its travel down this inclosed shaft, the space between the elevator and the envelope is just enough to permit the in- 35 creasingly compressed air to gradually slow up the car and finally to bring it to a standstill.

The falling elevator is substantially a loosely-fitting piston, but even so, it would 40 be stopped with a violent jar after enter-ing the inclosed shaft if some provision were not made for regulating the initial compression of the confined air. A jar of this sort would be enough to throw the 45 occupants to the floor of the elevator, and might easily be the means of breaking their bones, if not hurting them more gravely. But the air pressure will be controlled by automatic valves. The designer has two 50 brought home to them, with the coming other ways of regulating the air pressure, which are illustrated herewith.

Mr. Ellithorpe has already dropped more than 300 feet without injury, and the car that water was not spilled from a brimming tumbler. In the test in the Woolworth Building, Mr. Ellithorpe will drop

in the car a sheer distance of 539 feet, and in that interval the elevator will attain a maximum velocity of two miles a minute - that fall will be made in less than confined air will be counted upon to overcome that momentum and to stop the car progressively. For the test, the ordinary cables will be detached, and a single rope 10 with a tripper, subject to Mr. Ellithorpe's control, will be substituted.

By means of a large number of gauges. which will be fitted for the first time in tests of this sort, records will be taken of within the limits of the air cushion, and engineers are much interested in the data which will be obtained in this way.

It is interesting to note that as the fallterval, Mr. Ellithorpe will, during the latter interval, have his weight increased fourfold. Some time ago, during a test increased by the retardation of the car, the chair was crushed, and the passenger was fatally injured by a splinter.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Cass Gilbert, Starrett Company, the contractors, for courtesies rendered during the prepara-

tion of this article.

IX

MOTORIZING AMERICA BRONSON BATCHELOR

[Independent, March 1, 1915. By permission.]

A little more than a decade ago men discovered for a second time in history how much of the world lay outside the narrow confines of their everyday lives.

Just as communities and peoples had of the locomotive a century before, the isolation of the little world in which they had previously dwelt, so now more acutely than ever before men realized the closehas been so gently restrained and halted 55 ness with which for ages their individual inter-relations had been restricted. grew impatient of the halting, crowded street-cars, by which their homes were connected with their businesses or their pleasures. They grew intolerant of the painful slowness of the horse, though it had been man's faithful servitor for centuries. The flat-dweller became discon- 5 tory of steel, then the later chapters of . tented with the closeness of the city from which he could only escape by horse or by rail, and the farmer began to grow restive at his own isolation.

It was the automobile that brought the 10 new vision of the widening horizons of With the discovery began a new revolution: the motorization of America.

Today one person out of every eighty in the United States possesses an auto- 15 were, to the place where all antiquated mobile.

This year nearly 500,000 motor cars, with a value exceeding \$450,000,000, will

be produced in America.

Familiar as we are with tremendous fig- 20 ures, with the severing of continents and the leveling of mountains, more marvelous still has been the creation during the past decade and a half of the vast industry which is the outgrowth of that coughing, 25 wheezing, rattling contraption that twenty years ago set forth on an adventure at the perilous rate of seven miles an hour!

What a far cry it is from New York's first automobile demonstration in 1896 30 causes; not to the machine so much as when the Park Commissioner, 'for fear to the daring methods which the makers it might scare the horses,' forbade to the strange vehicle the right to go through

Central Park!

those vehicles is invested millions of dollars, estimated variously at from two hundred million dollars up - pouring in so rapidly that the manufacturers themselves scarcely know what the amount is. In ten 40 machines, and any number of articles, has years, from one hundred and fiftieth in the list of American industries, the manufacture of motor cars has risen to a position among the first dozen, and to leadership in at least one state.

Not many years ago Michigan was largely an agricultural State; Detroit little more than a huge, sprawling, midtown. Now the Wolverine State produces no less than 75 per cent. 50 the extravagance for the few. It is of that half a million cars. In Detroit are to be found a large proportion of the world's most efficient and scientific factories, running night and day in their effort to put an impatient earth on pneu- 55 genius is proved by two things. And matic-tired wheels. Twenty-two per cent. of the industrial workers of Michigan are employed in the automobile and allied

trades. Motor cars have almost replaced Grand Rapids furniture as the trade-mark of the State.

If the story of Pennsylvania is the his-Michigan's annals are the story of the automobile. Pittsburgh has been called the 'city of a thousand millionaires'—made by steel; Detroit differs from Pittsburgh in that its millionaires are still in the mak-

Now when men first discovered that the horse was an antiquated institution, and proceeded to retire it over-night, as it things belong, they did it neither from a sudden inspiration nor from a dawning sense of reason. Economic revolutions as a rule do not happen that way. Some do occasionally, such as the sewing machine, the telephone, the electric light, which had advantages that could not be overlooked. They were simple, they were cheap, and their uses were almost imperative.

Not so with the automobile, the purchase price of which alone was equal to the cost of a fair-sized house and lot.

The motor car revolution has been due not so much to economic utility as to other pursued in manufacture and salesman-

And the triumph they have achieved is Yet to-day involved in the making of 35 but another tribute to the genius of the American business man. Nowhere else in the world is the automobile so generally used as in the United States; the American car, like farming machinery, adding become the standard the world over.

> Where the American manufacturer surpassed his European competitor is that he saw in the automobile something more 45 than a luxury, a plaything for the very rich. In every class except the poorest, he visioned it as the necessity, while in Europe, except where the American lowerpriced car has begun to compete, it is still American daring that has made the motor car democratic and useful.

That the men in charge of the development of the automobile were men of those things were the two ideas of advertising and large scale production - with which the inventors of the automobile

must share the credit for the Aladdin-like development of this newest of the Big Businesses.

Manufacturers as a rule are keen-eyed, long-headed gentlemen who pride them- 5 selves on knowing what the public wants, and then providing it. But the makers of automobiles were a little keener than the rest and they went a step further. demand; they wanted to create it.

So they set about to show the public what a good thing the motor car was. Theirs was an expensive commodity, which and its normal growth they knew would be slow and hazardous. The automobile companies began to talk its comforts and advantages, they began to preach the auments alluding to the great out-of-doors or the mystery of unseen places, by the romance of the race and endurance contests, they succeeded in creating a demand for motor cars. Factories sprung up like 25 from given effort. Statistics best tell the mushrooms over night.

Automobile manufacturers were among the first to appreciate the psychology of modern advertising. They were among of their earnings, amounting today to between 4 and 7 per cent. of the gross revenue, to the stimulation and development of the markets which the printed word made potential.

But to the second idea more than to the first has the present motor saturation been

Certain of the more far-seeing manufacturers began to perceive that the markets 40 they were then cultivating had their lim-They saw that at the prices for which cars were selling, and with the tendency toward the still more luxurious machine, the people who could afford to buy them 45 pleasure and commercial motor cars.

would soon be supplied.

One of the manufacturers, pursuing this idea, was curious to know how many persons there were in the United States who know definitely how large the motor market was. The figures he found ran something like this. That 7000 families had incomes over \$60,000 a year; 40,000 fam-\$60,000 a year; 253,000 families had incomes between \$6000 and \$15,000 a year; 700.000 families had incomes between \$3000 and \$6000 a year; 1,500,000 families had incomes between \$1800 and \$3000 a year; 2,138,000 families had incomes be-

tween \$1200 and \$1800 a year.

Then instead of conducting motor fashion shops with a dozen different models some of these makers decided to concentrate their entire energy on one design. That design was to be the best and cheapwere not content merely to satisfy a public 10 et in the world for the money. The lower they could bring the price of their product, they calculated, the more of the income groups of America would become potential purchasers of motor cars. was looked upon as luxury's last word, is the next step began the study how to lessen costs of production without cheapening the quality. First the unessentials were eliminated: not an ounce of excess weight over the strength required, nor two bolts where tomobile as a necessity. By advertise- 20 one would do; not even was there a concession to ornament when it was at the expense of utility. In the factory everything was planned from the same scientific viewpoint of maximum efficiency story of the revolution in production which followed.

From 1896 to 1904 the number of cars produced had reached only 12,000 anthe first to set aside regularly a portion 30 nually, but in the next year alone, the number almost doubled, with 22,500. 1907 the production had touched 39,000; in 1908 it was 50,000, with a second hundred per cent. jump the next year to 108,-The figures of the following years sound almost like a fairy tale: 173,000 in 1910; 200,000 in 1911; 340,000 in 1912; 430,000 in 1913, culminating with the half

million of the past year.

A like expansion has followed in the number of producers. To-day there are some four hundred and fifty American factories engaged in making a score of different varieties of gasoline and electric, far the greater number — two hundred and forty-five — are building gasoline vehicles for business, where competition has not yet weeded out the weak. In the older could afford automobiles. He wanted to so and more fully developed touring car field no less than one hundred and sixteen well established trade-marks coupled with constantly decreasing margins of profit unite to discourage the formation of new comilies had incomes between \$15,000 and 55 panies. Future progress will largely show the concentration of present numbers more than the addition of new competitors.

Another valuable lesson afforded to the

world by the automobile industry has been the keen race for the reduction of production costs. Within five years the average price of the motor car has dropped from nearly \$3000 to less than \$1000, and 5 in every way each year's product is the superior of those that have gone before. The explanation is scientific industry.

In the automobile industry more than in others, the scientist has had full con- to the dust caps. In the automobile industrol of both the product and the plant. No longer is there room here for the hit-andmiss methods masqueraded for so many years under the name of Yankee shrewdness; no longer any scorning of 'scien- 15 ability to turn out, complete, an average tific methods, long synonymous in popular estimation with near-sighted eyes and absent-minded professors. Modern automobile manufacture is scientific and what has not always followed the intro- 20 duction of economics in manufacture it is the consumer who has largely had the benefit. For factory buildings modern in every detail of light and air, for maximum efficiency in men and machines, for its 25 vertising literature, raw material goes in wage level and the loyalty and morale of workers, the automobile industry comes close - very close - to being the best in America.

devices has always been one of the main characteristics of American industry. anything it is of their machines that our manufacturers have been proudest. Here, too, has the motor builder surpassed him- 35 chaic way, he installed throughout his self. More nearly does a modern automobile plant resemble a huge experimental laboratory than a factory. And the tens of thousands of cars which are the annual output of any one of many American com- 40 panies suggest rather the product of these giant perfected frankensteins than that of human hands.

Watch, for instance, a gang of these machines in one of the large Detroit fac- 45 tories, set and controlled by a single hand, engaged in stamping out cylinder heads for engines fifteen at a time, as though no more than copper cents, milling at the each casting. Or, in another of the laboratory-shops, follow the work of a huge multiple drilling machine, which is the successor of twelve operators and as many drills. It bores in the frame sides of a 55 motor car at one operation all the holes necessary for the assembling of the body and the chassis.

At another plant, in Cleveland, powerful machines mill out of solid steel wheels for the heaviest motor trucks. From the goo pound casting they cut, in two and a half hours, 250 pounds of excess material, machining at the same time both sides of the wheel, the edges of all the spokes, the center and bores of the hub, even to cutting the threads for the ball-bearings and try, for the heaviest part of the work, man is now largely a supervisory intelligence.

The general organization of the motor factories is no less remarkable. The mere of a thousand cars a day, means organization, needless to say, which eliminates the second and expedites every possible operation.

The departments in one factory, for instance, have been arranged not in any arbitrary way, but as the particular part made in each contributed to the completed Thus literally, as well as in the adat one end and comes out at the other a finished product.

One manufacturer, with an aerial monorailway, likewise has effected as much of The use of machinery and labor-saving 30 a revolution in the shop as the automobile he makes has helped effect in the world. Instead of trundling material from department to department, or from floor to floor, in the time-honored and arshop a miniature railway system transporting its burdens over to workmen and machines, thus saving both minutes and valuable floor space.

> The complicated operation of assembling a car has been reduced to these simple elements:

Over a pair of 'horses' a rear axle is laid, to which the side frames are added, followed by the front axle. Wheels, with their tires already inflated, are then applied and the frame rolls to where an engine is fitted into position. At the third advance the dashboard and steering gear same operation the top and two sides of 50 are bolted fast; at the next stop the radiator; then the gasoline tank is mounted filled with fuel.

> The same efficiency obtains even to the testing of the mechanism. The engine is cranked by pressing the rear wheels of the car to revolving pulleys in the floor. A rubber hose connected with the exhaust pipe carries the gases outside the building.

A lever is thrown, and off through the door starts the chassis, wrenching itself loose from the hose as it goes. After a trial around the testing ground, the car returns to another point in the factory 5 ticular. where down an inclined chute from an upper floor the body slides and is clamped rapidly to the chassis by men who have become experts in this one simple operation.

In less than a minute after a car has left any one position, another has taken its

place.

It still remains to apply the motor car in commerce. Exploited as a toy, a huge 15 plaything, as it were, for grown-ups, it must now be made to do the work of the

nation.

Thus when a conservative dealer or stockholder gets alarmed at the present 20 rate of automobile production and foresees the exhaustion of markets and closing of factories, it is to the future of the commercial car that the optimistic manufacturer points. And the immensity of this 25 motor cars an express company in another future he sees in that but a scant thirty thousand of last year's half million cars went into business use.

In every field where the horse is employed our enthusiastic maker knows that 30 livery proved that one of the largest exhis truck has proved its superior economy and utility. He points as proof of his contention to the scores of businesses to-day where it is already indispensable. And in replacing the horses alone he sees a future 35 market for more than three million trucks. After that, or along with it, if the conservative stockholder is still intractable. there is the export trade, now only in its beginnings, to be counted.

From exports of \$150,000 in 1910 the total has risen to more than \$33,000,000 the past year, excluding the immense numbers of war automobiles we are supplying to Europe. With any one of a dozen 45 livery wagon once a week by relays of American companies exceeding in a month the entire year's output of the largest foreign factory, an optimistic maker visions a whole world supplied with American au-

tomobiles.

And the motor truck already promises to fulfil its expectations. Its growth thus far has exceeded even the corresponding period in the elder branch of the industry. press delivery business, the horse is in a fair way of soon being altogether eliminated. Cheaper to maintain, with a greater radius of action, capable of longer hours of service, and requiring but a small part of the same housing space, the motor truck is the horse's superior in every par-

A big metropolitan dairy company well demonstrates this efficiency by doing with six ten-ton trucks the work for which it formerly employed a hundred horses. Instead of half-day service from its teams, the company by using two shifts of drivers, now gets twenty hours' work out of each of its motors. During the remaining four hours the trucks are overhauled and made ready for the next day's task. During the blizzard which last winter tied up all the horse and surface car transportation in New York City these trucks remained steadily in operation.

A Chicago coal dealer with one five-ton truck has been able to haul as high as two hundred and thirty-four tons of coal in a day. Thirty tons was his best day's record with a three-horse truck. By using city has reduced the average cost of its parcel delivery from 11.68 cents each to the record figure of 3.16 cents. So economical and reliable has this form of depress companies of Philadelphia and one of the largest of the New York department stores have not a single horse in service.

The one hundred and ten motor cars of another New York store last year did no less than 75 per cent. of its delivery business, distributing in the city and surrounding country more than 3,375,000 40 packages. Horses are still used by the company, but in a lessened degree yearly, while their radius of action has constantly shortened. Formerly, to serve its suburban customers, the store sent its dehorses to the outlying towns. Now, no horse vehicle goes above Sixtieth Street, and instead of weekly, the towns and their outlying districts are served daily from 50 their delivery sub-stations, while increased territory has been brought under the store's influence.

In the estimation of the motor truck manufacturer one truck on the average In the department store, dairy, coal and ex- 55 can displace four horses. If he did not he would feel that he was making a poor product. Every horse is to him a direct challenge. And the census reminds him that there are in the country still some twenty-five millions of the animals.

Wherefore, if a motor maker gets the 'blues' - which conceivably may happen if the accustomed orders from Zanzibar, 5 has been accomplished in making it habit-Siam, Terra del Fuego, or any other far corner of the earth fail to show up in the morning's mail; which may happen if some year his engineers fail to bring out a single new feature for his next model; which 10 crew have been drawn off, filtered, oxymay happen if he is compelled to forego his annual custom of doubling the plant's capacity - in any one of these contingencies, I repeat, all the aforesaid manufacturer has to do to be blissfully happy is improve these conditions by getting at the is to think of those twenty-five million horses against which it is his duty to wage unceasing war.

X

EDISON LESSENS SUBMARINE PERIL

The announcement made last week that Thomas A. Edison had perfected a battery which is to be submitted to drastic rine craft now building, the L-8, at the Portsmouth, N. H., Navy Yard, is the first authoritative information that the inventor is interested in solving the health and power problems of underwater fighting 35 steel partitions. machines.

Much has been said connecting Mr. Edison with the submarine by officials in Washington and elsewhere, but until last clined to say a word. Now the announcement has been made by Miller Reese Hutchison, Mr. Edison's chief engineer and personal representative, that a supebeen evolved.

So it may be said that Edison, the man opposed to war and its implements, has perfected a battery which will not only make the submarine habitable by prevent- 50 and family for the remainder of my days. ing asphyxiation of a crew in the event of a prolonged enforced submersion, but will practically double the strategic efficiency of a submarine craft by providing it the undersea cruising range to 150 miles, the present radius being less than 100 miles.

Although the submarine has been steadily developed during the past fifteen years by countless inventions increasing its efficiency as a fighting machine, little good able. Great sums have been spent to secure an adequate ventilation of the vessel when submerged. The heated air of the engine room and the exhaled air of the genated, cooled, and returned to the interior, but even this intricate process has failed to rid the boat of poisonous gases. Mr. Edison has attempted since 1910 to exact source of trouble - the batteries.

Secretary Daniels of the navy gave the public the first intimation that Mr. Edison was lending his genius toward the subma-20 rine when he said last December, before the House Naval Committee:

Submarines have given us more trouble than anything else in the navy. Submarines are fickle - getting out of order any time -[New York Times, April 18, 1915. By permission.] 25 and we have yet to find a successful type of battery and engine. The lead casings around the battery are liable to be eaten out by the sulphuric acid in the batteries. Then the steel surrounding the lead is eaten through tests in the newest of American subma- 30 and the salt water from the submerging tanks gets in and chlorine gas is generated, which is very dangerous to the crew.... Mr. Edison proposes to use an alkaline solution in the cells of his battery and thus eliminate the danger to the lead casings and the

So imminent, indeed, is the danger to life from these lead-sulphuric acid batteries now in use in all our submarines week the inventor himself steadily de- 40 that an ex-navy officer, when asked recently if he would volunteer his services in the event of hostilities, said:

'That would depend entirely upon the nature of the duty. If I could be reasonrior style of submarine storage battery has 45 ably sure either of complete annihilation or absolute safety, I would go. The probability of "passing out" does not worry me, but I do draw the line on becoming an invalid or a cripple — a burden to myself

No other problem of the submarine has so persistently asserted itself as the battery. If the battery is not in good working order, the submarine cannot be opwith a storage battery which will extend 55 erated beneath the surface. The battery is the heart of a submarine, just as the periscope is the eye. When running on the surface the vessel is propelled by an

ordinary gasoline engine, and running thus, with the conning tower open and the ventilators at work, air is forced into the boat, which, mixing with the gasoline. engenders the necessary combustion to run 5 been under way at the time it would have the ship. But when submerged the boat must necessarily be sealed. Access to the outside air is accordingly shut off, and the ordinary gasoline engine cannot be used. At this time, therefore, an entirely to only prevents asphyxiation, but it acts as different source of power is called into use, namely, electric motors, deriving their energy from electric storage batteries.

Only last year the submarine E-2 was running from Newport News to New York 15 the air for one hundred days or more. when the commander smelled the familiar odor of chlorine. This gas is to the commander of a submarine exactly what fire-damp is to a miner. Instantly the commander gave orders for the tanks 20 ship New York in company with Rear Adto be emptied, that the submarine might rise. Upon reaching the surface — and luckily enough the sea was calm — the hatches were opened and the crew ordered on deck. Despite the despatch of these 25 Building. relief measures the gas had got in its deadly work, and two of the crew had hemorrhages from the lungs. A call by wireless was sent out and the boat was towed back to port, where an examination 30 motions he turned to the man in charge of the ship's batteries revealed a typical condition of affairs.

In the type of battery employed on the E-2, a type employed on all our submarines, sheets of lead are suspended in sul- 35 erything and you can't faze her!' phuric acid, within a hard rubber jar, hence the name lead-sulphuric acid bat-These jars are in a compartment surrounded on all sides by the ship's main ballast tanks into which salt water is ad- 40 mitted and expelled. Once this sea water is mixed with sulphuric acid, hydrochloric acid fumes are formed. When the salt water finds its way to the interior of a lead storage battery and combines with the ma- 45 these instructions: terial on the lead plates, chlorine gas one of the deadliest known gases - is generated.

This is exactly what had happened on perhaps, or unusual strain, sulphuric acid had escaped from one of the jars, and, attacking the steel of the ballast tank, had eaten through, so that when the tank was filled the battery itself was flooded.

The dangers from chlorine gas are even yet more serious. Just before the submarine D-I was going out for a cruise an

inspection was held, which disclosed the fact that the acid had eaten its way to the gasoline tank and that the batteries were flooded with gasoline. Had the vessel taken but a single spark to ignite the gasoline and cause an explosion.

All these dangers are at once done away with by Mr. Edison's new battery. It not a disinfectant because of the affinity of its solution — potash — for carbonic acid gas, There is enough potash solution in the batteries alone, says Mr. Hutchison, to purify

It is a fact of peculiar significance that Mr. Edison's first visit aboard a warship occurred in December last at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, when he visited the battlemiral Fletcher and Secretary Daniels. At this particular time one of the inventor's new batteries was being put to a severe test in the basement of the Administration The battery was placed on a specially designed cradle and was rocked to and fro, in imitation of the rolling motion of a submarine. When Mr. Edison saw the battery going through its rolling of the test.

'Make her rock faster!' he shouted. 'Give her a big tip. Bump her. Do anything you want with her. I've tried ev-

Shortly thereafter Secretary Daniels announced from Washington that Mr. Edison was busy with his new battery for the submarine.

Before the inventor allowed his battery to be sent to the navy yard, or before he even considered the manufacture of it, he sent it to Mr. Bachmann, the General Superintendent of the laboratories, with

- I. Mount cell in cage of apparatus. No cushioning whatsoever between the cell and cage. Run the apparatus continuously until the cell has been raised three quarters of an the E-2. By some means, a slight crack, so inch and dropped on a solid block two million
 - 2. There must be no sediment in the bottom of the can after this test and the cell must have as great electrical capacity as
 - 3. Secure cell to truck and project truck against a brick or stone abutment five hundred times at a speed of fifteen miles an hour at moment of impact.

His battery met these tests as easily as it met the one later on at the navy yard. The navy officials found out, as did the

inventor himself, that 'you can't faze her.' the batt But to go back still further. The new 5 other. submarine storage battery is an adaptation of the commercial type of Edison battery now in world-wide use. It cost him seven years of labor and the expenditure of over \$2,000,000 to perfect this battery. He to ing can making it so. Even if the potash started with the idea well fixed in mind that nature could certainly afford one more reaction for the production of electric current without the use of dangerous acids. The enormous, almost unsurmountable, de- 15 tail which had to be carried through is almost beyond belief. Over 50,000 separate experiments were made, and the results of each carefully tabulated and plotted as curves before the final battery was evolved. 20 subsequently passing through the electrolytes The curve sheets alone, if placed end to end, would be sixteen miles long, or they would cover two acres of ground.

After innumerable experiments he at last struck upon a reaction, which, al- 25 though it appeared weak at the beginning, was very promising. This one reaction was followed with most intense persistency for fully three years, before even the first for fully three years, before even the first of acid or alkali, or they burst and accom-unimproved type of nickel-iron-alkaline 30 plish the same result. The gas vent of a battery was produced. Any storage battery consists of a positive and a negative plate submerged in a jar in a liquid known as the electrolyte. Its value is dependent upon the fact that the elements of this 35 combination are changed chemically by passing a current through them, but in such a way that the attempts of nature to bring back these elements to their original condition produces electricity.

The greater the surface presented by the plates, the greater the current produced. The positive plate of the Edison cell is composed of vertical rows of thin, perforated steel tubes, filled with nickel 45 Mr. Edison's library, are but a few yards hydrate, these tubes being supported by a very light steel frame. The electrolyte is a solution of potash. At this point it can be said that the Edison battery differs from all other batteries; in fact, it is the 50 powerful electric fans are used to remove only battery the elements of which are not attacked by the solution in which they are submerged when left standing in a charged or discharged condition for an indefinite period.

The battery, stated simply and concisely, is composed of but four things nickel, iron oxide, and steel, in a solution of potash — and surprising as it may seem, the potash is a preservative of all the elements entering into the combination; thus the battery elements do not destroy each Sulphuric acid attacks steel; potash preserves it. The acid battery is a generator of noxious and, at times, deadly fumes. The Edison battery is fumeproof, gasproof - a hermetically sealed containgases could escape they would do no harm. Potash is an excellent disinfectant. Mr. Edison has explained this as follows:

When a storage battery is charged, hydrogen gas forms on the negative plates and oxygen gas on the positives. These gases, in the form of minute bubbles, rise to the surface of the solution and, being lighter than air, float away. Being formed in and these minute bubbles convey each a small quantity of whatever chemical the solution is composed of; if they are formed in a leadsulphuric acid type battery, sulphuric acid is the cargo; if in an Edison battery, potash.

When these bubbles rise from the surface of the electrolyte and come into contact with an object they either remain until evaporation disintegrates them and deposits their charge lead type cell is open and the bubbles may therefore pass through freely and away. The vent of the Edison cell is a check valve. To get out, the gases must lift this valve by pressure formed within the otherwise hermetically sealed containing can. If these potash gases were allowed to get out they would do no harm, for they purify the air.

No better proof of the healthfulness of 40 the Edison battery is afforded than at the West Orange works, where several thousand cells are charged and recharged with hundreds of workmen around them. executive offices of the plant, and in fact, from the storage battery building. Not so with lead-sulphuric acid batteries, however. They are manufactured as far away from the main works as possible, and

Navy specifications covering the installation of lead-acid batteries stipulate leadlined rooms to retain them, and lead-lined 55 ventilating pipes with specially constructed and installed motors to operate the exhaust fans. In specifications covering the installation of Edison's new battery no mention need be made of lead-lined rooms or exhaust fans.

Of all fears which beset the submarine volunteer chlorine gas is the greatest. time in the hands of Five months after an inhalation of this 5 memory was abiding. deadly gas a cold may develop into pneumonia; the lungs seldom gain their previous healthy condition. If Mr. Edison's battery 'comes up to scratch,' as they say in the navy, it will solve those two great 10 larger the 'bat,' the less it flew. We did problems of life and power which, up to the present time, have made the submergible as dangerous in peace as in war, and as perilous to its crew as to its enemy. It will not only stimulate enlistment, but is to kite-flying, a sport to which we had it will make American underwater craft the safest and most powerful fighting unit in the world.

Several weeks ago the electrical class of the Brooklyn Navy Yard visited Mr. Edi- 20 son's plant. During their visit he gave them a talk on his new battery.

'Keep it clean, and give it water,' said he, 'and at the end of four years it will

give its full capacity.'

'Four years?' they asked in wonder.
'Yes,' replied Mr. Edison, 'four years, eight years; it will outwear the submarine itself.

XI

THE WRIGHT BROTHERS AÉROPLANE

ORVILLE AND WILBUR WRIGHT

[Century Magazine, September, 1908. By permission.]

Though the subject of aërial navigation is generally considered new, it has occupied the minds of men more or less from the earliest ages. Our personal interest in it dates from our childhood days. Late 45 thal, Mouillard, and Chanute, to soaring in the autumn of 1878, our father came into the house one evening with some object partly concealed in his hands, and before we could see what it was, he tossed it into the air. Instead of falling to the 50 no one knew how to manage, and partly, floor, as we expected, it flew across the room till it struck the ceiling, where it fluttered awhile, and finally sank to the floor. It was a little toy, known to scientists as a 'hélicoptère,' but which we, with 55 ing the motive power from the wind itself. sublime disregard for science, at once dubbed a 'bat.' It was a light frame of cork and bamboo, covered with paper,

which formed two screws, driven in opposite directions by rubber bands under torsion. A toy so delicate lasted only a short time in the hands of small boys, but its

Several years later we began building these hélicoptères for ourselves, making each one larger than that preceding. But, to our astonishment, we found that the not know that a machine having only twice the linear dimensions of another would require eight times the power. We finally became discouraged, and returned devoted so much attention that we were regarded as experts. But as we became older, we had to give up this fascinating sport as unbecoming to boys of our ages.

It was not till the news of the sad death of Lilienthal reached America in the summer of 1806 that we again gave more than passing attention to the subject of flying. We then studied with great interest Cha-25 nute's Progress in Flying Machines, Langley's Experiments in Aerodynamics, the Aëronautical Annuals of 1905, 1906, and 1907, and several pamphlets published by the Smithsonian Institution, especially ar-30 ticles by Lilienthal and extracts from Mouillard's Empire of the Air. The larger works gave us a good understanding of the nature of the flying problem, and the difficulties in past attempts to solve it, 35 while Mouillard and Lilienthal, the great missionaries of the flying cause, infected us with their own unquenchable enthusiasm, and transformed idle curiosity into the active zeal of workers.

In the field of aviation there were two schools. The first, represented by such men as Professor Langley and Sir Hiram Maxim, gave chief attention to power flight; the second, represented by Lilienflight. Our sympathies were with the latter school, partly from impatience at the wasteful extravagance of mounting delicate and costly machinery on wings which no doubt, from the extraordinary charm and enthusiasm with which the apostles of soaring flight set forth the beauties of sailing through the air on fixed wings, deriv-

The balancing of a flyer may seem, at first thought, to be a very simple matter, yet almost every experimenter had found in this the one point which he could not satisfactorily different master. Many methods were tried. Some experimenters placed the center of gravity far below the wings, in the belief that the weight would 5 disturbing forces steadily increased, both naturally seek to remain at the lowest point. It was true, that, like the pendulum, it tended to seek the lowest point; but also, like the pendulum, it tended to oscillate in a manner destructive of all 10 the inclination of different parts of the stability. A more satisfactory system, especially for lateral balance, was that of arranging the wings in the shape of a broad V, to form a dihedral angle, with the center low and the wing-tips elevated is being warped, and by supplementary ad-In theory this was an automatic system. but in practice it had two serious defects: first, it tended to keep the machine oscillating; and, second, its usefulness was restricted to calm air.

In a slightly modified form the same system was applied to the fore-and-aft balance. The main aëroplane was set at a positive angle, and a horizontal tail at a negative angle, while the center of grav- 25 ity was placed far forward. As in the case of lateral control, there was a tendency to constant undulation, and the very forces which caused a restoration of balance in calms, caused a disturbance of the 30 formed the main feature of our first glider. balance in winds. Notwithstanding the known limitations of this principle, it had been embodied in almost every prominent flying-machine which had been built.

the dihedral principle, we reached the conclusion that a flyer founded upon it might be of interest from a scientific point of view, but could be of no value in a practical way. We therefore resolved to try a 40 fundamentally different principle. We would arrange the machine so that it would not tend to right itself. We would make it as inert as possible to the effects of change of direction or speed, and thus 45 ment. The public, discouraged by the reduce the effects of wind-gusts to a minimum. We would do this in the fore-andaft stability by giving the aëroplanes a peculiar shape; and in the lateral balance, by arching the surfaces from tip to tip, 50 just the reverse of what our predecessors had done. Then by some suitable contrivance, actuated by the operator, forces should be brought into play to regulate the balance.

Lilienthal and Chanute had guided and balanced their machines by shifting the weight of the operator's body. But this

method seemed to us incapable of expansion to meet large conditions, because the weight to be moved and the distance of possible motion were limited, while the with wing area and with wind velocity. In order to meet the needs of large machines, we wished to employ some system whereby the operator could vary at will wings, and thus obtain from the wind forces to restore the balance which the wind itself had disturbed. This could easily be done by using wings capable of justable surfaces in the shape of rudders. As the forces obtainable for control would necessarily increase in the same ratio as the disturbing forces, the method seemed 20 capable of expansion to an almost unlimited extent. A happy device was discovered whereby the apparently rigid system of superposed surfaces, invented by Wenham, and improved by Stringfellow and Chanute, could be warped in a most unexpected way, so that the aëroplanes could be presented on the right and left sides at different angles to the wind. This, with an adjustable, horizontal front rudder,

The period from 1885 to 1900 was one of unexampled activity in aëronautics, and for a time there was high hope that the age of flying was at hand. But Maxim, After considering the practical effect of 35 after spending \$100,000, abandoned the work: the Ader machine, built at the expense of the French Government, was a failure; Lilienthal and Pilcher were killed in experiments; and Chanute and many others, from one cause or another, had relaxed their efforts, though it subsequently became known that Professor Langley was still secretly at work on a machine for the United States Governfailures and tragedies just witnessed, considered flight beyond the reach of man, and classed its adherents with the inventors of perpetual motion.

We began our active experiments at the close of this period, in October, 1900, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Our machine was designed to be flown as a kite, with a man on board, in winds of from 55 fifteen to twenty miles an hour. But, upon trial, it was found that much stronger winds were required to lift it. Suitable winds not being plentiful, we found it necessary, in order to test the new balancing system, to fly the machine as a kite without a man on board, operating the levers through cords from the ground. This did not give the practice anticipated, but it in- 5 angle descended, and the machine turned spired confidence in the new system of balance.

In the summer of 1901 we became personally acquainted with Mr. Chanute. When he learned that we were interested to reduced the speed of the wing on that side. in flying as a sport, and not with any expectation of recovering the money we were expending on it, he gave us much encouragement. At our invitation, he spent several weeks with us at our camp at Kill 15 the machine absolutely dangerous. It was Devil Hill, four miles south of Kitty Hawk, during our experiments of that and the two succeeding years. He also witnessed one flight of the power machine near Dayton, Ohio, in October, 1904.

The machine of 1901 was built with the shape of surface used by Lilienthal, curved from front to rear like the segment of a parabola, with a curvature ½ the depth of its cord; but to make doubly sure that 25 weight carried per horse-power, the reit would have sufficient lifting capacity when flown as a kite in fifteen- or twentymile winds, we increased the area from 165 square feet, used in 1900, to 308 square feet — a size much larger than Lilienthal, 30 Pilcher, or Chanute had deemed safe. Upon trial, however, the lifting capacity again fell very far short of calculation, so that the idea of securing practice while flying as a kite, had to be abandoned. Mr. 35 Channte, who witnessed the experiments, told us that the trouble was not due to poor construction of the machine. We saw only one other explanation — that the tables of air-pressures in general use were 40 liminary study of books was not misspent, incorrect.

We then turned to gliding—coasting down hill on the air — as the only method of getting the desired practice in balancing a machine. After a few minutes' practice 45 hopeless. we were able to make glides of over 300 feet, and in a few days were safely operating in twenty-seven-mile winds. In these experiments we met with several unexpected phenomena. We found that, 50 contrary to the teachings of the books, the center of pressure on a curved surface traveled backward when the surface was inclined, at small angles, more and more edgewise to the wind. We also discovered 55

that in free flight, when the wing on one side of the machine was presented to the wind at a greater angle than the one on the other side, the wing with the greater in a direction just the reverse of what we were led to expect when flying the machine as a kite. The larger angle gave more resistance to forward motion, and The decrease in speed more than counterbalanced the effect of the larger angle. The addition of a fixed vertical vane in the rear increased the trouble, and made some time before a remedy was discovered. This consisted of movable rudders working in conjunction with the twisting of the wings. The details of this arrange-20 ment are given in our patent specifications,

published several years ago.

The experiments of 1901 were far from encouraging. Although Mr. Chanute assured us that, both in control and in sults obtained were better than those of any of our predecessors, yet we saw that the calculations upon which all flyingmachines had been based were unreliable, and that all were simply groping in the dark. Having set out with absolute faith in the existing scientific data, we were driven to doubt one thing after another, till finally, after two years of experiment, we cast it all aside, and decided to rely entirely upon our own investigations. Truth and error were everywhere so intimately mixed as to be undistinguishable. Nevertheless, the time expended in prefor they gave us a good general understanding of the subject, and enabled us at the outset to avoid effort in many directions in which results would have been

The standard for measurements of wind-pressures is the force produced by a current of air of one mile per hour velocity striking square against a plane of one square-foot area. The practical difficulties of obtaining an exact measurement of this force have been great. The measurements by different recognized authorities vary 50 per cent. When this simplest of measurements presents so great difficulties, what shall be said of the troubles encountered by those who attempt to find the pressure at each angle as the plane is in-

¹The gliding flights were all made against the wind. The difficulty in high winds is in maintaining balance, not in traveling against the wind.

clined more and more edgewise to the wind? In the eighteenth century the French Academy prepared tables giving such information, and at a later date the Aëronautical Society of Great Britain 5 contrary to the measurements of all our made similar experiments. Many persons likewise published measurements and formulas; but the results were so discordant that Professor Langley undertook a new series of measurements, the results of 10 when a simple test was suggested. which form the basis of his celebrated work, Experiments in Aërodynamics. Yet a critical examination of the data upon which he based his conclusions as to the pressures at small angles shows results so 15 equilibrium when pointing directly into the various as to make many of his conclusions little better than guess-work.

To work intelligently, one needs to know the effects of a multitude of variations that could be incorporated in the 20 surfaces of flying-machines. The pressures on squares are different from those on rectangles, circles, triangles, or ellipses; arched surfaces differ from planes. and vary among themselves according to 25 performed in this very manner. Further the depth of curvature; true arcs differ from parabolas, and the latter differ among themselves; thick surfaces differ from thin, and surfaces thicker in one place than another vary in pressure when the 30 one thousand gliding flights were made. positions of maximum thickness are different; some surfaces are most efficient at one angle, others at other angles. The shape of the edge also makes a difference. so that thousands of combinations are pos- 35 sible in so simple a thing as a wing.

We had taken up aëronautics merely as We reluctantly entered upon the scientific side of it. But we soon found the work so fascinating that we were 40 tle wonder that our unscientific assistant drawn into it deeper and deeper. testing-machines were built, which we believed would avoid the errors to which the measurements of others had been subject. After making preliminary measurements 45 lations, and a system of balance effective on a great number of different-shaped surfaces, to secure a general understanding of the subject, we began systematic measurements of standard surfaces, so varied in design as to bring out the under- 50 cluding the operator and an eight horselying causes of differences noted in their pressures. Measurements were tabulated on nearly fifty of these at all angles from zero to 45 degrees, at intervals of 21/2 degrees. Measurements were also secured 55 and other parts. showing the effects on each other when surfaces are superposed, or when they follow one another.

Some strange results were obtained. One surface, with a heavy roll at the front edge, showed the same lift for all angles from 71/2 to 45 degrees. A square plane, predecessors, gave a greater pressure at 30 degrees than at 45 degrees. This seemed so anomalous that we were almost ready to doubt our own measurements, weather-vane, with two planes attached to the pointer at an angle of 80 degrees with each other, was made. According to our tables, such a vane would be in unstable wind; for if by chance the wind should happen to strike one plane at 39 degrees and the other at 41 degrees, the plane with the smaller angle would have the greater pressure, and the pointer would be turned still farther out of the course of the wind until the two vanes again secured equal pressures, which would be at approximately 30 and 50 degrees. But the vane corroboration of the tables was obtained in experiments with a new glider at Kill Devil Hill the next season.

In September and October, 1902, nearly several of which covered distances of over 600 feet. Some, made against a wind of thirty-six miles an hour, gave proof of the effectiveness of the devices for control. With this machine, in the autumn of 1903, we made a number of flights in which we remained in the air for over a minute, often soaring for a considerable time in one spot, without any descent at all. Litshould think the only thing needed to keep it indefinitely in the air would be a coat of feathers to make it light!

With accurate data for making calcuin winds as well as in calms, we were now in a position, we thought, to build a successful power-flyer. The first designs provided for a total weight of 600 pounds, inpower motor. But, upon completion, the motor gave more power than had been estimated, and this allowed 150 pounds to be added for strengthening the wings

Our tables made the designing of the wings an easy matter; and as screw-propellers are simply wings traveling in a

spiral course, we anticipated no trouble from this source. We had thought of getting the theory of the screw-propeller from the marine engineers, and then, by applying our tables of air-pressures to 5 Mr. John Ward of Naghead. Although a their formulas of designing air-propellers suitable for our purpose. But so far as we could learn, the marine engineers possessed only empirical formulas, and the exact action of the screw-propeller, after a cen- 10 tury of use, was still very obscure. As we were not in a position to undertake a long series of practical experiments to discover a propeller suitable for our machine, it seemed necessary to obtain such 15 world in which a machine carrying a man a thorough understanding of the theory of its reactions as would enable us to design them from calculation alone. What at first seemed a simple problem became more complex the longer we studied it. 20 wrecked. With the machine moving forward, the air flying backward, the propellers turning sidewise, and nothing standing still, it seemed impossible to find a starting-point from which to trace the various simultane- 25 ons reactions. Contemplation of it was confusing. After long arguments, we often found ourselves in the ludicrous position of each having been converted to the other's side, with no more agreement than 30 sudden gust of wind struck the machine, when the discussion began.

It was not till several months had passed, and every phase of the problem had been thrashed over and over, that the various reactions began to untangle them- 35 between the surfaces, was shaken about selves. When once a clear understanding had been obtained, there was no difficulty in designing suitable propellers, proper diameter, pitch, and area of blade, to meet the requirements of the flyer. 40 caused a discontinuance of experiments. High efficiency in a screw-propeller is not dependent upon any particular or peculiar shape, and there is no such thing as a 'best' screw. A propeller giving a high machine, may be almost worthless when used upon another. The propeller should in every case be designed to meet the particular conditions of the machine to which useful work 66 per cent. of the power expended. This was about one third more than had been secured by Maxim or Lang-

The first flights with the power-machine were made on the 17th of December, 1903. Only five persons besides ourselves were present. These were Messrs. John T. Daniels, W. S. Dough, and A. D. Etheridge of the Kill Devil Life Saving Station; Mr. W. C. Brinkley of Manteo, and general invitation had been extended to the people living within five or six miles, not many were willing to face the rigors of a cold December wind in order to see, as they no doubt thought, another flyingmachine not fly. The first flight lasted only twelve seconds, a flight very modest compared with that of birds, but it was, nevertheless, the first in the history of the had raised itself by its own power into the air in free flight, had sailed forward on a level course without reduction of speed, and had finally landed without being The second and third flights were a little longer, and the fourth lasted fifty-nine seconds, covering a distance of 852 feet over the ground against a twentymile wind.

After the last flight, the machine was carried back to camp and set down in what was thought to be a safe place. But a few minutes later, while we were engaged in conversation about the flights, a and started to turn it over. All made a rush to stop it, but we were too late. Mr. Daniels, a giant in stature and strength, was lifted off his feet, and falling inside, like a rattle in a box as the machine rolled over and over. He finally fell out upon the sand with nothing worse than painful bruises, but the damage to the machine

In the spring of 1904, through the kindness of Mr. Torrence Huffman of Dayton, Ohio, we were permitted to erect a shed, and to continue experiments, on what is dynamic efficiency when used upon one 45 known as the Huffman Prairie, at Simms Station, eight miles east of Dayton. The new machine was heavier and stronger, but similar to the one flown at Kill Devil When it was ready for its first it is to be applied. Our first propellers, 50 trial, every newspaper in Dayton was notibuilt entirely from calculation, gave in fied, and about a dozen representatives of fied, and about a dozen representatives of the press were present. Our only request was that no pictures be taken, and that the reports be unsensational, so as not to 55 attract crowds to our experiment-grounds. There were probably fifty persons altogether on the ground. When preparations had been completed, a wind of only three or four miles was blowing, - insufficient for starting on so short a track,—but since many had come a long way to see the machine in action, an attempt was made. add to the other difficulty, the engine re- 5 realized, we spent the years 1906 and 1907 fused to work properly. The machine, in constructing new machines and in busiafter running the length of the track, slid off the end without rising into the air at Several of the newspaper men reall. Several of the newspaper men re- in October, 1905) were resumed at Kill turned the next day, but were again dis- 10 Devil Hill, North Carolina. The recent appointed. The engine performed badly, and after a glide of only sixty feet, the machine came to the ground. Further trial was postponed till the motor could be put in better running condition. The re- 15 ing two men and sufficient fuel supplies porters had now, no doubt, lost confidence in the machine, though their reports, in kindness, concealed it. Later, when they heard that we were making flights of several minutes' duration, knowing that 20 1905, though several changes had been longer flights had been made with airships, and not knowing any essential difference between air-ships and flying-machines, they were but little interested.

before we found that the problem of equilibrium had not as yet been entirely solved. Sometimes, in making a circle, the machine would turn over sidewise despite anything the operator could do, although, 30 way in which the machine operates, let us under the same conditions in ordinary straight flight, it could have been righted in an instant. In one flight, in 1905, while circling around a honey locust-tree at a height of about fifty feet, the machine 35 suddenly began to turn up on one wing. and took a course toward the tree. The operator, not relishing the idea of landing in a thorn-tree, attempted to reach the the tree at a height of ten or twelve feet from the ground, and carried away several branches; but the flight, which had already covered a distance of six miles, was continued to the starting-point.

The causes of these troubles — too technical for explanation here --- were not entirely overcome till the end of September, 1905. The flights then rapidly increased tinued after the 5th of October, on account of the number of people attracted to the Although made on a ground open on every side, and bordered on two sides tric cars passing every hour, and seen by all the people living in the neighborhood for miles around, and by several hundred others, yet these flights have been made by some newspapers the subject of a great

'mystery.' A practical flyer having been finally ness negotiations. It was not till May of this year that experiments (discontinued flights were made to test the ability of our machine to meet the requirements of a contract with the United States Government to furnish a flyer capable of carryfor a flight of 125 miles, with a speed of forty miles an hour. The machine used in these tests was the same one with which the flights were made at Simms Station in made to meet present requirements. The operator assumed a sitting position, instead of lying prone, as in 1905, and a seat was added for a passenger. A larger We had not been flying long in 1904 25 motor was installed, and radiators and gasoline reservoirs of larger capacity replaced those previously used. No attempt was made to make high or long flights.

In order to show the general reader the fancy ourselves ready for the start. machine is placed upon a single rail track facing the wind, and is securely fastened with a cable. The engine is put in motion, and the propellers in the rear whir. You take your seat at the center of the machine beside the operator. He slips the cable, and you shoot forward. An assistant who has been holding the machine The left wing, however, struck 40 in balance on the rail, starts forward with you, but before you have gone fifty feet the speed is too great for him, and he lets go. Before reaching the end of the track the operator moves the front rudder, and 45 the machine lifts from the rail like a kite supported by the pressure of the air underneath it. The ground under you is at first a perfect blur, but as you rise the objects become clearer. At a height of one hunin length, till experiments were discon- 50 dred feet you feel hardly any motion at all, except for the wind which strikes your face. If you did not take the precaution to fasten your hat before starting, you have probably lost it by this time. by much traveled thoroughfares, with elec- 55 operator moves a lever: the right wing rises, and the machine swings about to the left. You make a very short turn, yet you do not feel the sensation of being thrown

sible.

from your seat, so often experienced in automobile and railway travel. You find yourself facing toward the point from which you started. The objects on the ground now seem to be moving at much 5 ble but effective influences of which the higher speed, though you perceive no change in the pressure of the wind on your face. You know then that you are traveling with the wind. When you near the starting-point, the operator stops the 10 isting factor in the shaping of the national motor while still high in the air. The mind and morals. machine coasts down at an oblique angle to the ground, and after sliding fifty or a hundred feet comes to rest. Although the machine often lands when traveling at a 15 Censorship, an organization founded upon speed of a mile a minute, you feel no shock whatever, and cannot, in fact, tell the exact moment at which it first touched the ground. The motor close beside you kept up an almost deafening roar during the 20 has been more than once held up as a whole flight, yet in your excitement, you did not notice it till it stopped!

Our experiments have been conducted entirely at our own expense. In the beginning we had no thought of recovering 25 what we were expending, which was not great, and was limited to what we could afford for recreation. Later, when a successful flight had been made with a motor, we gave up the business in which we were 30 torially and the desirability of an immeengaged, to devote our entire time and capital to the development of a machine for practical uses. As soon as our condition is such that constant attention to business is not required, we expect to prepare 35 Ohio Legislature, when the repeal of the for publication the results of our laboratory experiments, which alone made an early solution of the flying problem pos-

XII

THE MIRACLE OF THE MOVIE

W. P. LAWSON

[Harper's Weekly, January 2, 1915. By permission of author and publisher.]

power and majesty of the law remarked once that if they'd only let him make the songs of the people he should worry, or words to that effect. If he were with us now it is probable that he would stand 55 inventors have amused themselves in spare back of his statement still - with the substitution of 'movies' for 'songs.' And he would not be far wrong. For however

you figure it there is no dodging the fact that while laws are always in the long run the product of public opinion, public opinion itself is created by various hummovie, as we know it to-day, is invariably 'among those present.' Excepting the home, the press, and the schoolroom the movie has been called the most potent ex-

For the last five and a half years the moral incidence of the motion picture has been guided by the National Board of a voluntary cooperative agreement between film manufacturers and the People's Institute of New York. The continued effectiveness of the arrangement, which gratifying example of a great business working with real representatives of the people to the people's undoubted advantage, is threatened by the activities of various state and city boards of censors created under the police power of the communities in which they exist.

In Harper's Weekly for December nineteenth the situation was summed up edidiate and uncompromising expression of public opinion on the subject indicated. It was stated that a test case would come up in Ohio during the 1915 session of the existing law providing for a state board of censors is voted upon.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle in the way of fully realizing the true importance of 40 the film story as a social force and the consequent need of an adequate and uniform system of regulation is the overnight, mushroom growth of the industry. Any one old enough to vote is old enough to 45 remember when the movie was not. As a business we may say that the film is scarcely adolescent; fourteen going on fifteen might be termed its age.

This does not mean that men were not A canny citizen annoyed by prate of the 50 working on the problem for years before this. Since 1829, when Ferdinand Pleateau proudly exhibited his Phenokistoscope (it's a safe bet he had no publicity or advertising manager) to an admiring world moments by experimenting with the physiological phenomenon called 'the persistence of human vision.' The fact that the retina of the eye has the property of retaining for the tenth of a second the impression of an image after the object which has produced it has disappeared makes it evident that when an image is 5 cial feature projects recently become an placed before our eyes ten times in a second the idea of discontinuity is lost and the images appear to be in continual evidence. That was the fundamental principle of the whole business. And the pleasant dalli- 10 ance of inventors with its various phenomena was for a long time looked upon as a mere scientific pastime unworthy the notice of practical men.

Kinetograph and for the first time in history demonstrated the possibility of a commercial exploitation of the principle, capital did not get over-excited. And while individuals and small companies gradually 20 mated that in New York City between took up the idea and crude picture shows held in barns and lofts and old stores became fairly popular, it was not until 1905 that some inkling of the possibilities of the new business filtered through the brains 25 proximately \$319,000,000 for the movie of more than a few men. And not until 1907, when Edison established his patents and licensed a number of other companies, did the industry break into the rapid forward rush that is as yet unexhausted and 30 Two hundred and fifty thousand employees that has made it the marvel of the new

century.

The development of the movie during the past eight years is a phenomenon which should impel ancient Aladdin - if 35 and good will of it all is practically ineshe knows about it — to turn over in his grave. It is without parallel or comparison. It would challenge the elasticity of the imagination were there not the facts to chain us to actuality. In 1914, up to 40 earth for sensations, it digs into the grave the beginning of December, American manufacturers have turned out no less than ten thousand separate reels of negative film from each of which reels thirtyfive 'positive' copies, on an average, are 45 Nature, art, history, science, industry, edumade. The standard reel is 1000 feet long, which makes 360,000,000 feet of film all told, including both the originals and copies! About 68,000 miles of motion pictures - enough to go round the globe a 50 little less than three times. In one year less a month!

The cost of producing the ordinary sort of originals is at least \$2 a foot. This negative reels alone. The 350,000,000 of copies cost four cents a foot, which totals \$17,000,000 for these. Altogether \$37,000,000 spent in the manufacture of films in eleven months. Some figures! Yes, and they are not all. For this estimate does not take into account the speimportant factor in the film industry, on a single one of which may be spent, as in the case of a much advertised seven reel drama now playing, as high as \$300,000.

It is estimated that there are to-day between seventeen and eighteen thousand motion picture theaters in the United States, to which more than ten million people go daily. A commission appointed by Even when in 1803 Edison exhibited his 15 the Mayor of Cleveland in 1913 reported that one-sixth of the population of that city went to movie shows at least once a day. During the summer months of 1914 the National Board of Censorship esti-850,000 and 900,000 people — one-seventh of the total population — attended the motion picture theaters daily. Admission receipts total in 1914 (to December first) aptheaters of the country.

> Over \$500,000,000 of actual capital has been invested in the business of making and exhibiting films in the United States. find in it a means of livelihood. Including all its ramifications and affiliations the industry is called the fifth largest in the land, and the total value of the property

timable.

The best known actors and actresses and the most famous writers serve beneath its standard. It ransacks the corners of the of the buried past, it searches every nook and cranny of life for new and interesting material. Its scope is as broad as the interests and occupations of mankind. cation, sociology - no subject is too great or too small, too simple or too abstruse to be caught and fixed upon the greedy screen.

Is it a flower shown growing, or the clash and roar of fighting armies, or a diver on the ocean's bed, or an aëroplane in the clouds, or a giant crane depicted in action to catch the trade of foreign means \$20,000,000 spent in making the 55 buyers, or the cholera germ isolated and shown, or the delicate finger movements of some world-famous surgeon performing an operation that will be studied by students around the world! All men and all matter pays tribute to the new genius.

In the movie game all the world's a stage and a considerable part of the world is a daily audience. Is it any wonder that 5 this ubiquitous visitor to all homes and all minds and all hearts should be credited by the discerning with a vast actual and potential power for good or evil, with a

That much is now generally conceded. But just how vital and far-reaching this power is and in exactly what manner it may ultimately best be directed toward 15 ows before them so vividly delineated. constructive social ends, are things more difficult to agree upon. Even the National Board of Censorship, which has been working on the subject for nearly six years, admits that it is only on the 20 Fantine with Father Madaline. They threshold of its ideal of analyzing the watched poor Cosette struggling with her character and extent of the movie's influence in all its phases and formulating permanent standards for the constructive direction of this force.

'We have always been tolerant in censoring films,' said a member of the board. 'We reject or cut only when we are certain that the effect of a picture would be to offend public morality. The picture al- 30 colors in their eyes. The story got across. wavs gets the benefit of the doubt. In "I gotta do more reading," mumbled ways gets the benefit of the doubt. In judging films we want first of all to be sure of our ground. Yet all the time we are working on the broader analytical and constructive aspects of our problem. We 35 are adding yearly to our store of knowledge in the philosophy of criticism. We are beginning to appreciate some of the more subtle effects of the different classes of motion pictures on the individual.

'I'll tell you an incident that came under my notice not long ago, because it seems to me typical of a certain kind of constructive spiritual influence of the film whose importance we are just beginning 45 any more than you can measure emotion to appreciate. I was sitting in a motion picture theater in Toledo, Ohio, waiting for the first reel of Les Miserables to begin. I noticed two couples directly in front of me, one a middle aged man and 50 discover that its eventual results would his wife talking about their neighbors, the other a boy and girl talking about themselves. They would have been flirting, I suppose, except that the ring on the girl's third finger which both examined now and 55 We can deal now in practice with only the again with much interest showed that their emotions had been standardized, so to

speak. So I did not frown disapproval as I might have otherwise.

"Who is this Jean Valjean?" said the

man after a pause.

"I don't know, John," said his wife, "but Sarah told me it was a swell re-

'What the younger couple said need not potential power for good or evil, with a be repeated. Suddenly the play began. supreme influence upon public sentiment 10 The great dream of Victor Hugo lived and public morality?

They were caught up in the sweeping movement of the story and carried along like leaves on the wind by the emotions the living shad-

'The old bishop forgave the felon and let him keep the stolen silver. The eyes of the four in front of me were wet. They entered the death chamber of load of water. They helped Father Madaline carry the little drudge from the home of the Thenadiers. Their hearts were 25 wrung with pity as the pathos of Jean Valjean's life grew. Yet as the last reel ended the vision of Jean's real development, the ultimate glory of his life, shone from their faces and mirrored its own high

John as he groped for his hat. "I would n't have missed this - not for a

coupla bucks!"

'The younger couple said nothing as they left. The girl hid her sober, tear streaked face in her muff. And on the boy's face, as he walked out with head erect, was an expression of faint awe, 40 while his chin had a resolute tilt that spoke well for the fitness of his spirit at that moment.

'Now there is nothing here tangible, nothing that you can measure and weigh or weigh the breath of life. But if we could follow the thought planted in the minds of the four that night during its germination and development we might prove extremely tangible. That is the sort of influence we know as yet very little about but which I believe in time we will understand and direct for ethical ends. more obvious effects of the motion picture in the field of morality, but our standards are dynamic and we are trying all the time to learn more and do more.'

That is an interesting statement. It suggests a scope for the influence of the movie wider than is generally allowed. 5 As to the more common cases of the direct and apparent sort, every one can cite any number from his own experience and observation to show how real and pervasive a thing is the movie's power as a 10 can, that films which foster morality - or moral agent. Those who are educated by the movies are educated through their hearts and through their sense impressions, and that sort of education sticks. Every person in an audience has paid ad- 15 well be the subject of study and of standmission and for that reason gives his attention willingly. He knows he is not to be lectured for his soul's good, or patronized in any way. He knows that the movie seeks his suffrage and lives or dies 20 undertake it.

by the motion of his imperial thumb. Therefore he gives it his confidence and opens the windows of his mind. And

what the movie says sinks in. We know that the education dispensed by the movies directly or through suggestion may be of a sort the public considers moral or immoral. The function of the censor is to make certain, in so far as he at least those which do not tend to immorality - are the only kind of films to appear on the screen. A delicate and difficult task, truly, and one which may ardization of ideals and of policy. And a task for the very best and ablest men and women the nation boastsprovided they can be prevailed upon to

B. NARRATIVE ARTICLES

The narrative article seeks above all else to give a vivid, accurate, and interesting account of a series of incidents. It is frequently set off by a background and it often involves a personality as its motive force. Hence the narrative article usually includes a variable amount of description of places and persons, and by this combination it gains in interest and universality of appeal. The ordinary 'newspaper story' has been omitted from consideration here because its technique has become so specialised as to be unsuitable for general narrative writing. The mechanical restrictions of the average newspaper 'lead' are unnecessary in the freer writing of the longer narrative article, though both strive to answer as far as possible the five fundamental questions involved in this type of article: Who? What? Where? When? and Why?

The chief structural qualities which the narrative article should possess are: (1) Orderly sequence in the successive steps of the series of actions or incidents; this relation may be either causal, where one step depends upon a required antecedent condition or upon a state of mind, or else mechanical, where the article consists largely of a coherent account of steps in a process already completely determined. (2) Unity of the subject as a whole, which meets the Aristotelian demand that there be a beginning in which the action of the narrative is really started, a middle in which the action is developed and consistently carried on, and an end in which the various actions involved in the narration are brought to a satisfactory and

complete conclusion.

The qualities of treatment and style which the narrative article demands are: (1) Interest arising partly from the nature of the actions related and partly from the interest which the writer himself takes in his subject, as well as from the professional desire to arouse interest, enthusiasm, or emotion in as many readers as possible. (2) Fidelity to fact, which allows no accessible source of information to go unregarded, and which permits no slovenliness of statement and no unjustified implication to pass uncensored, much less any actual misstatement of fact knowingly to be made. (3) Craftsmanship in method, which comes partly through constant practice and continuous effort, and partly from the careful and intelligent analysis of the masterpieces of those who have been conspicuously successful in writing stories that are compelling in interest, trustworthy in every detail, and noteworthy examples of the writer's craft.

In the selections which follow the student will find a descriptive narrative of the taking of Louvain written by Richard Harding Davis and of the occupation of Antwerp from the pen of Arthur Ruhl, which not only show the war correspondent with a thorough command of his material and an effective method of attacking his subject, hut which also possess a literary quality which makes general interest in them more than merely ephemeral. The anonymous account of the Messina earthquake has all the vividness of the intimate letter colored with the emotion aroused by great and unforeseen disaster. The story of the sinking of the Titanic, related by the ship's wireless operator, shows the journalistic eye for detail and for sequence of that detail among distracting and distressing circumstances; while Mr. Stoddart's account shows in orderly fashion how the same story was handled by a metropolitan paper when the news 'broke.' Amundsen's narrative of the discovery of the South Pole has in it something of the quality and of the permanent appeal of the adventurous voyagers of Hakluyt's pages. With it may be compared the moving account of the work done by the expedition which gave to the world the news of the disastrous success of Captain Scott, whose memorable message to the English nation is now honorably preserved in the Library of the British Museum. Belmore Browne in his description of the ascent of Mt. McKinley and H. G. Wells' account of his trip in an aëroplane show skill in narrating human experiences in the upper air and succeed in giving a personal touch to subjects which are primarily of scientific interest.

Ι

HAROLD BRIDE'S STORY OF THE SINKING OF THE TITANIC

[New York Times, April 28, 1912. By permission.]

To begin at the beginning, I was born at Nunhead, England, twenty-two years ago, 10 trouble. The wireless was working perand joined the Marconi forces last July. I first worked on the Haverford, and then on the Lusitania. I joined the Titanic at Belfast.

ASLEEP WHEN CRASH CAME

I didn't have much to do aboard the Titanic except to relieve Phillips from midnight until some time in the morning, Then the captain was gone. Phillips when he should be through sleeping. On 20 began to send 'C. Q. D.' He flashed the night of the accident I was not sending, but was asleep. I was due to be up and relieve Phillips earlier than usual. And that reminds me — if it had n't been for a lucky thing, we never could have 25 sent any call for help.

The lucky thing was that the wireless broke down early enough for us to fix it before the accident. We noticed something wrong on Sunday, and Phillips and 30 I worked seven hours to find it. We found a 'secretary' burned out, at last, and repaired it just a few hours before

the iceberg was struck.

shift, 'You turn in, boy, and get some sleep, and go up as soon as you can and give me a chance. I'm all done for with

this work of making repairs.'

less cabin. One was a sleeping room, one a dynamo room, and one an operating room. I took off my clothes and went to sleep in bed. Then I was conscious of waking up and hearing Phillips sending 45 away. to Cape Race. I read what he was sending. It was traffic matter.

I remembered how tired he was, and I got out of bed without my clothes on to relieve him. I didn't even feel the 50 had struck an iceberg and needed assistshock. I hardly knew it had happened until the captain had come to us. There

was no jolt whatever.

I was standing by Phillips, telling him to go to bed, when the captain put his 55 we could observe a distinct list forward.

head in the cabin.

'We've struck an iceberg,' the captain said, 'and I'm having an inspection made

to tell what it has done for us. better get ready to send out a call for assistance. But don't send it until I tell

vou.'

The captain went away and in ten minutes, I should estimate the time, he came back. We could hear a terrible confusion outside, but there was not the least thing to indicate that there was any fectly.

Send the call for assistance,' ordered the captain, barely putting his head in

the door.

'What call should I send?' Phillips asked.

'The regulation international call for

help. Just that.'

away at it and we joked while he did so. All of us made light of the disas-

JOKED AT DISTRESS CALL

We joked that way while he flashed signals for about five minutes. Then the captain came back.

What are you sending?' he asked. 'C. Q. D.,' Phillips replied.

The humor of the situation appealed to me. I cut in with a little remark that made us all laugh, including the captain. 'Send "S. O. S.,"' I said. 'It's the

Phillips said to me as he took the night 35 new call, and it may be your last chance

to send it.'

Phillips with a laugh changed the signal to 'S. O. S.' The captain told us we had been struck amidships, or just There were three rooms in the wire- 40 back of amidships. It was ten minutes, Phillips told me, after he had noticed the iceberg that the slight jolt that was the collision's only signal to us occurred. We thought we were a good distance

> We said lots of funny things to each other in the next few minutes. We picked up first the steamship Frankfurd. We gave her our position and said we ance. The Frankfurd operator

away to tell his captain.

He came back, and we told him we were sinking by the head. By that time

The Carpathia answered our signal. We told her our position and said we were sinking by the head. The operator went to tell the captain, and in five minutes returned and told us that the captain of the Carpathia was putting about and heading for us.

GREAT SCRAMBLE ON DECK

Our captain had left us at this time and Phillips told me to run and tell him what the Carpathia had answered. I did so, and I went through an awful mass of 10 to his back. I had already put on his people to his cabin. The decks were full of scrambling men and women. I saw no fighting, but I heard tell of it,

I came back and heard Phillips giving the Carpathia fuller directions. Phillips 15 people were off in the boats, or if told me to put on my clothes. Until that moment I forgot that I was not dressed.

I went to my cabin and dressed. I brought an overcoat to Phillips. It was very cold. I slipped the overcoat upon 20 trying to boost it down to the boat deck. him while he worked.

Every few minutes Phillips would send me to the captain with little messages. They were merely telling how the Carpathia was coming our way and gave her 25 started to scramble in on the boat deck, speed.

I noticed as I came back from one trip that they were putting off women and children in lifeboats. I noticed that the list forward was increasing.

Phillips told me the wireless was growing weaker. The captain came and told us our engine rooms were taking water and that the dynamos might not last much longer. We sent that word to the Car- 35 pathia.

I went out on deck and looked around. The water was pretty close up to the utes, or maybe fifteen minutes boat deck. There was a great scramble captain had released him. The strategy and how poor Phillips worked 40 was then coming into our cabin. through it I don't know.

He was a brave man. I learned to love him that night, and I suddenly felt for him a great reverence to see him standing there sticking to his work while 45 stoker, or somebody from below decks, everybody else was raging about. I will never live to forget the work of Phillips for the last awful fifteen min-

I thought it was about time to look 50 about and see if there was anything detached that would float. I remembered that every member of the crew had a special lifebelt and ought to know where it was. I remembered mine was under 55 cause he was too busy to do it. my bunk. I went and got it. Then I thought how cold the water was.

I remembered I had some boots, and

I put those on, and an extra jacket and I put that on. I saw Phillips standing out there still sending away, giving the Carpathia details of just how we were do-

We picked up the Olympic and told her we were sinking by the head and were about all down. As Phillips was sending the message I strapped his lifebelt

I wondered if I could get him into his boots. He suggested with a sort of laugh that I look out and see if all the any boats were left, or how things were.

I saw a collapsible boat near a funnel and went over to it. Twelve men were They were having an awful time. It was the last boat left. I looked at it longingly a few minutes. Then I gave them a hand, and over she went. They all and I walked back to Phillips. I said the last raft had gone.

Then came the captain's voice: 'Men, you have done your full duty. You can 30 do no more. Abandon your cabin. Now it's every man for himself. You look out for yourselves. I release you. That's the way of it at this kind of a release time. Every man for himself.'

I looked out. The boat deck was awash. Phillips clung on sending and sending. He clung on for about ten minutes, or maybe fifteen minutes, after the captain had released him. The water

While he worked something happened I hate to tell about. I was back in my room getting Phillips' money for him, and as I looked out the door I saw a leaning over Phillips from behind. He was too busy to notice what the man was doing. The man was slipping the lifebelt off Phillips' back.

He was a big man, too. As you can see, I am very small. I don't know what it was I got hold of. I remembered in a flash the way Phillips had clung onhow I had to fix that lifebelt in place be-

I knew that man from below decks had his own lifebelt and should have known where to get it.

I suddenly felt a passion not to let that man die a decent sailor's death. I wished he might have stretched rope or walked a plank. I did my duty. I hope I finished him. I don't know. We left 5 of suction I could feel. She must have him on the cabin floor of the wireless room, and he was not moving.

BAND PLAYS IN RAG-TIME

It was a rag-time tune, I don't know what. Then there was 'Autumn.' lips ran aft, and that was the last I ever saw of him alive.

I went to the place I had seen the col- 15 lapsible boat on the boat deck, and to my surprise I saw the boat and the men still trying to push it off. I guess there was n't a sailor in the crowd. They could n't do it. I went up to them and 20 hand reached out from the boat and was just lending a hand when a large wave came awash of the deck.

The big wave carried the boat off. I had hold of an oarlock, and I went off

But that was not all. I was in the boat, and the boat was upside down, and I was under it. And I remember realizing that I was wet through, and that 30 swimming and sinking. whatever happened I must not breathe, for I was under water.

I know I had to fight for it, and I did. How I got out from under the boat I do not know, but I felt a breath of air 35 men than it would hold and it was sink-

at last.

There were men all around mehundreds of them. The sea was dotted with them, all depending on their lifebelts. I felt I simply had to get away 40 I could. from the ship. She was a beautiful sight

Smoke and sparks were rushing out of her funnel. There must have been an explosion, but we had heard none. only saw the big stream of sparks. ship was gradually turning on her nose - just like a duck does that goes down for a dive. I had only one thing on my mind — to get away from the suction. 50 The band was still playing. I guess all of the band went down.

They were playing 'Autumn' then. I swam with all my might. I suppose I was 150 feet away when the Titanic, on 55 her nose, with her after-quarter sticking straight up in the air, began to set-

tle — slowly.

PULLED INTO A BOAT

When at last the waves washed over her rudder there was n't the least bit kept going just as slowly as she had

I forgot to mention that, besides the Olympic and Carpathia, we spoke some From aft came the tunes of the band. 10 German boat, I don't know which, and told them how we were. We also spoke the Baltic. I remembered those things as I began to figure what ships would be

coming toward us.

I felt, after a little while, like sinking. I was very cold. I saw a boat of some kind near me and put all my strength into an effort to swim to it. It was hard work. I was all done when a pulled me aboard. It was our same collapsible. The same crowd was on it.

There was just room for me to roll on the edge. I lay there, not caring what with it. The next I knew I was in the 25 happened. Somebody sat on my legs. They were wedged in between slats and were being wrenched. I had not the heart left to ask the man to move. It was a terrible sight all around — men

> I lay where I was, letting the man wrench my feet out of shape. Others came near. Nobody gave them a hand. The bottom-up boat already had more

ing.

At first the larger waves splashed over my clothing. Then they began to splash over my head, and I had to breathe when

As we floated around on our capsized boat, and I kept straining my eyes for a ship's light, somebody said, 'Don't the rest of you think we ought to pray?' We 45 The man who made the suggestion asked what the religion of the others was. Each man called out his religion. One was a Catholic, one a Methodist, one a Presbyterian.

> It was decided the most appropriate prayer for all was the Lord's Prayer. We spoke it over in chorus with the man who first suggested that we pray as the

leader.

Some splendid people saved us. They had a right-side-up boat, and it was full to its capacity. Yet they came to us and loaded us all into it. I saw some lights off in the distance and knew a steamship

was coming to our aid.

I did n't care what happened. I just lay and gasped when I could and felt the was alongside and the people were being taken up a rope ladder. Our boat drew near and one by one the men were taken off of it.

ONE DEAD ON THE RAFT

One man was dead. I passed him and went to the ladder, although my feet pained terribly. The dead man was exposure and cold, I guess. He had been all in from work before the wreck came. He stood his ground until the crisis had passed, and then he had collapsed, I guess.

But I hardly thought that then. I did n't think much of anything. I tried the rope ladder. My feet pained terribly, but I got to the top and felt hands reaching out to me. The next I knew a 25 woman was leaning over me in a cabin, and I felt her hand waving back my hair

and rubbing my face.

I felt somebody at my feet and felt the warmth of a jolt of liquor. Somebody 30 knows news the first time he sees it. got me under the arms. Then I was hustled down below to the hospital. That was early in the day, I guess. I lay in the hospital until near night, and they told me the Carpathia's wireless man was 35 getting 'queer,' and would I help.

After that I never was out of the wireless room, so I don't know what happened among the passengers. I saw nothing of Mrs. Astor or any of them. 40 desk in a Montreal newspaper office at I just worked wireless. The splutter never died down. I knew it soothed the hurt and felt like a tie to the world of

friends and home.

II

TELLING THE TALE OF THE TITANIC

ALEX. McD. STODDART

[Independent, May 2, 1912. By permission.]

cable editor opened an envelope of the Associated Press that had stamped on its face 'Bulletin.' This is what he read:

Cape Race, N. F., Sunday night, April 14. — At 10.25 o'clock to-night the White Star Line steamship *Titanic* called 'C. Q. D.' to the Marconi station here, and reported havpain in my feet. At last the Carpathia 5 ing struck an iceberg. The steamer said that immediate assistance was required.

> The cable editor looked at his watch. It was 1.20 and lacked just five minutes of the hour when the mail edition goes 10 to press.

Boy!' he called sharply.

An office boy was at his side in a mo-

'Send this upstairs; tell them the head Phillips. He had died on the raft from 15 is to come; double column and tell the night editor to rip open two columns on the first page for a one-stick despatch of the Titanic striking an iceberg and sink-

> Every one in the office was astir in a moment and came over to see the cable editor write on a sheet of copy paper:

Set across two columns. Titanic Sinking in Mid-Ocean; Hit Great Iceberg.

'Boy!' he called again; but it was not necessary - a boy in a newspaper office

'Tell them that's the head for the Ti-

tanic.'

Then he wrote briefly this telegraphic despatch, and as he did so he said to another office boy at his side: 'Tell the operator to shut off that story he is taking and get me a clear wire to Montreal.'

This is what he wrote to the Montreal correspondent, probably at work at his

that hour:

Cape Race says White Star Liner Titanic struck iceberg, is sinking and wants immediate assistance. Rush every line you can get. 45 We will hold open for you until 3.30.

'Give that to the operator and find out if we caught the mail on that Titanic despatch,' he said quickly to the boy.

In a moment the boy returned. 'O. K. on both,' he said.

These night office boys can carry a

message to Garcia.

The city editor, who had just put on At 1.20 A.M., Monday, April 15, the 55 his coat previous to going away for the night, took it off. The night city editor, at the head of the copy desk, where all the local copy (as a reporter's story is called), and the telegraph editor stood together, joined later by the night editor, for the mail edition had left the composing room for the stereotypers and then to the pressroom, and from thence to be 5 his telephone number.' scattered wherever on the globe newspapers find readers.

Titanic staff was immediately organized, for at that hour most of the staff were still at work. The city editor 10 Smith.

took the helm.

'Get the papers for April 11 — all of them,' he said to the head office boy, and then send word to the art department to quit everything to make three 15 cuts, which I shall send right down.'

Then to the night city editor: 'Get up a story of the vessel itself; some of the stuff they sent us the other day we did not use and I ordered it put in the en- 20 bulletins came in briefly. Stripped of velope.' (Morgue, obituary, call it what you will, are cabinets that contain envelopes filled with newspaper, magazine and other clippings on every conceivable subject, alphabetically arranged for im- 25 the life-boats. mediate call.) 'Play up her mishap at the start. Get up a passenger list story and an obituary of Smith, her commander.'

There was no mention of Smith in the 30 despatch, but city editors retain such things in their heads for immediate use, and this probably explains in a measure why they hold down their jobs; also having, it might be added, executive judg- 35 ment, which is sometimes right.

'Assign somebody to the White Star

Line and see what they've got.'

men who read the reporters' copy were gathered.

'Get up as much as you can of the passenger list of the Titanic. She's Newfoundland,' he said 45 sinking off

briefly to one.

And to another: 'Write me a story of the Titanic, the new White Star liner, on her maiden trip, telling of her mishap with the New York at the start.'

And to another: 'Write me a story of

Captain E. J. Smith.'

Then to a reporter, sitting idly about: 'Get your hat and coat quick; go down phone all you can get about the Titanic sinking off Newfoundland.'

Then to another reporter: 'Get the

White Star Line on the 'phone and find out what they have got of the sinking of the Titanic. Find out who is the executive head in New York, his address and

And in another part of the room the city editor was saying to the office boys: 'Get me all the Titanic pictures you have and a photo or cut of Captain E. J.

Two boys instantly went to work, for the photos of men are kept separate from the photographs of inanimate things. The city editor selected three:

'Tell the art department to make a three-column cut of the Titanic, a twocolumn of the interior, and a two-column

of Smith.

In the meantime the Associated Press their date lines they read:

Half an hour afterward another message came, reporting that they were sinking by the head and that women were being put off in

The weather was calm and clear, the Titanic's wireless operator reported, and gave the position of the vessel as 41.46 north lati-

tude and 50.14 west longitude.

The Marconi station at Cape Race notified the Allan liner Virginian, the captain of which immediately advised that he was proceeding to the scene of the disaster.

The Virginian at midnight was about 170 miles distant from the Titanic and expected to reach that vessel about 10 A.M. Monday.

2 A.M. Monday. The Olympic at an early hour this (Monday) morning was in latitude 40.32 north and longitude 61.18 west. She The night city editor went back to the was in direct communication with the Ticircular table where the seven or eight 40 tanic, and is now making all haste toward

> The steamship Baltic also reported herself about 200 miles east of the Titanic and, was making all possible speed toward her.

> The last signals from the Titanic were heard by the Virginian at 12.27 A.M.

> The wireless operator on the Virginian says these signals were blurred and ended abruptly.

Paragraph by paragraph the cable editor was sending the story to the com-posing room. What was going on upstairs every one knew. They were side-tracking everything else and the to the White Star Line office and tele- 55 copy-cutter in the composing room was sending out the story in 'takes,' as they are called, of a single paragraph to each compositor. His blue pencil marked each

individual piece of copy with a letter and number, so that when the dozen or so men setting up the story had their work finished the story might be put together consecutively.

'Tell the operator,' said the cable editor again to the office boy, 'to duplicate that despatch I gave him to our Halifax man. Get his name out of the corre-

spondents' book.'

'Who wrote that story of the "Carmania in the Icefield"?' said the night city editor to the copy reader who 'handled' the homecoming of the Carmania, Wireless Told of Women Being Put Off in which arrived Sunday night, and the 15 Lifeboats—Three Liners Rushing to Aid of dled' the homecoming of the Carmania, story of which was already in the mail edition of the paper before him. The copy reader told him. He called the reporter to his desk.

'Take that story,' said the night city 20 editor, 'and give us a column on it. Don't rewrite the story. Add paragraphs here and there to show the vast extent of the ice field. Make it straight copy, so that nothing in that story will 25 per. have to be reset. You have just thirty minutes to catch the edition. Write it

given to another reporter, all alert waiting for their names to be called, every man awake at the switch.

In the meantime the story from the Montreal man was being ticked off, and 35 on another wire Halifax was coming to

life.

'Men,' said the city editor, 'we have just five minutes left to make the city.

Jam it down tight.'

Already the three cuts had been made, the telegraph editor was handling the Montreal story, his assistant the Halifax end, and the cable editor was still editing the Associated Press bulletins and writ- 45 ing a new head to tell the rest of the story the additional details brought. The White Star Line man had a list of names of passengers of the Titanic and found that they numbered 1300 and carried a 50 cable editor, night city editor and mancrew of 860.

In the meantime the proofs of all the Titanic matter that had been set were coming to the desk of the managing editor, in charge over all, but giving his 55 special attention to the editorial matter. All his suggestions went through the city editor and on down the line, but he him-

self went from desk to desk overlooking the work.

Time's up,' said the city editor, but before he finished the cable editor cried 5 to the boy: 'Let the two-column head stand and tell them to add this head':

> Titanic Sinking in Mid-Ocean; Hit Great Iceberg.

And to this was added:

At 12.27 this Morning Blurred Signals by 1300 Imperiled Passengers and Crew of 860

'Did we catch it?' asked the cable editor of the boy standing at the composing room tube.

"We did," he said, triumphantly.

'One big pull for the last, men,' said the city editor. 'We're going in at 3.20. Let's beat the town with a complete pa-

The enthusiasm was catching fire. Throughout the office it was a bedlam of 'Get the passenger lists of the Olympic and the Baltic,' was the assignment 30 ringing added to the relational of the one bells given to another reporter. that lead from the city room to the composing room, the press room, the stereotype room and the business office, the latter, happily, not in use. But throughout the office men worked; nobody shouted, no one lost his head, men were flushed, but the cool, calm, deliberate way in which the managing editor smoked his cigar helped much to relieve the tension.

'Three-fifteen, men,' said the city editor, admonishingly. 'Every line must be up by 3.20. Five minutes more.'

The city editor walked rapidly from

desk to desk.

'All up,' said the night city editor,

and three minutes to the good.

At the big table stood the city editor, aging editor. They were looking over the completed headline that should tell the story to the world. It read:

(Across three columns.) New Liner Titanic Hits An Iceberg; Sinking by the Bow at Midnight; Women Put off in Lifeboats; Last Wireless at 12.27 A.M. Blurred. (Single column.)

Allan Liner Virginian Now Speeding Toward the Big Ship.

Baltic to the Rescue, Too. The Olympic Also Rushing to Give Aid - Other Ships Within Call.

Carmania Dodged Bergs. Reports French Liner Niagara Injured and Several Ships Caught.

Big Titantic's First Trip. Bringing Many Prominent Americans, and Was Due in New York Tomorrow.

Mishap at very Start. Narrowly Escaped Collision with the American Liner New York when Leaving Port.

'That will hold 'em, I guess,' said the city editor, and the head went upstairs.

The men waited about and talked and smoked. Bulletins came in, but with no important details. Going to press at 3.20 25 meant a wide circulation. At 4.30 the Associated Press sent 'Good-night,' but at that hour the presses had been running uninterruptedly for almost an hour.

the city editor was at his desk half an hour earlier than usual. His assistant already had read the morning papers and the first editions of the afternoon papers, known as the 'bulldog edition,' 35 pushed the bracket 'phone that both used which is really the morning papers re- toward his chief. 'Skipper' is the title written, with just a new angle on the news. In a poker way, the 'bulldog' goes the morning paper one better.

said the assistant city editor, although he himself had been fast asleep and knew nothing and did nothing until he picked up his morning paper at the railway station, for assistant city editors, having day 45 formation, about the Titanic? jobs, can live in the suburbs. But before noon the assistant city editor had dug out of the morning papers such events as would take place during the day as the city editor might care to 'cover,' the 50 'beats' the other papers had, the treatment of a story that was so different from the others as the city editor might be interested in, and anything that might interest him generally, all of the clippings 55 clasped together and the schedule neatly typewritten telling in a line the time, the place and the thing.

As he handed it over he remarked to his chief: 'Practically nothing new on the disaster; all the passengers were taken off in lifeboats and are now on their way 5 to Halifax, says Franklin of the White Star Line. By the way, I had a letter from Hitchens to-day. He's at St. John's. Don't you think it would be a good plan to send him over to Halifax 10 even if it does break up his vacation?'

'Yes; and tell him to get a private

wire when he reaches there.'

'Get this off quick,' he said, and he handed the following telegrams to his as-15 sistant. 'Better have the boy take them to the Marconi Wireless himself - 27 William Street,' he added.

These were the Marconigrams — in duplicate to W. T. Stead, Major Archi-

20 bald Butt and Jacques Futrelle:

Please send wireless exclusive Titanic sinking; your own rates.

It was signed by different names, not by the paper, because these men were known to the individuals and were friends. To Butt's telegram was left off 'Your own rates' and it was signed by On Monday morning, at twelve o'clock, 30 the name of the Washington correspondent, a personal friend of many years' standing.

> 'Skipper wants to talk to you,' said the assistant to the city editor, and he in this office, and usually in all other offices, that is given to the ship news man.

"He says Franklin is not telling the 'We got out a corker this morning,' 40 truth, he believes, about the Titanic. Write this name and address down,' said the city editor, 'and rush this despatch:

Can you get me the truth, for private in-

The despatch was sent to the head of one of Canada's great railways.

Meanwhile the city editor was perusing the schedule of suggestions of his assistant, to which he added his own, in more terse language. This is what it looked like:

5	Scenes at White Star OfficeBurnet
	Passenger List
	Cape Race a Graveyard

Titanic Accident Insurance and Losses

Glover Noted Men and Women on Board ... Griffen Skippers Warned of Ice PerilBush

Careers of Millet, Harris, Ismay, Butt, Stead, Futrelle, Straus, Astor, Hays, Guggenheim and MooreBrewster Northern Ice Packs Break up Early

Elmendorf Bulkheads at FaultMoors Liners That Have Paid TollBromiley Modern Safety DevicesMcDonald

And so the morning work was started. The other local news, however, must not be neglected, and there was no disappointment when, in looking over the assignment book, it was found that, at least 20 tion, etc., for the Carpathia, 'the hosfor the present, the following men were out of it:

Thaw's Sanity to be TestedBrown Clark Offers Fund for Big Art Gallery. Ferris Schumann-Heink Divorce?Alger War Over \$40,000,000 Estate Stuart Her \$150,000 Suit Off; Luke Marries .. Riker Ask Receiver for Manhattan Securities Co. Graham

And so the staff separated, all to turn in by five o'clock, when the copy readers should begin their work, the stories as- 35 find out about the Carpathia, when she signed to them earlier in the day. The organization must never go to pieces, no matter how big the news, the paper must always take care of the other news, no matter how greatly it is overshad- 40 rangements on the pier. This, some of

'My God!' said the city editor, as he read a despatch at seven o'clock that night, 'the skipper's right. The White Star Line and Franklin have lied to us.'

'Here,' he said, calling to Burnet to come to his desk, 'go back to the White Star Line and tell Franklin he is a liar! The Titanic sank at 2.20 this morning and not more than 700 were taken off in 50 knew of the ice ahead (because she was the boats. Tell it to him with my compliments, too.'

Every one looked up, for the voice of the city editor was pitched high and he was angry clear through. 'Here's a pri-55' leads,' and so the staff got busy again. vate despatch,' he said, 'I have just received from a friend in Canada, who says that the Titanic went down at 2.20 and

the only ones saved are practically women and children.'

And then was begun the story telling the world Tuesday morning of the Ti-stanic sinking four hours after hitting an iceberg, 866 being rescued by the Carpathia, with probably 1250 perishing in the sea; with Ismay safe, and probably Butt, Astor, Smith, Stead, Gug-10 genheim, Millet, Harris, Futrelle, Straus and others less prominent sinking with the Titanic.

When the city editor arrived on Tues-15 day morning, again at noon, showing practically no wear of the eighteen-hour stretch he had gone through, he recalled Hitchens, now in Halifax, telling him to never mind' and proceed on his vacapital ship,' was bound for New York where everything would center.

No reply came from Butt, Stead or made by wireless to the wireless man aboard the Carpathia brought no response, not a word came in answer to the message to Captain Rostrom, of the Car-30 pathia, not a word from any passenger of the three women who, it had been suggested to him, might be able 'to write the story.

> The ship news man was sent early to would arrive, what men would board her, what and when the revenue cutter would leave, how many men each paper might be permitted to have on board, and arit for publication and some of it for office information, was hard to get because 'everything up in the air,' he reported. Tuesday brought by wireless the passenger list, but not a scrap of information. Nevertheless there were half a dozen pages to fill, and this is the way the city editor mapped out his story for certain things were evident: That the Titanic warned by the America); Astor, Straus, Stead and Butt were given up for lost; there were not enough lifeboats; the Titanic was not 'unsinkable'; these were

> There were the old stories to be covered again: the scenes at the White Star Line offices, Titanic accident, and life

insurance of men and women lost, and these additional stories that the news reports suggested: Criticism of the northern route; young Astor to send ship to Carpathia without delay; American regulations compared with British regulations as to lifeboat capacity; big Atlantic liners that are now lacking in lifeboats; sea patrol suggested for the ice-region; 10 vessels not built that will not sink; scout cruisers rushed to scene of wreck; care of survivors when they arrive; steerage survivors to find aid; sea traffic not hurt Titanic; people from afar off coming to New York; Congress likely to say 'more lifeboats'; triumph for wireless and why was false news given out Monday night, when it was known that the Titanic 20 foundered at 2.20 A.M. Monday.

Tuesday midnight came. This query

was handed to the city editor:

Have story that wreck was caused by

'Wire "Let it come," said the city

scales, as it were, and then, reluctantly, as if still in doubt, he said to the telegraph

'Doublelead it; across two columns; put a four-column head on it and say in 35 the head that the tale is discredited.

The city editor was taking no chances. And so Wednesday morning brought six, seven and eight pages of the Titanic matter when the only news was the list of 40 been ignored. passengers reported by wireless.

Wednesday - another day with no news and with the plan of many engaged to thwart the newspapers and keep 45 the pier, is interesting. First, as near what news of the disaster they could from leaking out. The Carpathia, it was figured, would be in late Thursday night or possibly Friday morning. Absolutely no news was received, even her position 50 the main men on whom he depended to being six, eight and ten hours behind. was definitely stated, however, that no newspaper man would be permitted to board the vessel on her way up New River. Quick work was required and the aid of President Taft, Mayor Gaynor and Secretary McVeagh was sought both by

the newspapers and those desiring to stop publicity. The newspapers won, and Secretary Nagel received instructions from the President to see that at least seek his father; customs men to pass the 5 reporters were permitted to tell the world what had happened. Every newspaper would have been glad to have assigned twenty-four reporters to interview survivors, but at last it was decided that the press associations should be represented by six men each, the morning newspapers by four men each, and the evening newspapers by two men each. Photographers were barred. Admission to the pier only by the disaster; facts about those on the 15 was given. Previous to this newspapers were given a number of pier passes; these, however, were canceled, and special tickets of the number quoted were to take their place.

How Thursday's paper was got out is merely a repetition of Tuesday. The great story was Thursday night, when the Carpathia should arrive. For the high speed and panic,' wired St. John cor- 25 Carpathia absolutely refused to give out respondent. 'Shall I send?' anything by wireless which should tell anything by wireless which should tell in advance what had happened on that editor. Sunday midnight and when 1595 men, Five hundred words came. The city women and children perished off Neweditor read it carefully, balanced it in the 30 foundland. The whole of America wanted to know, the whole civilized world wanted information, but this is what the Associated Press had to send to its clients, the newspapers of America:

> 'We have no assurance that we will get any wireless news from the Carpathia, as this vessel studiously refuses to answer all queries. Even President Taft's requests for information, addressed to the Carpathia, have

How the city editor laid his plans to get the Carpathia's story of the Titanic disaster, with only four men to go on to the pier as he could get it, he arranged for four private wires, direct wires, that would lead into the editorial rooms. These four wires were for the four men. get the great story of the Titanic's foundering. They were picked men, no better, probably, than the rest, but luck is always on the side of the man who is York Bay, or at her pier in the Hudson 55 a worker and is alert. In the office were four men, with typewriters, with an instrument held in place to the ear. Whether the Carpathia got in at nine o'clock, or ten, or eleven, or twelve, or even one, the story would, must, be told. Time alone would give more opportunity as to whether the story could be told in two, four, six, eight, ten or twelve pages. The Carpathia docked at 9.35 o'clock, but that is getting ahead of the story.

Where the four private telephones were installed was the headquarters of the staff. great crowd that should gather, were automobiles stationed to carry men to the office, the men who should write the advance stories of the crowds, the ambulances and other aid, the scenes on the 15 and the tales told by survivors and paspier, before the Carpathia came in.

The moment the Carpathia docked the story would begin. Before o'clock that night the four pier passes the additional pier passes that were said to be of no use were also passed out, and in addition every member of the staff had his police card, which permits the reporter to go within the police lines.

At six o'clock that night sixteen men gathered around the city editor. By telephone or otherwise the men who were to gather the story were told to report promptly. were the flying squadron, upon whom devolved the great task of the night. Outside the group, as it were, was the managing editor, who ordinarily is in Astor, Butt, Straus and Guggenheim went entire charge of the paper. The night 35 down. That's the story we want—no city editor, who is at the head of men statement. who edit the reporters' copy, was near him. And near by were the telegraph and cable editors, whose Titanic work was practically finished, their work hav- 40 ing been done on the nights when news really did come. Near by stood the four men who were assigned to take the stories over the telephone and write them the typewriting machines. Other 45 members of the staff stood by to hear how 'the chief,' as the city editor is sometimes called, intended to outline the story.

He began in a leisurely tone, as if telling a story. And this is what he said:

When the Carpathia docks to-night which, as closely as I can figure it, will be between 9 and 9.15, there will probably be thirty thousand people held back by the The arrangements may go to 55 nessed in a newspaper office. pieces; but I imagine Waldo's men will not let the crowd break loose. But whatever happens, you will be up against a stiff

game to get through the lines. We have established four telephones, which are direct wires between this office and the building on the northeast corner of Fourteenth

5 Street and Eleventh Avenue.

'The four special passes which I have already given out will admit within the pier lines. The pier passes, which the customs people say now are not good, I Two blocks away, out of the way of the 10 have already given out. You may be able to break through lines here and there, but at any rate your police cards will be recognized. As you know, the main story is the arrival of the Carpathia, sengers who witnessed the rescues. men with the special pier passes will get the story of the four officers who were saved and particularly the story of the were distributed to the four men selected; 20 second Marconi operator who came through alive. It may be another Jack Binns story and it may not, but we've got to get it. Also the story of the wireless operator of the Carpathia must be These men ought to have thrilling stories. Captain Rostrom's story should tell from the time he turned his vessel toward the Titanic till he reached the pier. Bruce Ismay must be seen. He They did. These sixteen men 30 will give out a formal statement. It won't be worth the paper it is written on, but we'll print whatever he says. Ask him how he came to be saved when

Mr. Burnet will see the second Marconi wireless man; and, if possible, the

first officer.

'Mr. Howard will see the wireless man of the Carpathia and if possible the second officer.

'Mr. Horry will see Ismay and the third officer, if possible.

'Mr. Wall will see Captain Rostrom and incidentally ask him why Taft's message was ignored.

In charge of the story will be Mr. Burnet; you may have to ignore some of 50 these assignments; you men on the ground will be the better judge. If you want me, I'll be right here at my telephone.'

All the men were listening intently, for an unusual scene like this is rarely wit-

'You four men upon whom I am depending for the main story will see as many survivors as you can; get as many stories as you can and don't be afraid of duplicating. I'll take care of that.

Every man will get survivors' stories; I repeat, don't be afraid of duplicating. I'll take care of that.

'Mr. Lynah will write the story on the arrival of the ship at the pier and in-

terviews with survivors.

'Mr. Glover will write the story of the Senate committee that is on its way here, to from the headquarters. If there is any and which will arrive at eight o'clock, and interviews with survivors.

'Mr. Griffen will write the story of the tugs that will go out to intercept the

Carpathia and interviews.

'Mr. Bush will write the story of the relief extended to survivors and get interviews.

'Mr. Payne will write the story of the boat to the pier and get interviews.

'Mr. Kimpton will write the story of the distribution of the money sent by the stock exchange, and get interviews.

the autos and get interviews.

Mr. Elmendorf will get the story of the crowds that will not get near the scene, and get interviews.

'Mr. Whitten will see Franklin and 30 story of the arrival of the Carpathia. get what the White Star Line has to say,

and get interviews.

'Mr. Moors will get interviews and then cover the hotels on Broadway between Twenty-seventh Street and Thirty- 35 thia. fourth Street.

'Mr. Bromiley will get interviews and cover the hotels between Thirty-fourth

Street and Forty-fifth Street.

cover the Fifth Avenue hotels, from the Holland House to the Plaza, and includ-

ing the Ritz-Carlton.

The autos for the men who are doing these hotels will be parked at Eighteenth 45 Street and Eleventh Avenue. The chauffeurs of these machines will have a piece of white paper in their hats and will take instructions from any man who prewill do the Battery first, will find his machine at the door.

'In getting the story of survivors and of those on the Carpathia to whom the

survivors told their story, find out how Astor, Stead, Straus, Millet, Harris, Butt, Futrelle, Guggenheim and Smith died. Get every one to tell any story of heroism 5 or cowardice he or she witnessed. Find out how the crew acted and the panic in the steerage, if there was one.

'The men who do the theaters will first send their stories over the telephone iam on telephone we have arranged for three more wires at Twenty-third Street and Eleventh Avenue, the building on the southwest corner. But I don't expect any 15 great jam. Then these men will do the hotels and telephone their story from whichever hotel they are in. The operator has been instructed to use every switch except one for the *Titanic* story. crowd at the Battery and then follow the 20 so there will be lots of wires, with men at each end to take stories. But it will help if the stories can come over the four special wires.

The way the telephones will be cared 'Mr. Brewster will write the story of 25 for is this: When a man comes into headquarters, he will be told which telephone to use, so that the men at this end of the wire will not be interrupted. That is to say, over one wire will come the

'Over another wire will come the story

of the wreck of the Titanic.

'Over a third telephone will come the story of the rescue work by the Carpa-

'And over the fourth will come the

story of survivors.

'As soon as a man gets into the office he will write down the name of the per-'Mr. McDonald will get interviews and 40 son he has interviewed. This list will be posted over each wire. If a reporter sees that the man he has interviewed is already posted, pass up the story.'

The city editor stopped talking.

'Are there any questions?' he asked. 'Have I made it clear what each man is to do?'

'You're the goods!' said the youngest of the group, marveling at this master sents his police card. Mr. Payne, who so mind that could see the whole scene long before it should be put into cold type and placed before a million readers.

'Then go to it!' said the city editor.

III

A LETTER WRITTEN AFTER THE MESSINA DISASTER

[McClure's Magazine, May, 1909. By permission.]

I had gone to Messina on the 26th, to visit my friends, the Levis. I spent the day of the 27th with them, visiting the 10 spent the day and sometimes the night city, a most beautiful one. Toward evening a heavy thunder-storm came up, and we went home, where Madame Gina Levi was seized with sudden illness. The doctor was called in. We spent the first 15 part of the night around her bed, tending her, trying to quiet her in her nervous

time; I would doze, wake up, toss, cry out; I would speak to her, in the effort to soothe her. At last, after a terrifying dream, which I do not remember, I in a spasm of agony. I ran. Where was started up, broad awake. The others 25 I running? Perhaps it was not I runwere all up, standing about my sick friend's bed. Impelled by some myste-rious force I jumped out of bed; I seized a dress and hurriedly put it on. Madame Levi said to me, 'Put on your shoes and 30 was it? The cries began anew, the stockings.' I sat on the edge of the bed and put them on. Who would have believed that in that moment, by that act, I was saving my life?

in the street, of the goat-bells. The servant-girl opened the window; she bought milk. At that instant I was seized with a strange dizziness and violent nausea. The servant-girl offered me a cup of cof- 40 train for Catania. fee. I went into the room where Gina was lying, and took the coffee. At the last swallow, I felt myself lifted from the floor to the ceiling. The ceiling dipped, the bed rose, and the horrible shaking be- 45 are we?" gan. We were tossed up and down for several seconds; then the earthquake changed its motion, hurled the sick woman from her bed, clove the walls, and the

downfall began.

I heard a sound as if of countless paper tearing, stuff burning with crackling and explosions, and a deafening roar, a terrific crashing. They were balconies fall-I remember clearly that I was clutching my coffee-cup, trying to set it safely on the washstand, demented already, but calm. I thought, 'I will open the balcony door.' I could not do it: the ceil-

ing gaped above my head.

I made a spring for the windows. Im-5 possible to get them open. I was suffocating. The air was charged with thick dust which stopped respiration. I found the door. Behind me came the Levis, with a little girl, Melina, who habitually at their house. On the right there had been, in its time, a balcony. The stairway, the house, were in ruins; the other wing of the house, too, was in ruins.

We all jumped from the balcony. We were on the second story; the heaped debris diminished the height of our jump. paroxysms. Finally we went to bed. I fell. It was dark; it was white all I, lying on a cot near her, had no more than a few minutes' unconsciousness at a 20 the cries of the dying. Cries, cries, shrieks. Who was shrieking? We could not see. Had the heavens fallen? What had happened? My lips were tight shut in a spasm of agony. I ran. Where was ning, but the earth running under my

Then everything stood still, and for a moment there was silence. Then what shricking, the mad attempts at flight. I said over the names of all those I love; I cried them out aloud to the heavens, choking with the bloody froth that ran We could already hear the tinkling, out 35 from my mouth and nostrils. I said them all over, the names of those, living and dead, whom I love; and my wits came back, and I did not lose them again until the moment when I found myself on the

I thought, 'Now I am going to escape from this!' But I did not know the

I found a man and said to him, 'Where

'In Piazza Spirito Santo,' he answered.

'Can we escape?'

'Stay where you are. We are blocked. We are safe here as long as God pleases.'

And the earthquake began again. The houses finished crumbling; they showered forth furniture, mirrors, wounded men, dead bodies. Yells and infernal panic. All suddenly caved in. We dropped face ing, steeples, chimneys, towers crumbling. 55 downward, and lay awaiting death. But before long we got up again, and in the dense dust found one another. Melina was trembling in the Professor's arms.

.What joy, in all that anguish, to ascertain that we were all there - what joy! And joy over what? There were two hundred of us, injured and whole, in that small space. At our right was a 5 again, never again!' I said. convent, the walls of which had dropped in, but whose front, still standing, was a menace to us. At our left was a house. burst open fanwise, ready to fall at the next shock. Behind us the church of the 10 church, which no longer was there, but Spirito Santo, tilting forward, with a great triangular crack down its façade. Before us the houses of the Porta Imperiale, in fragments; broken and torn bodies dumped into the square among 15 not remember; I know that while I was gravel, blood, and wreckage. 'Let us stay where we are,' we said, 'all close clasped together, let us wait.' For what? For death?

ruins which we could dimly distinguish, because an occasional street-lamp, impossible as it seems, had remained alight. 'The dawn! The dawn!' we shouted.

No; it was Messina burning.

Then we were seized with desperate madness to flee. But whither? Oh, to the sea, to be drowned in it, to be buried in the depths of the sea! But fire, to die by fire? Oh, God, what anguish! I 30 endless numbers of them! What slaughdumbly gazed at the heavens. I had never seen them of so deep a purple-blue; and how many stars were falling! A shower of stars, thick and shining. A benediction upon the ruins? Behind a 35 house, whose front wall alone was standing, the sky opened, somewhat suddenly, and there poured down light, cold and pallid, like moonlight. Daybreak! Daybreak! 'Adduma! Adduma!' they cried, 40 table, placed slantwise, between a stump of mad with the desire for light.

And never was the sun so worshiped, so prayed to, so invoked, as in that tragic hour. Day broke, but, alas! what a scene

of sorrow it brought into view!

We looked at one another, to make sure it was ourselves, to make sure we were alive. We were white with mortar; we looked like ghosts, with hugely dilated dreadful ruin on every hand, the desolation, the horror! I believed that Catania too had been destroyed. I supposed that the disaster came to us from Ætna, and was there, might have died at once, without knowing, without seeing. I made the reflection that possibly Erminia, my maid. had been able to escape; she slept in a small chamber which I imagined was safe.

And there passed before my eyes all the beloved faces 'that I shall never see

How, from what profound abysms of the soul, was faith born again in me? felt that some one had worked that miracle for my sake, and I knelt down before the whose door stood sealed and intact, still guarding its mystery. What did I say? For whom did I pray? For myself, for Bruno, for my dear ones far away? I do praying two priests passed by. One had an august, aged face, haggard with grief. He looked at me; I told him everything in a look. He spoke over me the blessing for A light broke above us, beyond the 20 those about to die. He went about among the dying - how many of them! He blessed them, and went his way through the wreckage with his companion, who was weeping, to bless other dead, calmly, 25 without haste, walking under the toppling walls, and we saw him no more.

When I rose to my feet I felt light, rested, strong, well, ready for everything. We began to work for the injured. What ter, what mutilations, what horrors! A woman was delivered of twins there in the square: one was dead, one alive; she died

later, of hemorrhage.

A father, almost completely naked, tore his face with his nails, desperate at having left his children behind among the ruins.

Meanwhile the miracles of life-saving had begun. Two children slid down a house and a heap of rubbish; then came the mother, then the father last. When he had reached the bottom, he saw that two were still missing. What weeping, 45 what shrieks! Oh, God, and who could comfort them? There were some standing by who had no one, no one left. Little children, totally naked, or with nothing on but a little shirt, all blood, all mud; eyes staring like madmen's. Oh, the 50 girls and women, gone quite mad, calling out strange pet names and terms of endearment: 'Catù! Vita! [My breath! My life! Catuzza e mamma bedda!' Meant for whom? Alas! for sons, hus-I prayed that Bruno, my husband, who 55 bands, scattered, dismembered, or perhaps still alive beneath huge mountains of masonry.

I saw a father searching among the

wreckage for his children. He pulled out one of them, dead. One of them, whose head only projected from the horrible rubbish-heap, cried, 'Papà, papà, sete aio, sete aio!' [I am thirsty! I am thirsty!] And there was no water. The father bent over the dying child and gave him his saliva and all his soul in a kiss. The son closed his eves and died.

continued falling, mountains on top of mountains of stone and plaster. Precipices gaped and engulfed the surviving, who had hoped perhaps to reach safety. All that had been left standing after the 15 took bits of chocolate out of his mouth to first horrible, unending shock now went to

pieces.

The instinct of life, however, love of that miserable gift which misfortune had left us, sprang up again within us, and we 20 crate of apples? He hid them, he debethought us, poor wretches! that night would be coming on; we bethought us of the morrow. We rummaged among the ruins in search of food; we tested the earth, and trusted it, poor fools, to uphold 25 calculating parsimony, with implacable the tables which were to shelter us during the night that was closing down-last, immeasurable calamity. We made a hut. And suddenly, as if a malign breath of insanity had overturned their reasons,— 30 way of escape, to open a road for us. We whilst, all equally unhappy, all equally poor, naked, wounded, weeping, we were awaiting death, - a small band of men, for a loaf of bread found among the broken masonry, wrenched bars from an iron gate 35 and began whirling them among the crowd. to kill. Where could we flee?

Two or three dropped down, felled; they afterward died. That horrible danger passed, too. Some went searching among 40 of life had ceased, and we saw the fire the ruins for bread, food, clothing, all that could keep off death — death which we notwithstanding were calling upon to come quickly, and which came not. Ah, the savage scenes over a chunk of bread, over a 45 hurt? They told me he sought safety in sup of putrid water, gathered as it dripped from the ruins, yellow, fetid, which was drunken after the dying had refused to taste it. What struggles for a nut, for a tles, a few pots of preserve), for a bone gnawed by dogs, picked out of the refuse, for a mouthful of anything that could keep man brute is like when, all restraint removed, all shame cast off, every law forgotten, he stands forth without disguise.

Horrible! Horrible! All the most bestial. instincts, swarming up from the dregs of the soul, all the unbridled appetites, every baseness, every cowardice! But I saw 5 likewise what treasures of self-renunciation, sacrifice, human brotherliness, generosity, what heroism, are in the depths of the human soul.

A young man, whom I shall never for-The earthquake continued. The walls to get, a cripple, with only one leg, clambering with a crutch among the ruins, saved scores of people. Untiringly he searched among the wreckage, he brought back to us everything he could find; he put into the mouths, forever open, of the

crying children.

A marvel, in truth, was the forethought of this man. Where did he unearth a fended them from the violence of the greedy; and through the night he went among the huts, distributing quarters of apple to each one of us in his turn, with justice. I shall remember him as long as I live, that fragment of a man among the fragments of a city. He explored the ruined city in every direction, to find a could see him hanging like a mountain goat over the edge of frightful precipices. At night he never rested, unless it were to make a pillow of himself for those who did not know where to lay their heads, amid the mire, the blood, and the ruin. The name of this hero is Salvatore Stellario. What became of him when the anguished fight for the preservation close at hand, after a night spent under the rain, dreadful scourge, amid continual earthquakes, the horrors of darkness, cold, fear, the ever fainter moaning of the the direction of the railway. Perhaps I shall see him again.

There is another whom I remember for unparalleled self-control and equanimity chocolate drop (a ruined sweet-shop had 50 — Nicola Sclepis, who could impose quiet been found, which saved us by a few bot- by a gesture, who wore a look of fatalism, yet had words of encouragement, of hope. Cold, apparently unfeeling, he could stop a frenzied mob by a shout; he could smile us from starvation! I saw what the hu- 55 while others were inquiring breathlessly, 'When, where, how are we doomed to die?' Oh, how well I remember him! I supposed him a skeptic; I thought him

heartless. Later, I saw him clasp his friends to his breast; I saw tears filling his eyes while I told him my last will and testament of love for those who would come to look for me. Shall I ever forget that fractured jaws, teeth which they spathim? He was saved, I know. He could out with bloody foam, or injuries to their not die; I felt that, and for that reason intrusted my last messages to him. He listened to me, serious, kind. He bade me closure; he prevented me by a look. Men like Nicola Sclepis are rare indeed. One possessed of such moral strength and cour-

Evening came on again; it grew dark early: the light shrank away from the

horrors of the catastrophe.

I had eaten a handful of oats, found I do not remember where. I had an egg 20 which a lady had refused. As I was eating it, a woman came running, crying that she had no more milk for her baby. I put out the egg which I had so nearly swallowed; she caught it in her hands and fed 25 must. it to her infant. Water had been found; it was yellow, thick; it tasted, alas! of decay, of death, of putrefaction: but I drank it. I was mad with thirst, with hunger. I had in my hands a jar of marmalade, but 30 of nougat, and a chocolate watch, such as succeeded in no more than touching my lips with it. I distributed it among the injured, feeding them with a hollow cane, split in two. And so came the evening, and the rain fell, and for hours and hours 35 way-book. I placed it in the bosom of earthquake and rain and weeping; sighs of the dying, howls of desperate grief. Oh, that tragic night! How we wept and how we praved! Some were seen barbarously beating themselves, to punish them- 40 shorten the anxiety of my husband, who selves for being alive while their beloved were dead; and we wept in chorus, and sang in chorus.

I remember those lamentable chants: the passion of Jesus sung in Sicilian dialect, 45 tains; he offered me his house, all he had, the sorrows of Mary, the praises of the Child Jesus,— all the Christian legends, all the songs of infancy. And it rained, it rained, and the earth continued to shake, implacably, and the day was slow in com- 50

ing.

Oh, what eternal, what cruel waiting! When we were worn out with praying, there was deathly silence; but every little while a groan would bring us back to 55 panions followed me a short way, then dreadful consciousness, and we would start up and begin rushing about. But to what purpose, for whose sake? The in-

jured would ask for a mattress, a pillow, and water, water, water! And we had nothing to give them but a few nuts, an out with bloody foam, or injuries to their throats, they merely must die of hunger!

We heard a whistle or two in the distance. We supposed it must be some not to move, when I wanted to go and try 10 steamer coming to help us; but no one to find some way out of that horrible in- came. The thought crossed my mind that dirigible balloon might have gotten cognizance of the condition of Messina. but that hope, too, was vain. We spent age is worthy, truly, of the name of hero. 15 another night in the mud; at daybreak the rain stopped. As soon as the first light appeared in the sky, there reawakened in all the mad desire to flee. Whither, in what direction, with what hope?

On this side the conflagration, on that, mountains of masonry. The sea had with-The steamers would take on no more; people had killed one another to get aboard. Where could we go? But go we

I had in a little hand-bag, saved I know not how, my provisions for the days that must pass before help came, or death. Two walnuts, a few filberts, a nibbled bit we buy for children, which was presented to me by a little boy whom I do not remember. He handed it to me unasked, and ran away. I had with me my railmy dress, thinking that perhaps by means of it I might be identified when they found my body. That was my great preoccupation - to be found, to be identified. to was perhaps already looking for me, desperate, among the ruins.

Nicola Sclepis told me to follow him and his caravan, headed for the moun-— at Santa Lucia, I think it was. There I would certainly have been out of danger, but I would have had to wait to send

news.

I hesitated for an instant. Then I reflected that by way of the sea I would soonest reach Catania. Death was perhaps lying in wait for me in that direction; but go I must, and I went. My comwe separated.

I lost my reason again, and I do not know where I went. I was quite alone,

alone among the ruins, the dead, the fallen houses. Where was I? Near the cemetery, they told me. Some told me near the sea, others near the railroad; they did not understand what I said. Some who 5 hut to work in. were crazy, some who were dazed, some who were wicked, misdirected me, sent me vainly wandering among the ruins, alone, forsaken, desperate.

caught fire; I was forced to turn back. That had been a street, the handsomest in Messina; now the houses had fallen in, and the dead lay under them. Walking was easy there; but I could not bear to 15 leum lay in our cellars. step on the wreckage; I knew of the human flesh throbbing beneath it; I caught glimpses of clothing, scraps of black. Oh, the horror of it!

gan to rain again, but there were no more earthquakes. I came to an open place. Perhaps there had once been a church. I shall never know.

wept, with his head bowed toward the right. In front of him a taper was burn-There were before me three roads. I took the one toward which the Christ was looking. Some one told me that was 30 rier plains, we had now become acquainted the right road. But what a road! How many crumbled houses, what destruction! I reached a place that was all like a marsh. I walked into it nearly to my knees. When I came out I could no 35 members of the expedition, in such wise, longer walk: my clothes clung to me. I thought of taking them off, then I went down on my hands and knees, and crawled along like an animal. . . .

IV

HOW I FOUND THE SOUTH POLE

ROALD AMUNDSEN

[Hearst's Magazine, November, 1912. By permission.]

On April 21 the sun disappeared. The longest night any man had known in the Antarctic regions had begun. Old campaigners as we were, everything was well and strong. No storm, no matter how it blew, could hurt it. Light and warm it was inside, dry and airy. The large, roomy caverns we had excavated in the ice barrier and connected directly with the hut, gave us space sufficient for our workshops; we did not need to use our

We were amply supplied with provi-Seven hundred yards from the hut was our chief store, containing enough for several years. We had killed and laid by I reached a place where the ruins had 10 120,000 lbs. of seal meat, enough for ourselves and our dogs for our whole stay. Fuel and light we had in abundance, the best Welsh coal and dryest Norwegian birchwood. Barrel upon barrel of petro-

> All was thoroughly provided for, and we could apply ourselves to our winter work without a care.

The winter work consisted in preparing I ran, I fell, I picked myself up; it be- 20 our outfit and getting everything ready for our march to the South. Our tours in the months of February, March and April, to form depots in latitude 80, 81 and 82 degrees, had taught us that we must make In the middle, a bronze Christ, maimed, 25 many alterations in our outfit. This had been prepared in Christiania, at a time when I only knew the Barrier by description, and I had had the things made as massive and strong as possible. The Barwith, did not in any way require this heavy equipment. On the contrary, they needed the lightest gear. To obtain this, the work was distributed amongst the that the special abilities of the various members were utilized to the utmost and the best guarantees for good workmanship obtained.

Thus, Bjaaland, ski and sledge maker, was set to make the necessary parts for four new sledges, weighing about fifty apiece. The original pounds sledges weighed a hundred and fifty pounds. 45 Wisting and Hanssen, both good sailors and the latter an experienced polar explorer, had to fasten the parts together as strongly as could be done. Stubberud, a carpenter and joiner by trade, 50 was assigned the unenviable task of reducing the weight of our sledge provision boxes. The packing of sledge provisions was a matter of the very utmost importance. Space was small and needs prepared for it. There was the hut, stout 55 great, so quite an exceptional amount of thought and attention had to be devoted to the subject. This was intrusted to Johan-

sen. Praesterud was occupied with the

scientific arrangements for the expedition: pendulum and astronomical observations. Thus, each had his hands full and the winter set in.

equipment. The tent which we took with us was a double one. The inner was the actual tent, made of white linen cloth, such as is used for feather beds, pillows, this was an outer covering of thin red material, that had at one time adorned our bunks at Framheim in the shape of bed curtains, but as we considered it more useful as a polar tent, all the curtains were 15 cover was always kept on, both in the tent requisitioned and transformed by Wisting's able hand. We had much comfort from this double tent, it being unusually warm and at the same time dark. tent should be dark on such an expedition. 20 so that one may get the eyes rested after the long march on the white snow. It was, moreover, easy to put up, had an exceedingly good shape, like a snow hut or beehive, thus not offering any flat surfaces 25 but stiff if our skis were to sit firmly. I to the wind. The floor of the tent was sewn in with the sides. I have always found that the best patent. If one forgets anything in the morning, one finds it again in the evening when erecting the 30 pair of reindeerskin boots. As for stocktent. The tent had but one pole, of light, strong bamboo. The door was of the usual bag shape, and absolutely wind tight.

ties of courses, but were the most nourishing and most concentrated obtainable. They consisted of pemmican, biscuits, chocolate, and dried milk. The pemmican was made in Norway and was somewhat 40 never cold. different from that which is generally used, being mixed with oatmeal and vegetables as well as meat and fat. The biscuits were made expressly, and possessed consisted of oatmeal, milkmeal or dried milk and sugar. The chocolate was an ordinary kind. The milkmeal proved a splendid thing, and as much as possible should be taken on all such expeditions. 50 dinary spectacles with light yellow glass. It is light, packs well and keeps good under all circumstances. We brought dried new milk with us, the manufacturer assuring us it would keep through the tropics we had to traverse. Despite the 55 can enter everywhere - but I did it, and, treatment it received it kept perfectly good the whole time. We could make ourselves a cup of new milk at any time, and

that is a great advantage on such a long expedition.

We used the Swedish 'Primus,' which excels all such cooking lamps. It is easy Now a word about our supplies and 5 to handle and never fails as long as one is reasonably careful with it. We used merely quite an ordinary pot to cook in.

On the first part of the journey we used

double sleeping bags. The outer one of This was thin and quite light. Over 10 the skin of reindeer buck. The inner one of light skin of reindeer doe or reindeer calf. Both had the hairy side in. Outside the two, we had a cover of light linen cloth, somewhat longer than the bags. This and on the march. In the tent, it protected the bags from damp, while on the march it kept the driven snow entirely

Our foot-coverings had necessitated much consideration, and were of the very The great thing for us was to comsufficient rigidity with softness. They must be soft, to keep our feet warm, used the following myself: outside of all, a boot, the sole of which was of solid leather, the outer covering strong, green, wind-proof cloth. Inside these, I had a ings: next the foot I wore a little woolen sock lined with 'sennegrass' (a kind of soft grass used by Laplanders in their moccasins). I wore this sock, not so Our provisions were not rich in varie- 35 much for warmth as to keep the sennegrass in position. Then a stocking of dog's hair. Then an ordinary woolen stocking, and then two pairs of gabardine stockings. With these, my feet were

Otherwise we were lightly clad with light clothing under gabardine outer garments. Our fur clothing, which we took for use on the plateau, we never had much use a very high degree of nourishment. They 45 for. As long as we had them, we used them under our sleeping-bags at night.

> Of snow-spectacles, several kinds were used - each thought he had discovered the best. Personally, I used a pair of or-It may seem unheard of, to go on an expedition of 1500 miles in these surroundings, with only a pair of ordinary unprotected spectacles, in which the light what is more, without so much as suffering once from snow blindness. That speaks for the excellence of the glass in

them. Dr. Schantz, in Berlin, is the inventor. By a process the glasses have undergone, they are able to keep out the injurious rays.

quarters to the Pole and back, a pair of ordinary walking woolen mittens with the four fingers together in one compartment.

One pair lasted the whole way.

sen pattern, but of unusually light build. Two were shod with steel, the others not. All four had spare runners. The sledges were as strong on our return as when we set out. Our provision boxes were made 15 others should follow the main plan — the of ash, and had only a round opening on top, into which a lid of aluminum fitted, just as into ordinary milk cans. were attached to the sledges with fixed wire fastenings in such a way that it was 20 does n't want something done to it. If we not necessary to undo them to get into the boxes. Thus we avoided unloading and reloading every evening and morning, which is no pleasurable work in cold weather. These lids also afforded protec- 25 again approached. tion from the dogs stealing,—but, as a matter of fact, the dogs never did attempt to attack the provision boxes. Our dog harness was also somewhat of a new kind and brilliantly proved its superiority, so first signs of which is that the seals come It was a combination of Alaskan and Greenland harness, very easy on our dogs.

Of instruments: we had two sextants, three artificial horizons, two of glass, one of mercury. We also used a theodolite on 35 the shorter journeys, but I fancied I could work with quicker and greater accuracy with a sextant. We had also a hypsometer, and an aneroid to determine heights, and four ordinary thermometers. We 40 and off we went. There were five of us: carried a little sledge medicine chest presented by Boroughs, Wellcome & Co. It was splendid in every way. We had also some extra bandages, a pair of dentist's forceps, and a beard-clipping machine.

On August 23 all was ready, and at noon we drove our laden sledges up to the starting place on the other side of the bay, about three miles from our establishrace with the sun, which reappeared on the following day. Owing to the low temperature, 50 to 70 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, we were obliged to wait some noon, we were able to get off.

The journey that followed I shall pass over quickly. It was terrifically cold.

ranging from 60 to 75 degrees below zero; the dogs suffered greatly at night and three of the men had frozen heels. had to be satisfied with reaching the On my hands, I used, from our winter 5 depot, at 80 degrees, that we had built five months before, leaving stores there and returning to 'Framheim.'

This trip, however, taught us much. saw we could without risk divide our-Our sledges were of the ordinary Nan- 10 selves into two parties and thus accomplish more work. It was then determined that one party, under Lieutenant Praesterud, should go to King Edward's Land and do what they could there, while we

march to the South.

The time was now spent in 'healing heels' and in sewing our outfit. I do not think any one will ever get an outfit that were out one day, we had work enough on our things to keep us busy for a week. The heels began to mend a little in October, and the prospects of getting away

One great advantage we all, both men and dogs, gained by this delay was, that we all were well fed on fresh seal meat. Before our departure spring had come, the up and lie on the ice. In our neighborhood they were not allowed to remain long before they were shot and subsequently

eaten.

At length the 20th of October arrived time seems long to those who wait. The weather, was a little uncertain in the morning - squally. But at 8.30 o'clock it cleared from the east with a light breeze, Hanssen, Wisting, Hassel, Bjaaland, and myself, with four sledges and fifty-two dogs - thirteen to each sledge. As we had all our provisions at 80 degrees, the 45 sledges were very light and we went along at a gallop. We did twenty miles a day those days, reaching our depot at 80 degrees at 1.30 P.M., on the 23d of October, in the densest fog. This gave us conment, 'Framheim.' We had won in our 50 vincing proof of the accuracy of our compasses and of our distance meters.

After leaving the depot of October, we made fifteen miles a day, giving the dogs a chance to eat their fill at the depots. Soon days. At last, on September 8, at 12.30 55 we began erecting snow beacons to serve to guide us on returning. Such a beacon was somewhat more than a man's height, built of about sixty blocks of hard snow cut from the surface. We put up about 150, necessitating 9000 blocks. At first one was built every seventh and eighth mile — subsequently every fifth — and at last, near the Pole, every second mile. In 5 degrees and prepared for the next stage. each of these beacons a note was left stating the number of the beacon, its position, the direction and distance of the nearest beacon. In this manner we always kept a control of our march.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

On the morning of the 9th of November. when we got outside our tent, we found the air clear, and on examining the patches 15 Once men and dogs suffered from the heat of cloud, which were still in the same place, we saw they were the tops of huge mountains. This sight wrought in us quite a curious sensation. There we had. before us, the mighty continent covered 20 four-footed comrades at one time. Sevwith ice and snow and barring our way to the Pole.

It must be the southern portion of the chain of mountains Shackleton has marked direction from Beardmore Glacier. From our winter quarters we had followed the meridian as closely as we were able, and now found ourselves about 200 miles east from that glacier, which Shackleton as- 30 turns. It is tiresome work thus going on cended to the plateau.

I was much surprised when I returned to the outer world, to find that people imagined we would make use of the same ascent. I cannot imagine what could have 35 and was deeply immersed in my own created such an idea. It had never entered my mind or the minds of my companions. Never during the whole of the long winter, never during the whole of our sledge journeys, had any one of us for a 40 moment thought of such a thing. We had come there to compete for the Pole, certainly. But we intended to find a way for ourselves.

snow at 83, 84 and 85 degrees and left provisions at each. The land unfolded itself more and more as we advanced, and displayed the most magnificent scenery.

snow-covered. Thus, that part of the mighty 'Fridtjof Nansen's' mountain, which faced the Barrier, was almost entirely bare. It stood like a dark, dreary tic regions. Its head was capped by a magnificent dazzlingly white, glittering helmet at an elevation of 15,000 feet.

The 17th of November was a red-letter day. We climbed an undulating ridge of ice 300 feet high and then descended to the 'beach.' We encamped here at 85.5 We five pedestrians were about to be transformed into Alpine climbers.

The story of the ascent to the plateau is one of almost constant adventure, of 10 narrow escapes from death, from falling into crevices in the glaciers or off of bleak, slippery precipices. At times the faces of the men were swollen almost beyond recognition in the merciless Antarctic gales. with a blazing sun and the temperature at 15 degrees above zero. We were constantly sacrificing the dogs — once we had to despatch twenty-four of our brave. eral times we camped over 9000 feet above the sea. At times we traversed snow bridges, eerie and dangerous, at others polished, wind-swept ice. But at last we on his chart, which runs in a southeasterly 25 forced our way and reached the level plateau.

I shall never forget the day we reached Shackleton's Farthest South. It was my turn to be pioneer. Hassel and I took in front. No one to talk to, nothing to see. The plain spreads out in all directions till it loses itself in the horizon. I had now gone on for a couple of hours thoughts, when I was aroused by ringing cheers.

SHACKLETON OUTSTRIPPED

I turned sharp round and remained still. The scene was so engrossing that all description fails. The Norwegian flag -my own dear country's flag — unfolded itself from the foremost sledge and flut-We established depots built of hard 45 tered in the gentle southerly breeze — 88.23 degrees had been passed.

We gathered round the flag and pressed one another's hands. It was a wonderfully solemn moment. It may well be be-Some mountains were more bare than 50 lieved that we sent him who had reached thus far, and his faithful, brave companions, a thought full of admiration and respect for their manly courage and the perseverance they displayed during their sentinel, guarding the entrance to the mys- 55 long, severe struggle. There will ever be honor and renown for what Sir Ernest Shackleton has accomplished.

The rest of the journey was exhausting

because of the altitude, but we made good

On the 11th of December we were at 89.15 degrees. Dead reckoning and obnearing our goal with rapid strides. The next three days were spent under precisely the same conditions as the previous ones. Temperature continued even, at about and observation, 89.30 degrees. On the 13th, the observation at noon gave 80.37 degrees. That evening we pitched our tent at 89.45 degrees by reckoning.

And then came The Great Day. Personally, perhaps, I slept less soundly that night and was more eager to get off in the morning than usual, but otherwise we We had now seen so much of this high plateau, that we were sure its appearance would not alter. The only thing that brought our blood to circulate a little more which often occurred to us and made us strain our eyes southward across the endless plain: 'Are we the first to get here, or not?' After ten o'clock there came a change in the sky, and it blew a little from 30 the southeast, so we did not get the meridian that day. At 3 P.M., the distance meters announced that our goal was reached.

AT THE SOUTH POLE

We had got our silk flag ready in the morning. We gathered around it now, each man took hold, and together we planted it here - at the same time naming the plateau, on which the Pole is situated, 40 exactly the same altitude, then make a 'King Haakon the Seventh's Wilds.'

We had reached the Pole with three

sledges and seventeen dogs.

As soon as the business was all over, we went into our tent for our feast. It was 45 ments. For safety's sake, we went yet not a very grand meal; a small piece of seal meat for each. Then we had a chat and a little nap. The sun had long since shone clear again, and we intended to take a midnight observation. So at 11.30 P.M. 50 was christened, and it will, probably, if the we turned out and took the altitude. The result gave us 89.56 degrees. This was good enough. We had probably of late got a little off the meridian, which made us four miles short. But that was of no 55 horizon and a hypsometer. At 7.30 P.M., importance. In order to make certain, I sent three men out to encircle the spot with a radius of ten miles. Wisting, Has-

sel, and Biaaland started off just after midnight and were back again at 10 A.M. Meanwhile Hanssen and I had commenced a series of observations for each hour. servation again agreed exactly. We were 5 We began at 6 A.M., Framheim time, and finished at 7 P.M. These observations gave us 89.55 degrees, and the meridian by our compasses in N. W. 1/4 W. to S. E. 1/4 E. I had not contemplated, after this, —15 degrees, and the sun was out the spending any more time here. The Pole whole time. On the 12th, by reckoning had been ringed and the beacon set up. That ought to be sufficient. But I saw that my companions would like to try to get some observations from the very Pole 15 itself. So, as we had food enough and the weather was fine, we resolved to make the experiment. Next morning, instead of turning our faces homeward, as I really would have preferred, we continued our felt much the same as we generally did. 20 march in the direction of the meridian. Before setting out, we left one of our sledges on the spot. We set it on end to make it more easily seen. We also left one of our distance meters. We now tried rapidly than it was wont, was the thought, 25 to march these five miles as straight as possible, and that we succeeded can best be understood from the fact that when we reached the end we found the sledge we had left exactly in the meridian.

We now made ourselves as comfortable as possible. Built up a substantial snow pillar for the artificial horizon, and set to work at once with the observations. For twenty-five hours we took the altitude of 35 the sun, each hour. There were four of us, well accustomed to use a sextant. The sun's motion was very uneven. The atmosphere must have been greatly disturbed. For hours the sun could maintain little jump and again stop still. On the 7th of December at noon, Framheim time, we had finished. We had done all that could be accomplished with our instruanother four and a half miles in the direction of the meridian. Here we erected a small tent we had brought with us, with a flag and a pennant on top. 'Polheim' it weather is always as we found it, remain there long.

In the tent we left some letters, a few clothes and a sextant, an artificial glass Framheim time, we left Polheim. How often we turned and sent it a last farewell, it is not easy to tell.

v

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN SCOTT

LIEUT. E. R. G. R. EVANS. R.N.

[New York Times, February 11, 1913.— Copyright. 10 concussion of the brain sustained while

CHRISTCHURCH, New Zealand, February 10.—Capt. Robert F. Scott's Antarctic ship, the Terra Nova, on January 18, this year, arrived at Cape Evans, the base on is feet and hands had been badly frostbit-McMurdo Sound, where it was to meet the explorers on their return from the expedition in search of the South Pole and bring them back, if they were ready. It was learned from the shore party found at this 20 tense suffering for weeks without combase that Captain Scott and the four men with him had reached the Pole on January 18, 1912, but all had perished on the return journey, about the end of March. Their bodies were not found until a searching 25 party discovered them on November 12, nearly eight months after the disaster.

Captain Scott, Dr. Edward A. Wilson, were caught in a blizzard and were overcome about March 29. They were then within eleven miles of One Ton Depot,

supplies.

THE SEARCH PARTY'S JOURNEY

the winter on October 30 last. The party, which was organized by Surgeon Atkinson, consisted of two divisions, Atkinson taking the dog teams with Garrard and Demetri, and Mr. Wright being in charge 45 to proceed. They were forced to camp of a party including Nelson, Gran, Lash- on March 1, in latitude 79° 40' S., longiof a party including Nelson, Gran, Lashley, Crean, Williamson, Keohane, and Hooper, with seven Indian mules. They Hooper, with seven Indian mules. were provisioned for three months, as they expected an extended search.

One Ton Camp was found in order, and

all provisioned.

Proceeding along the old southern route. Wright's party sighted Captain Scott's tent on November 12. Within it were found 55 the bodies of Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson, and Lieutenant Bowers. They had saved

their records, hard pressed thev as were.

From these papers the following infor-

mation was gleaned: -

The first death was that of Seaman Edgar Evans, petty officer of the Royal Navy, official number 160,225, who died on February 17 at the foot of the Beardmore Glacier. His death was accelerated by a traveling over the rough ice some time before.

Capt. L. E. G. Oates of the Sixth Inniskillen Dragoons was the next lost. His ten from exposure on the march. Although he struggled on heroically, on March 16 his comrades knew that his end was approaching. He had borne his inplaint, and he did not give up hope to the very end.

'OATES WENT OUT TO DIE

Captain Scott wrote in his diary this

tribute to Captain Oates:

'He was a brave soul. He slept through the night, hoping not to wake, but he chief of the scientific staff, and Lieut. H. awoke in the morning. It was blowing a R. Bowers had made their way back to 30 blizzard. Oates said, "I am just going within 155 miles of Cape Evans, when they outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard, and we have not seen him since.'

Another passage read: 'We knew that where they would have found shelter and 35 Oates was walking to his death, but, though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an Eng-

lish gentleman.'

On March 16 Oates was really unable The search party left Cape Evans after 40 to travel, but the others could not leave him and he would not hold them back. After his gallant death, Scott, Wilson, and Bowers pushed on northward when the abnormally bad weather would permit them tude 169° 23' E., eleven miles south of the big depot at One Ton Camp.

This refuge they never reached, owing 50 to a blizzard, which is known from the records of the party at Cape Evans to have lasted nine days, overtaking them. Their food and fuel gave out and they suc-

cumbed to exposure.

In Captain Scott's diary, Surgeon Atkinson found the following, which is quoted verbatim:

MESSAGE TO THE PUBLIC

faulty organization, but to misfortune in all risks which had to be undertaken.

I. The loss of the pony transport in March, 1911, obliged me to start later than I had intended, and obliged the limits of stuff trans- 10 unable to leave the tent - the gale howling ported to be narrowed.

2. The weather throughout the outward journey, and especially the long gale in 83° S.,

stopped us.

3. The soft snow in lower reaches of gla-15

cier again reduced pace.

We fought these untoward events with a will and conquered, but it cut into our provision reserve.

and depots made on the interior ice-sheet and over that long stretch of 700 miles to the Pole and back, worked out to perfection. The advance party would have returned to see that the glacier in fine form and with surplus of 25 cared for. food, but for the astonishing failure of the man whom we had least expected to fail. Edgar Evans was thought the strongest man of the party.

fine weather, but on our return we did not get a single completely fine day; this with a sick companion enormously increased our

anxieties.

As I have said elsewhere we got into 35 frightfully rough ice and Edgar Evans received a concussion of the brain — he died a natural death, but left us a shaken party with

the season unduly advanced.

But all the facts above enumerated were as nothing to the surprise which awaited us 40 to their memory over the inner tent in on the Barrier. I maintain that our arrangements for returning were quite adequate, and that no one in the world would have expected the temperatures and surfaces which we encountered at this time of the year. On the summit in lat. 85°, 86° we had body of Captain Oates. It was not found, -20°, -30°. On the Barrier in lat. 82°, 10,000 feet lower, we had -30° in the day, -47° at night pretty regularly, with continuous head wind during our day marches. It is clear denly, and our wreck is certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather, which does not seem to have any satisfactory cause. I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through, and we should have got through in through in through in through in through in the should have got through the should have got spite of the weather but for the sickening of a second companion, Captain Oates, and for a

shortage of fuel in our depots for which I cannot account, and finally, but for the storm which has fallen on us within eleven miles of the depot at which we hoped to secure our final The causes of the disaster are not due to 5 supplies. Surely misfortune could scarcely have exceeded this last blow. We arrived within eleven miles of our old One Ton Camp with fuel for one last meal and food for two days. For four days we have been about us. We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks, we knew we took them; things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, Every detail of our food supplies, clothing, 20 determined still to do our best to the last. But if we have been willing to give our lives to this enterprise, which is for the honor of our country, I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend on us are properly

Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough The Beardmore Glacier is not difficult in 30 notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely, surely, a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent on us are properly provided for.

(Signed) R. Scott.

March 25, 1912.

Surgeon Atkinson and his gathered the records and effects of the dead men and read the burial service over their bodies and erected a cairn and cross which they buried them. A record of the finding of their bodies was left attached to the cross.

The party then searched for twenty but another cairn and record were left

in the vicinity to his memory.

It should here most certainly be noted that these circumstances come on very sud-50 that the southern party nobly stood by their sick companions to the end, and in spite of their distressing condition they had retained every record and thirty-five pounds of geological specimens which value. This emphasizes the nature of their journey.

VI

THE CONQUERING OF MT. McKINLEY

BELMORE BROWNE

[Hearst's Magazine, December, 1912. By permission.]

There is only one workmanlike way to reach the northern face of Mt. McKinley — in the winter time with dog sleds.

Professor Herschel C. Parker and the writer had exhausted every other promis- 15 weight as we could not use it until we ing approach. In 1906 we had studied the western and southwestern ridges, and in 1910 we had explored the excessively rugged glaciers and mountains of the southern approach. During the latter ex- 20 trip. plorations we had tried the mountain at several different points between the southwestern, southern, and southeastern ridges, and on one of these attempts we reached our highest altitude of 10,300 feet. The 25 unknown pass added tremendously to the problem of telling whether or not any particular route to the summit of this great peak is feasible, is far more simple than one would suppose. For Mt. McKinless the climbers find a route where they can camp and transport their food and shelter, their efforts would fail at the beginning.

world rises from a high base. In South America, for instance, the actual climbing of a 20,000 foot peak generally begins at an altitude of 16,000 feet or over. of from four to five thousand feet, leaving 15,000 feet of snow and ice to be negotiated. This fact makes Mt. McKinley the highest peak in the world above the

line of perpetual snow.

No possible route to the summit existed on any of the slopes seen by Professor Parker and the writer in 1906 and 1910. We decided, therefore, to make a third

big peak.

We were actuated by two especial motives: the ascent of Mt. McKinley, and the crossing and exploration of the rugged and unknown portion of the Alaskan 55 who mapped it for a distance of about ten Range lying just east of Mt. McKinley. To accomplish both ends we were forced to begin our travels at some seacoast

town on the southern side of the Alaskan Range. As Cook's Inlet is closed to navigation during the winter, we began our journey at Seward, more than four hun-5 dred miles from the northern side of McKinley, and over the greater part of this distance we broke our own trail through the silent, snow-smothered wilder-

Our party was composed of four men: Professor Parker, Arthur Aten, Merl La Voy, and the writer. All our supplies were drawn by two dog teams, and the greater part of our freight was a dead reached the mountain. Every mile that we advanced cost us at least five extra miles of travel, as we made an average of three relays during the entire

Nothing that I know of can approach the fascination of traveling with dog teams through the Alaskan wilderness in the winter time, and our search for an

excitement of our journey.

Space will not permit of the recounting of our adventures in breaking through the range, suffice it to say that we were sevenley rises to such a high altitude that un- 30 teen days without seeing any vegetation, and were a rough looking crew when we reached the north side. By our journey we added a new glacier to the southern slope of the range and tied on a glacier Almost every high mountain in the 35 system some sixty miles in extent to the northeastern face of Mt. McKinley.

We arrived at the base of Mt. McKinley on April 25, after nearly three months of continuous travel. We had studied the Whereas Mt. McKinley rises from a base 40 country carefully as we advanced, and ${
m I}$ had made a long reconnaissance trip ahead, locating a camping spot, and finding a route to the glacier that forms a roadway to the eastern face of the big 45 mountain. This route led through a deep gash that we called 'Glacier Pass,' which lay at the head of the valley in which our base camp was located. Going up this pass I came to a large glacier which, to attack from the northeastern side of the 50 my surprise, I found to be the Muldrow Glacier.

This glacier was put on the map in 1902 by Alfred H. Brooks and D. L. Reakburn of the United States Geological Survey, miles from its snout. From the rugged mountains where I was standing I could see the glacier from a point near its snout to where its two large branches drained the ice and snow from Mt. McKinley. The main branch headed at the base of the eastern cliffs, but the second branch came from the basin between McKinley's two peaks. We spoke of the glacier that fell from the 'big basin' as 'McKinley Glacier.'

On the 29th of April Professor Parker. Merl La Voy, and the writer began our 10 seen so stormy a summer. advance on the mountain. Arthur Aten remained at base camp to look out for our dogs and belongings, and to read the barometer. Our advance was really a reconnaissance as we took one dog team and 15 dangerous to venture near. Even where

heavily loaded sleds.

Following the 'McKinley Glacier' we reached the cliffs of McKinley at an altitude of 11,000 feet. One glance at the northeast ridge convinced us that it was 20 climbable. It now became necessary to return to base camp to leave the dogs with Aten, as there was no way of feeding them while we were on the big mountain. Before leaving we cached a sled loaded 25 ing a snow cloud about 1000 feet high. with about 300 pounds of mountain food and equipment, against our return. We reached base camp after an absence of two

for about three weeks, and then La Voy cut his knee badly while trying to photo-graph a caribou. We could take these misadventures philosophically, however, as 35 supply and after the sun had settled the we were confident that the lengthening days would improve the climbing condi-

tions on the big mountain. June 4 dawned partly clear and the barometer as well as La Voy's knee was 40 promising, so we got our mountain equipment in order, and the night of June 5 found us camped at the base of the first sérac on McKinley Glacier. Aten had given us a hand with a dog team and in- 45 larly but where we had to pass under the tended to return at once to base camp, but we were pretty well played out by the long tramp and he stayed with us all night, sharing my wolf robe. The next mornraging and we were forced to give up all thought of traveling. Aten, fearing that his trail would soon be covered, started immediately after breakfast. Lying full length on the light sled, he whistled to the 55 eager dogs and shot away into the gray mist. On the 6th, 7th, and 8th of June the storm continued and we lay storm-

bound in our little tent. We were dumfounded by the turn the weather had taken; all the mountains that were practically free of their winter mantles in May were now buried deep in snow.

We could n't understand it, but since then we have found that the bad weather was general, and old settlers in the lowlands told us later that they had never

On the following day, paradoxical as it may seem, we were held by good weather, for the sun blazing down on the masses of new snow that clung to the cliffs made it we were camped - some 400 yards from the base of the cliffs - we did not feel any too secure, although there was a low moraine to guard us.

The temperature on this day was the highest recorded by us while we were on the ice. It was 46 degrees in the sun at I P.M., and 26 degrees in the shade! About noon a great avalanche fell, throw-It was so close to us that we had to lower our tent or the tremendous wind caused by the falling snow, would have done us damage. The avalanche swept across the On our arrival we were beset by vil- 30 part of the sérac we had to cross and was lainous weather. The 'bad spell' lasted finally stopped by the large crevasses. The thunder of snowslides was continuous during the day.

Our enforced wait had lowered our food snow, La Voy and I snowshoed six miles to a cache we had made in Glacier Pass and returned with alcohol, pemmican,

hardtack, and sugar.

Our second ascent of the glacier was accomplished without any unusual adventures. La Voy hurt his 'game' knee by falling into a crevasse, but our being roped averted a tragedy. Avalanches fell regucliffs, we chose the safest time of day either early morning or late evening. The trail breaking was excessively hard work, and our eyes suffered accordingly, as the ing we awoke to find a heavy snowstorm 50 glare on the snow made us snow-blind; but liberal doses of eye 'dope' allowed us to continue.

Our sled was reached on June 13, and a great weight was taken from our minds. Besides a liberal supply of food and fuel, we recovered many luxuries, such as caribou and mountain sheep skins to sleep on, and some pocket editions of well-known

authors, and a pocket chessboard made life more worth living.

We were now at an altitude of 11.000 The average cloud level was below us, and while we still had storms to contend with, we suffered less from delays than we had on the lower glaciers. On June 14 we packed all our duffle to the hase of the northeast ridge. Just above above us a steep but climbable snow slope led to the top.

While we were relaying up our packs, great masses of mist came rolling over the a mass of clouds as I have ever seen, that rose higher and higher until we were enveloped in mist and snow. We dug a deep hole for our tent, and shoveled the blocks 20 slow time. of snow into a wall, so that we were well sheltered. The storm continued for two days and we lay in our fur bags listening to the howling of the wind and the sound of snow slithering across our frozen tent. 25 pitch our tent. We were now on the very Late on the afternoon of June 16, it cleared a little and we moved up the glacier to the point where we could climb the ridge. Removing our snowshoes, we toiled upward, pounding big foot holes as 30 and all we had to do to enter the basin was we went. We found a fairly flat place near the top of the ridge that with a little shoveling would make a good camp

words! We looked straight down into a grim amphitheater; the walls were as savage as I have ever seen. About a thousand feet below us lay a floor of cold great hollow, and as we looked a shaft of sunlight broke through the western peaks, and turned the clouds to fire.

coll. Our altitude was 11,800 feet and the 'Coll Camp,' as we called it, was our climbing base during our attack on Mt. McKinley. We shoveled far into the snow solutely protected from any gale. I reorganized our outfit, and found that we had ample rations for one month.

On June 18 I made the following entry good day to-morrow, and if it is, we will try to take a load of food and necessities up to the big basin between the two peaks.'

This entry expresses the optimism with which we planned the ascent of the ridge. As a matter of fact it took us four days to reach the edge of the big basin at an als titude of 15,150 feet. Once we were forced to return to the Coll Camp for ten days' rations, as we were beginning to realize the difficulties that confronted us. Our actual climbing time between our Coll us the ridge was broken by a low coll, and 10 Camp at 11,000 feet and our 'Fifteen Thousand Camp,' was fifteen hours of constant toil. It required seven hours of the hardest labor to climb to our 'Ridge Camp' at 13,600 feet, and eight hours range from the south. The lowlands on 15 climbing from the 'Ridge Camp' to the the north were soon covered with as dense 'Fifteen Thousand Camp.' While relaying, after the steps were made we climbed faster. Deep, soft snow lying at a dangerous angle was the principal cause of our

On the 24th of June we had packed our complete equipment to 15,150 feet, and we were glad to find a level spot in the lee of some great granite slabs where we could edge of the 'Big Basin' and from our tent door we could see the ice séracing down between Mt. McKinley's two peaks. Between the séracs lay smooth snow slopes, to make an easy 'traverse' under the cliffs

of the northeast ridge.

I went through an experience at this camp that gave us all the deepest cause The view from the coll was beyond 35 for worry. Both Professor Parker and La Voy had had difficulty in digesting our pemmican. They thought that the pemmican was not good, and I scoffed at the idea until we reached the 15,000-foot camp gray clouds that hid the bottom of the 40 and then I was attacked by severe cramps. Now pemmican was the foundation on which we had builded our hopes of reaching the summit, and if we found that we On June 17 we relayed all our belong- could not use it at high altitudes, we ings 800 feet in the air to the top of the 45 would be in a serious predicament. We decided to cook it at our next camp in the hope that it would be more digestible. During the night the wind began to moan among the rocks, and soon a gale was and set the tent back so that it was ab- 50 shrieking down between the two peaks. Mingled with the rattle of the gale we heard the lash of wind-driven snow. When we awoke next morning, the snow was still falling and as we lay blissfully in my diary: 'It looks as if it will be a 55 dozing in our fur bags, avalanches began to roar down into the glacial amphitheaters below us, until the very mountain seemed to tremble, and the sound swelled to the steady rumble of thunder. We were

stormbound all day.

June 26 dawned clear, and when night had come we were camped, bag and baggage, in the center of the 'Big Basin,' skept us from making better time, but the at an altitude of 16,000 feet. A sérac about 800 feet high broke across the basin above us, but on its northern end we could see good slopes of avalanche snow that promised an easy route to the 10 now at an elevation of 18,250 feet.

The temperature inside of our tent at 8.30 P.M. was 5 degrees below zero. Our vitality was low on account of the altitude and we suffered severely from the retack was as important a factor; for while cold, and got little sleep. On June 27 we advanced in two relays to an altitude of 17,150 feet. This camp was situated about halfway up the 'big basin' in a flat that

lay between the two séracs.

The last and highest sérac rose about 800 feet above us, but it came principally from the south peak, and there was an easy route that led around the north end to the very top of the 'Big Basin.' The 25 of the rocks. The views looking down main northeast ridge rose directly south of our camp, and while its side was steep in places, we saw that we could reach the top easily and follow it to the final summit of the south peak. We all got thoroughly 30 the range there was not one cloud. The chilled while making camp, but the thermometer only registered 8 degrees below zero - a great improvement over our last

It blew a gale all day and we devoted ourselves to preparing for the final climb. The clouds were all below us and a clear sunset in the evening promised a good hypsometer as a check on our aneroids. The temperature at 3.45 P.M. in the sun, was 8 degrees by one thermometer and 9 degrees by another. We ate sparingly of

pemmican pudding.

At 6.30 on the morning of June 29 we started for the summit. It was a wonderful morning, clear and cold; the great snow slopes of the two peaks were still in ing of our ice creepers on the hard crust. As it was light all night we did not give a thought to the speed we should make, but plodded slowly and steadily upward. is the clear, dry climate of the interior, Our course was directly up the side of the 55 while between, like a giant earthwork but plodded slowly and steadily upward. northeast ridge. About 200 feet above camp we crossed a little bench, but from there on to the top, the grade was steep

and we were forced to zigzag and chop

Not a single difficulty confronted us. In places we encountered soft snow that difficult climbing was all behind us on the lower ridge. We reached the top of the ridge in about two hours and a half. According to our two barometers, we were placed our climbing at about 400 feet an The altitude was in part responsible for our slow progress, but I feel that our light diet of raisins, sugar and hardit was our rule to climb slowly but steadily, I know that if we had been well fed, we could have made faster time with the same expense of energy.

At the point where we reached the summit of the ridge we wound back and forth between great blocks of granite. As a keen wind was blowing from the south we munched our second breakfast in the lee from this ridge were beyond words. We could see the whole eastern sweep of the great Alaskan Range spread out like a map below us. On the northern side of tangled mountain chains blended into the rolling foothills, which in turn melted into the dim blue of the timbered lowlands that rolled away to the northward, grow-On June 28 we rested and reorganized. 35 ing bluer and bluer until they were lost

at the end of the world.

On the humid south side, a sea of clouds was rolling against the main range like surf on a rocky shore. The clouds rose climbing day. Professor Parker boiled a 40 as we watched. At one point a cloud would break through between two guarding peaks; beyond, a serpentine mass would creep northward along a glacier gap in the range; soon every pass was 45 filled with cloud battalions that joined forces on the northern side, and swept downward like a triumphant army over the northern foothills. It was a striking and impressive illustration of the war that shadow and the only sound was the grat- 50 the elements are constantly waging along the Alaskan Range.

On the southern side hang the humid clouds of the Pacific Slope; on the north between two hostile armies, stands the Alaskan Range. From our eerie we could look down onto our 1910 battleground.

Through deep blue chasms in the clouds the well-remembered contours of the rugged peaks that we had explored in that eventful summer seemed like the faces along the arête we noticed that we were short of breath, but the altitude did not affect us in any other way. At a little less than 19,000 feet we got our first near the ridge broadened into the first swell of the final summit. While climbing the ridge the wind had increased, and now the southern sky had darkened and the wind tude that we must climb before reaching the snow of the final summit. The footing was good and we made better time.

the summit, the wind was laden with dry snow, and from this point upward every landmark was wiped out and we faced an ever-increasing blizzard. We had taken where Professor Parker's 20,0 careful bearings, however, and as long as 25 rometer had ceased to register. we were going uphill we had no fear as far as our ability to reach the final ridge was concerned. But several other facts did worry us. When I ended my turn of my hands were beginning to freeze. La Voy's and my hands had become coated with ice in the making of steps, and from using the axes our leather-covered mittens was so severe and the cold so pitiless that I was actually afraid to get new mittens out of my ruck-sack for fear that my hands would be frozen during the opera-I could no longer see La Voy, and Parker who was only twenty feet ahead, was a dim blur. Realizing our desperate posiprocess we were rising slowly foot by foot as La Voy finished the steps. At times I could no longer see Parker, and I had to feel for the steps with my ice above the roar of the wind, and knew that my turn to chop had come. Professor Parker advanced to the steps where La Voy stood, and when I joined them we the situation over. Our hard work had come to an end; for just above me I could see between the clouds of snow a

small bergschrund, or crack, that marked the shoulder of the ridge. I advanced to the lee of this point and as I rose above it I was met by a frozen gale that drove of old friends. As we advanced upward 5 the breath from my body - I could n't face it. Quickly returning to my companions I told them that we could do nothing at present on the summit. We were in a dangerous place. The summit view of the summit. The rocks ended and 10 of the mountain was a horseshoe-shaped ridge about one-third of a mile in length, with the opening facing east. It was uneven on top and from clear views that we had obtained from below, we knew that was blowing a small gale. Ahead of us 15 there was a hummock or small dome ris-was a round dome some 300 feet in alti- ing from the northern bend of the horseshoe summit. This small dome is, in all probability, the highest point on Mt. Mc-Kinley. Now we were stormbound on the By the time we had reached the foot of 20 northern end of the horseshoe curve, where the mountain fell away to join the northeast ridge. According to our traveling time we were 250 feet above the point where Professor Parker's 20,000-foot ba-

On reaching 19,000 feet my barometer had agreed within 100 feet with Professor Parker's. But as we rose higher my instrument - probably due to false comstep chopping at 20,000 feet I found that 30 pensation — had dropped with great rapidity to 17,200 feet, or the same altitude as our camp between the two peaks! From then until I returned to our 17,000-foot camp it was useless, but on the following had, in turn, become covered. The storm 35 day it regained its composure and registered the same as Professor Parker's. Professor Parker's barometer behaved with absolute regularity throughout, and as we knew that the final summit rose tion. In the lashing sheets of dry snow 40 about 200 feet above us, the summit, according to our calculations, would be 20,-450 feet above sea level.

The United States Government places tion, I concentrated my mind on getting the summit—by triangulation—at 20,-blood back into my hands. During the 45 300 feet, a small difference indeed. On leaving from, and returning to, our base camp, both our barometers and a third that Aten had read twice daily during our absence, closely agreed; and furthermore, creepers. At last I heard La Voy's hail so all three agreed closely with Brooks' contour lines.

On returning to my companions, we held a council of war. While we could probably have reached the summit in a halfstood braced against the storm and talked 55 hour in clear weather, we were afraid to face the present gale. With our glasses covered with ice and fearing to remove them on account of the cold, we were helpless, and could not see each other even when only separated by a few feet. The fact that our steps were completely wiped out added to our concern, for we realized how difficult it would be to find the nar- 5 row ridge where it joined the smooth dome a thousand feet below us. After looking over our position, we decided to take the odds offered and try to ride out the storm.

Having once decided on this course we set to work and soon chopped a small shelter in the hard snow. Our hopes were soon blasted, however, for after a few minutes of inaction we began to feel the 15 climb, however, for our moccasins, gloves, numbing effect of the cold. The gale was driving the dry snow into every seam and pore of our clothing, and the heat of our bodies was turning the snow to ice. Our parkas were becoming stiff and the wol- 20 causes of mountain storms, and we all verine fur on our parkahoods was frozen stiff from the moisture of our breath; our mittens were hard with ice, and we held our ice axes with difficulty. Our position was an unique one as I do not believe 25 there is a parallel case in the history of mountaineering. Had Mt. McKinley's summit been a peak we would have swung to the leeward snow slopes and claimed a first ascent. As it was, we were on the 30 tremendous blow to us. It was not alone summit's edge and but for the extent and formations of this 'ridge-summit' should have claimed the first ascent. were in the position of a ship that had traveled thousands of miles to reach a cer- 35 000 feet, where everything in the food line tain city and had then been fog-bound at the harbor's mouth. This much remains to console us: as far as the climbing was concerned we conquered Mt. McKinley and when some day a party stands on the 40 sibly could have remained in the big basin highest snow they will have followed our trail to the last dome. If it were not for this thought we would have to try again. The storm had now grown to a point

As I felt the cold creeping upward from my numbed hands and feet, I knew that it was dangerous to remain on the peak an instant longer, so I yelled to Parker and La Voy that we must get off the peak and so La Voy and I used. We attributed all our get off quickly and that I would lead. The descent through the storm was the most exciting experience of my life. Everything depended on our finding and following the steps we had chopped, and 55 keep his eyes focused on the white, glaring the only way I could find them was by feeling for the soft spots in the snow. After what seemed hours, we arrived at

a level spot above the first swell above the ridge, and a half-hour later we saw dim rock shapes through the storm and realized that the ridge was found.

With thankful hearts we halted to leeward of the highest rocks to rest, and as we continued downward to our camp the ridge protected us from the gale. Soon after our return the wind began to mod-10 erate but the tourmente on the summit continued for some hours.

The following day dawned as clear as crystal, and all day long the summit stood clear cut against the sky. We could not and outer clothing were impregnated with ice dust of the storm, and all day long we kept our alcohol stove going and dried our duffle. We spent hours talking of the held fast to the theory that it was the effect of the sun on the atmosphere that caused the sudden savage gales that lashed the peaks until night dispelled them. Acting on this theory, we determined that our next attempt would be made before the sun had had a chance to warm the lower strata of air.

Our inability to eat pemmican was a the weakening effect of our light diet that worried us, as added to this was the great waste of energy from having packed a food we could not eat, to a height of 17,was worth its weight in gold. Under our restricted diet we found that we were reduced to four days' rations, whereas if we had been able to eat pemmican, we posa week longer. During our day of rest La Voy and I suffered acutely from snowblindness, but thanks to a liberal supply of boracic acid and zinc sulphate, we got where to face it required all our strength. 45 our eyes into fair condition for our second attempt to reach the summit.

Professor Parker was not affected by this painful malady, although his snow glasses gave less protection than the type eye trouble to step chopping and trail breaking, as in this work a man has nothing of a dark color on which to rest his eyes, and, what is worse, he is forced to surface of the snow.

On the first of July we arose at 1.30 A.M. The weather as far as I could tell by looking down from the big basin on to the northern foothills, was beautifully clear. Not a cloud was visible and from the tent door the distant land, 15,-000 feet below me stretched away like a 5 traveling was concerned, but our long great blue sea. We left camp at 3 A.M. and in two hours and a half we had climbed to 18,250 feet, and put the most difficult part of the ascent behind us.

On reaching the top of the ridge, we so we made camp. looked down onto a dense mass of clouds that were sweeping up from the Susitua Valley. Without waiting to rest, we turned and made the best speed we could up the ridge. As we advanced the clouds 15 our way through, and after traveling all came rolling after us, until at 19,500 feet we were enveloped in a cold wind-driven mist that stopped our progress. Just before the wind caught us, we stopped above the last rocks at the base of the final peak, 20 that our feet had rested on anything but and we could trace our wind-blown steps to a point just below the little bergschrund on the edge of the crest where we had tried to weather the storm two days before. From where we stood we estimated that 25 in our weakened condition we made rough the north peak rose about 500 feet above us. As far as we could tell, the south peak was only 500 feet higher than the north peak.

held on for more than an hour walking back and forth to fight the frost, and then, as the roar of the wind grew louder, we turned without a word, and fought our way back over the ground we had given 35 As we stumbled on, overcome with exso much to gain. We left a minimum thermometer in a crack on the western side of the highest boulder of the northeast ridge. On reaching camp, we held an inventory, and finding that we did not have 40 large rock that overlooked the surroundenough food to allow of another attempt on the peak, we took time by the forelock, and descended to our 15,000-foot camp. We left our high camp after lunch, and it presented a lonesome sight as we turned 45 We were a happy crew that night! our faces toward the lowlands. We descended in about three hours and our old trail still held. The following day we reached our 'Coll Camp' after some trying experiences. I was snow-blind again, so to long for the trail again, and on a sunny and while leading I broke through a snow cornice on a knife-edge arête, but sunk my ax into the snow before the rope be-

came taut. We organized at the Coll and at 8.30 that night we were camped among some crevasses at the head of the big sérac. We came down easily as far as the absence had made a great difference in the snow, and great crevasses had appeared in all directions. These and a heavy fog kept us busy until finally the fog won and

We were greatly worried about the séracs below us as we feared that some of the bergschrunds might have opened and blocked our path, but we finally wormed

night, we reached 'Glacier Pass,'

I will never forget the joy we felt at having earth and rock beneath our feet. It was the first time in twenty-eight days snow and ice. On the 4th of July, we staggered down the snow-filled pass on our way to base camp. La Voy and I were carrying packs of over eighty pounds, and weather of it. But the joy of smelling green grass and flowers, and resting our aching eyes on the green mountain pastures repaid us for all our work. Where Now we were stormbound again. We 30 the snow melted into crystal streams, we entered the green lowlands and a herd of fifty caribon welcomed us to their coun-The sun was going down in a sea of crimson when we neared our base camp. citement, I kept wondering if Aten was safe, for much can happen in twenty-eight wilderness days.

Above our camp on a round hill stood a ing country, and as we strained our eyes ahead, we saw a figure against the sky, then a smaller shape - a dog, appeared, and our yells echoed down the valley!

For several days we ate and rested, enjoying to the full the beauties of our wilderness home. But as the tender caribou meat brought back our strength, we began morning, we sadly bade good-by to our old camp and turned our faces northward toward the Yukon.

VII

MY FIRST FLIGHT

H. G. WELLS

[American Magazine, December, 1912. By permission.]

flights of imagination, but this morning 1 I flew. I spent about ten or fifteen minutes in the air; we went out to sea, soared up, came back over the land, circled higher, planed steeply down to the water, and 15 I landed with the conviction that I had had only the foretaste of a great store of hitherto unsuspected pleasures. At the first chance I will go up again, and I will

go higher and further. This experience has restored all the keenness of my ancient interest in flying, which had become a little fagged and flat by too much hearing and reading about the thing and not enough partici-25 feel a quite sickening dread. Even if men pation. Fifteen years ago, in the days of Langley and Lilienthal, I was one of the few journalists who believed and wrote that flying was possible — it affected my reputation unfavorably, and produced 30 the pitching and tossing make them quite in the few discouraged pioneers of those days a quite touching gratitude. Over my mantel as I write hangs a very blurred and bad but interesting photograph that Professor Langley sent me thirteen years 35 with which I got aboard the waterplane ago. It shows the flight of the first piece of human machinery heavier than air that ever kept itself up for any length of time. It was a model, a little affair that would not have lifted a cat; 40 pushes off for the first time down an iceit went up in a spiral and came down unsmashed, bringing back, like Noah's dove, the promise of tremendous things.

SOME EXPLODED PROPHECIES

That was only thirteen years ago, and it is amusing to recall how cautiously even we out-and-out believers did our prophesying. I was quite a desperate felwe should see men flying. But I qualified that by repeating that for many years to come it would be an enterprise only for quite fantastic daring and skill. We conjured up stupendous difficulties 55 and risks. I was deeply impressed and greatly discouraged by a paper a dis-1 Friday, August 2, 1912.

tinguished Cambridge mathematician produced to show that a flying-machine was bound to pitch fearfully, that as it flew on its pitching must increase, until up 5 went its nose, down went its tail, and it fell like a knife. We exaggerated every possibility of instability. We imagined that when the aëroplane was n't 'kicking up ahind and afore' it would be heeling Hitherto my only flights have been to over to the lightest side wind. A sneeze might upset it. We contrasted our poor human equipment with the instinctive balance of a bird, which has had ten million years of evolution by way of a start. . . .

(The waterplane in which I soared over Eastbourne this morning with Mr. Grahame White was as steady as a motorcar running on asphalt.)

Then we went on from those anticipa-20 tions of swaying insecurity to speculations about the psychological and physiological effects of flying. Most people who look down from the top of a cliff or high tower feel some slight qualms of dread, many struggled high into the air, we asked, would n't they be smitten up there by such a lonely and reeling dismay as to lose all self-control? And, above all, wouldn't horribly seasick?

I have always been a little haunted by that last dread. It gave a little undertow of funk to the mood of lively curiosity this morning - that sort of faint, thin funk that so readily invades one on the verge of any new experience; when one tries one's first dive, for example, or run. I thought I should very probably be seasick — or, to be more precise, airsick; I thought also that I might be very giddy, and that I might get thoroughly cold and 45 uncomfortable. None of those things happened.

I am still in a state of amazement at the smooth steadfastness of the motion. There is nothing on earth to compare with low; I said outright that in my lifetime 50 that, unless — and that I can't judge — it is an ice-yacht traveling on perfect ice. The finest motor-car in the world on the best road would be a joggling, quivering thing beside it.

> To begin with, we went out to sea before the wind, and the plane would not readily rise. We went with an undulating movement, leaping with a light splashing pat

upon the water, from wave to wave. Then we came about into the wind, and rose; and looking over I saw that there were no longer those periodic flashes of white foam. I was flying. And it was

AS STILL AND STEADY AS DREAMING

I watched the widening distance between our floats and the waves. It was n't ago I was in a motor-car that ran over by any means a windless day — there was 10 and killed a small dog, and this wretched a brisk fluctuating breeze blowing out of the north over the downs. It seemed

hardly to affect our flight at all.

And as for the giddiness of looking down, one does not feel it at all. It is 15 exhilarating assurance that you cannot difficult to explain why this should be so, but it is so. I suppose in such matters I am neither exceptionally steady-headed. nor is my head exceptionally given to swimming. I can stand on the edge of 20 cliffs of a thousand feet or so and look down, but I can never bring myself right up to the edge, nor crane over to look to the very bottom. I should want to lie down to do that. And the other day I 25 There again reason reinforced conjecture. was on that Belvedere place at the top of the Rotterdam skyscraper, a rather high wind was blowing, and one looks down through the chinks between the boards one stands on upon the heads of the people 30 of Beachey Head, and a good two miles in the streets below; I did n't like it. I looked directly down on a little fleet of fishing-boats over which we passed, and on the crowds assembling on the beach, and on the bathers who stared up at us 35 anything I will assert I heard that noise from the breaking surf with an entirely agreeable exaltation. And Eastbourne in the early morning sunshine had all the brightly detailed littleness of a town viewed from high up on the side of a great 40 covered that our voices had become almountain.

THAT GOING-DOWN SENSATION

When Mr. Grahame White told me we were going to plane down, I will confess 45 air at Eastbourne with the impression I tightened my hold on the sides of the car, and prepared for something like the down-going sensation of a switchback railway on a larger scale. Just for a moment ing crowd upon the sands again with the there was that familiar feeling of some- 50 knowledge that it is a thing achieved for thing pressing one's heart up towards one's shoulders and one's lower jaw up into its socket, and of grinding one's lower teeth against the upper, and then it passed. The nose of the car and all the machine was 55 aëroplanes and motor-cars, -- but it is slanting downward, we were gliding quickly down, and yet there was no feeling that one rushed, not even as one rushes

in coasting a hill on a bicycle. It was n't a tithe of the thrill of those three descents one gets on the great mountain railway in the White City. There one gets a dis-5 agreeable quiver up one's backbone from the wheels, and a real sense of falling.

It is quite peculiar to flying that one is incredulous of any collision. Some time little incident has left an open wound upon my nerves. I am never quite happy in a car now; I can't help keeping an apprehensive eye ahead. But you fly with an possibly run over anything or run into anything - except the land or the sea, and even those large essentials seem a beautifully safe distance away.

THE NOISE OF THE PROPELLER

I had heard a great deal of talk about the deafening uproar of the engine, counted a headache among my chances. When in the early morning Mr. Travers came from Brighton in this Farman in which I flew, I could hear the hum of the great insect when it still seemed abreast away. If one can hear a thing at two miles, how much the more will one not hear it at a distance of two yards. But at the risk of seeming too contented for no more than one hears the drone of an electric ventilator upon one's table. It was only when I came to speak to Mr. Grahame White, or he to me, that I dismost infinitesimally small.

WE SHALL ALL BE FLYING

And so it was that I went up into the that flying was still an uncomfortable. experimental, and slightly heroic thing to do, and came down to the cheerful gatherevery one. It will get much cheaper no doubt, and much swifter, and be improved in a dozen ways,— we must get self-starting engines, for example, for both our available to-day for any one who can reach it. An invalid lady of seventy could have enjoyed all that I did if only one could

have got her into the passenger's seat. Getting there was a little difficult, it is true; the waterplane was out in the surf. and I was carried to it on a boatman's through the wires, but that is a matter of detail.

This flying is indeed so certain to become a general experience that I am sure that this description will in a few years to vigilance. Over lake or sea, in sunshine, seem almost as quaint as if I had set myself to record the fears and sensations of my First Ride in a Wheeled Vehicle. And I suspect that learning to control a stead of returning to Eastbourne. And Farman waterplane now is probably not is then coasted round to Spain and into the much more difficult than, let us say, twice the difficulty in learning the control and management of a motor bicycle. I cannot understand the sort of young man who won't learn how to do it if he gets half a 20

The development of these waterplanes is an important step towards the huge and swarming popularization of flying which is now certainly imminent. We 25 ancient survivors of those who believed in and wrote about flying before there was any flying, used to make a great fuss about the dangers and difficulties of landing and getting up. We wrote with 30 Thursday afternoon and have just arrived vast gravity about 'starting rails' and in London. For two hours on Thursday 'landing stages,' and it is still true that landing an aëroplane, except upon a wellknown and quite level expanse, is a risky and uncomfortable business. But getting 35 work kept us locked in the railroad carup and landing upon fairly smooth water is easier than getting into bed. This alone is likely to determine the aëroplane routes along the line of the world's coastlines and lake groups and water-ways.

The airmen will go to and fro over water as the midges do. Wherever there is a square mile of water the waterplanes will come and go like hornets at the mouth stronger reasons than this convenience for keeping over water. Over water the air, it seems, lies in great level expanses; even when there are gales it moves in great uniform masses, like the swift still rush 50 governor of Brussels, was this: On Wedof a deep river. The airman, in Mr. Granesday while the German military comhame White's phrase, can go to sleep on

But over the land, and for thousands irregular than a torrent among rocks; it is — if only we could see it — a waving, whirling, eddying, flamboyant confusion.

A slight hill, a plowed field, the streets of a town, create riotous, rolling, invisible streams and cataracts of air, that catch the aviator unawares, make him drop disback, and then had to clamber carefully 5 concertingly, try his nerve. With a powerful enough engine he climbs at once again, but these sudden downfalls are the least pleasant and most dangerous experience in aviation. They exact a tiring within sight of land — this is the perfect way of the flying tourist. Gladly would I have set out for France this morning in-Mediterranean. And so by leisurely stages to India. And the East Indies. . .

I find my study unattractive to-day.

$_{ m VIII}$

THE HORRORS OF LOUVAIN

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

[New York Tribune, August 31, 1914. By permission.]

London, August 30.— I left Brussels on night I was in what for six hundred years had been the City of Louvain. The Germans were burning it, and to hide their riages. But the story was written against the sky, was told to us by German soldiers incoherent with excesses; and we could read it in the faces of women and chil-40 dren being led to concentration camps and of citizens on their way to be shot.

The Germans sentenced Louvain on Wednesday to become a wilderness, and with the German system and love of their nest. But there are much 45 thoroughness they left Louvain an empty, blackened shell. The reason for this appeal to the torch and the execution of noncombatants, as given to me on Thursday morning by General von Lutwitz, military nesday while the German military commander of the troops in Louvain was at the Hotel de Ville talking to the burgomaster a son of the burgomaster with an of feet up into the sky, the air is more 55 automatic pistol shot the chief of staff and German staff surgeons.

Lutwitz claims this was the signal for the civil guard, in civilian clothes on roofs, to fire upon the German soldiers in the open square below. He said also the Belgians had quick-firing guns, brought from Antwerp. As for a week the Germans had occupied Louvain and closely guarded 5 ignorant Mexicans when their city was inall approaches, the story that there was any gunrunning is absurd.

Fifty Germans were killed and wounded. For that, said Lutwitz, Louvain must be wiped out. So in pantomime with his fist 10 vain. he swept the papers across his table.

'The Hotel de Ville,' he added, 'was a beautiful building; it is a pity it must be destroyed.

EDUCATED MANY AMERICAN PRIESTS

Ten days ago I was in Louvain when it was occupied by Belgian troops and King Albert and his staff. The city dates from the eleventh century and the population 20 vard Tirlemont, which faces the railroad was 42,000. The citizens were brewers, lacemakers and manufacturers of ornaments for churches. The university once was the most celebrated in European cities, and still is, or was, headquarters of the 25 moving from the heart of the city to the Tesuits.

In the Louvain college many priests now in America have been educated, and ten days ago over the great yellow walls of the college, I saw hanging two American 30 that was burning steadily passed to the flags. I found the city clean, sleepy and one next. There were no exceptions pretty, with narrow, twisting streets and smart shops and cafés set in flower gardens of the houses, with red roofs, green shutters and white walls.

Over those that faced south had been trained pear trees, their branches heavy with fruit spread out against the walls like branches of candelabra. The Town Hall was very old and very beautiful, an 40 generation. example of Gothic architecture, in detail and design more celebrated even than the Town Hall of Bruges or Brussels. It was five hundred years old, and lately had been

Opposite was the Church of St. Pierre, dating from the fifteenth century, a very noble building, with many chapels filled with carvings of the time of the Renaissance in wood, stone and iron. In the uni- 50 versity were 150,000 volumes.

Near it was the bronze statue of Father Damien, priest of the leper colony in the South Pacific, of which Robert Louis are empty, exploded cartridges. Statues, pictures, carvings, parchments, archives all are gone.

COMPARED WITH UNITED STATES IN MEXICO

No one defends the sniper. But because vaded fired upon our sailors, we did not destroy Vera Cruz. Even had we bombarded Vera Cruz, money could have restored it. Money can never restore Lou-Great architects and artists, dead these six hundred years, made it beautiful, and their handiwork belonged to the world. With torch and dynamite the Germans have turned these masterpieces into ashes, 15 and all the Kaiser's horses and all his men cannot bring them back again.

When by troop train we reached Louvain, the entire heart of the city was destroyed and fire had reached the Boulestation. The night was windless, and the sparks rose in steady, leisurely pillars, falling back into the furnace from which they sprang. In their work the soldiers were outskirts, street by street, from house to

In each building, so German soldiers told me, they began at the first floor, and when whether it was a store, chapel or private residence it was destroyed. The occupants had been warned to go, and in each 35 deserted shop or house the furniture was piled, the torch was stuck under it, and into the air went the savings of years, souvenirs of children, of parents, heirlooms that had passed from generation to

The people had time only to fill a pillowcase and fly. Some were not so fortunate, and by thousands, like flocks of sheep, they were rounded up and marched through the repaired with great taste and at great cost. 45 night to concentration camps. We were not allowed to speak to any citizen of Louvain, but the Germans crowded the windows, boastful, gloating, eager to interpret.

WAR ON THE DEFENSELESS

We were free to move from one end of the train to the other, and in the two hours during which it circled the burning city Stevenson wrote. All these buildings now 55 war was before us in its most hateful aspect.

> In other wars I have watched men on one hilltop, without haste, without heat,

fire at men on another hill, and in consequence on both sides good men were wasted. But in those fights there were no women or children, and the shells struck habited mountainsides.

At Louvain it was war upon the defenseless, war upon churches, colleges, shops of milliners and lacemakers; war brought to the bedside and the fireside: against 10 women harvesting in the fields, against children in wooden shoes at play in the streets.

At Louvain that night the Germans were like men after an orgy.

There were fifty English prisoners, erect and soldierly. In the ocean of gray the little patch of khaki looked pitifully lonely, but they regarded the men who had outbut uncurious eyes. In one way I was glad to see them there. Later they will bear witness as to how the enemy makes a wilderness and calls it war. It was a most weird picture.

On the high ground rose the broken spires of the Church of St. Pierre and the Hotel de Ville, and descending like steps were row beneath row of houses, roofless The fire 30 dren. with windows like blind eves. had reached the last row of houses, those on the Boulevard de Jodigne. Some of these were already cold, but others sent up steady, straight columns of flame. In others at the third and fourth stories the 35 window curtains still hung, flowers still filled the window boxes, while on the first floor the torch had just passed and the flames were leaping. Fire had destroyed the electric plant, but at times the flames 40 made the station so light that you could see the second hand of your watch, and again all was darkness, lit only by candles.

MEN TO BE SHOT MARCHED PAST

You could tell when an officer passed by the electric torch he carried strapped to his chest. In the darkness the gray uniforms filled the station with an army of pipes hanging from their teeth glowed red or their bavonets flashed.

Outside the station in the public square the people of Louvain passed in an unending, men carrying the children asleep on their shoulders, all hemmed in by the shadowy army of gray wolves. Once they

were halted, and among them were They well knew marched a line of men. These were on their fellow townsmen. their way to be shot. And better to point only vacant stretches of veldt or unin- 5 the moral an officer halted both processions and, climbing to a cart, explained why the men were to die. He warned others not to bring down upon themselves a like vengeance.

> As those being led to spend the night in the fields looked across to those marked for death they saw old friends, neighbors of long standing, men of their own house-The officer bellowing at them from 15 the cart was illuminated by the headlights of an automobile. He looked like an actor held in a spotlight on a darkened stage.

It was all like a scene upon the stage, so unreal, so inhuman, you felt it could not numbered but not defeated them with calm 20 be true that the curtain of fire, purring and crackling and sending up hot sparks to meet the kind, calm stars, was only a painted backdrop; that the reports of rifles from the dark rooms came from blank car-25 tridges, and that these trembling shopkeepers and peasants ringed in bayonets would not in a few minutes really die, but that they themselves and their homes would be restored to their wives and chil-

> You felt it was only a nightmare, cruel and uncivilized. And then you remembered that the German Emperor has told us what it is. It is his Holy War.

IX

THE FALL OF ANTWERP

ARTHUR RUHL

. [Collier's, November 14, 1914.— Copyright. By permission.]

The storm which was to burst over Antwerp the following night was gathering fast when we arrived on Tuesday morning. Army motor trucks loaded with dismantled aëroplanes and the less essential impedi-You distinguished men only when 50 menta screamed through the streets bound away from, not toward, the front. The Queen, that afternoon, was seen in the Hotel St. Antoine receiving the good-bys various friends. Consuls suddenly ing procession, women bareheaded, weep- 55 locked their doors and fled. And the cannon, rumbling along the eastern horizon as they had rumbled, nearer and nearer, for a fortnight, were now beyond the outer line of forts and within striking distance of the town.

That night, an hour or two after midnight, in my hotel by the water front, I awoke to the steady clatter of hoofs on 5 and, stopping now and then to ask the cobblestones and the rumble of wheels. I went to the window, on the narrow side street, black as all streets had been in Antwerp since the night that the Zeppelin threw its first bombs, and looked out. to there were twenty-two little tow-headed It was a moonlight night, clear and cold. and there along the Quai St. Michael, at the end of the street, was an army in re-They were Belgians, battered and hopeless fighting; cavalrymen on their tired horses, artillerymen, heads sunk on their chests, drowsing on their lurching caissons: the patient little foot soldiers, rifles slung across their shoulders, scuffling along 20 milking them. All along the quay and in in their heavy overcoats.

In the dark shadow of the tall old houses a few people came out and stood there watching silently and, as one felt, in a sort of despair. All night long men 25 One went away and returned an hour later were marching by - and in London they were still reading that it was but a 'demonstration' the Germans were engaged in -down the quay and across the pontoon bridge — the only way over the Scheldt — 30 hay to the horses, quietly waiting their over to the Tête de Flandre and the road to Ghent. They were strung along the street next morning, boots mud-covered, mud-stained, intrenching shovels hanging to their belts, faces unshaven for weeks 35 through the shuttered, silent streets just as they had come from the trenches; yet still patient and cheerful, with that unshakable Flemish good cheer. Perhaps, after all, it was not a retreat; they might be swinging round to the south and St. 40 hospital on the Boulevard Léopold, the Nicholas to attack the German flank. . . .

But before they had crossed, another army, a civilian army, flowed down on and over the quay. For a week people had been leaving Antwerp, now the general 45 brisk Englishwoman, in nurse's uniform, flight began. From villages to the east and southeast, from the city itself, people came pouring down. In wagons drawn by huge Belgian draft horses, in carts pulled by the captivating Belgian work dogs, 50 me with a leg?' panting mightily and digging their paws into the slippery cobbles; on foot, leading little children and carrying babies and dolls and canaries and great bundles of sheets, they surged toward that one narrow bridge and the crowded ferryboats. I saw one old woman, gray-haired and

tanned like an Indian squaw with work in the fields, yet with a fine, well-made face, pushing a groaning wheelbarrow. A strap went from the handles over her shoulders, news, she would slip off this harness, gossip for a time, then push on again. That afternoon under my window there was a tall wagon, a sort of hay wagon, in which children, none more than eight or ten, and several almost babies in arms. By the side of the wagon a man, evidently father of some of them, stood buttering the end of a worn out with their unbroken weeks of 15 huge round loaf of bread and cutting off slice after slice, which the older children broke and distributed to the little ones. Two cows were tied to the back of the wagon and the man's wife squatted there the streets leading into it were people like this - harmless, helpless, hard-working people, going they knew not where. The entrance to the bridge was soon choked. and found the same people waiting almost in the same spot, and, with that wonderful calm and patience of theirs, feeding their children or giving a little of their precious turn while the cannon which had driven them from their homes kept on thundering behind them.

That afternoon I walked uptown silent but for that incessant rumbling in the southeast and the occasional honking flight of some military automobile — to two of the hospitals. In one, a British doctor in charge was absent for the moment, and there was no one to answer my offer of occasional help if an outsider could be of use. As I sat waiting a tall, came up and asked what I wanted. I told her.

'Oh,' she said, and in her crisp English voice, without further ado, 'will you help

She led the way into her ward, and there we contrived between us to bandage and slip a board and pillow under a fractured thigh. Between whispers of 'Courage! clothes and household things wrapped in 55 Courage!' to the Belgian soldier, she said that she was the wife of a British general and had two sons in the army, and a third —' Poor boy!' she murmured, more to him

than to me - on one of the ships in the North Sea. I arranged to come back next morning to help with the lifting, and went on to another hospital in the Rue Nerviens, to find that little English lady who crossed 5 familiar sound of distant cannon. One with us in the Ostend boat in August on the way to her sister's hospital in Antwerp.

CHEERFUL LOSERS

Here in the quiet wards she had been working while the Germans swept down on Paris and were rolled back again, and while the little nation which she and her sister loved so well was being clubbed to 15 off, sullen 'Boom!' was followed by a its knees. Louvain, Liège, Malines, Namur — chapters in all the long, pitiless story were lying there in the narrow iron There were men with faces chewed by shrapnel, men burned in the explosion 20 across the sky, and over behind the roofs of the powder magazine at Fort Waelhem, when the attack on Antwerp began dragged out from the underground passage in which the garrison had sought momentary refuge and where most of them 25 goal. And then the crash or, if farther were killed, burned, and blackened. One strong, good-looking young fellow, able to eat and live apparently, was shot through the temples and blind in both eyes. It was the hour for carrying those well 30 enough to stand it out into the court and giving them their afternoon's airing and smoke. One had lost an arm, another, a whimsical young Belgian, had only the stump of a left leg. When we started to 35 It was not easy to describe nor to be imlift him back into his bed, he said he had a better way than that. So he put his arms round my neck and showed me how to take him by the back and the well leg.

Bon!' he said, and again 'Bon!' when I let him down, and then reaching out and patting me on the back, 'Bon!' he smiled

again.

That night, behind drawn curtains which 45 meanwhile 'Boom! . . . Tzee-ee-ee! admitted no light to the street, we dined peacefully and well, and, except for this unwonted seclusion, just outside which were the black streets and still the endless procession of carts and wagons and shiver- 50 river and the bridge. Motors came honking people, one might have forgotten, in that cheerfully lighted room, that we were not in times of peace. We even loitered over a grate fire before going to bed, and talked in drowsy and almost indifferent 55 smell of kerosene hung in the air; presfashion of whether it was absolutely sure that the Germans were trying to take the town.

THE FLYING DEATH

It was almost exactly midnight that I found myself listening, half awake, to the had come to think of it, almost, as nothing but a sound; and to listen with a detached and not unpleasant interest as a man tucked comfortably in bed follows a roll so of thunder to its end or listens to the fall of rain.

It struck me suddenly that there was something new about this sound; I sat up in bed to listen, and at that instant a farcrash as if lightning had struck a house a little way down the street. As I hurried to the window there came another far-off detonation, a curious wailing whistle swept to the left there was another crash.

One after another they came, at intervals of half a minute, or screaming on each other's heels as if racing to their away, muffled explosion as another roof toppled in, or cornice dropped off, as a house made of canvas drops to pieces in a

play.

The effect of those unearthly wails, suddenly singing in across country in the dead of night from six — eight — ten miles away - heaven knows where - was, as the Germans intended it to be, tremendous. agined by those who had not lived in that threatened city - the last Belgian stronghold - and felt that vast, unseen power rolling nearer and nearer. And now, all 40 at once, it was here, materialized, demoniacal, a flying death, swooping across the dark into your very room.

It was like one of those dreams in which you cannot stir from your tracks, and

- is this one meant for you?

Already there was a patter of feet in the dark, and people with white bundles on their backs went stumbling by toward the ing down from the inner streets, and the quay, which had begun to clear by this time, was again jammed. I threw on some clothes, hurried to the street. A rank ently a petrol shell burst to the southward, lighting up the sky for an instant like the flare from a blast furnace, and a few moments later there showed over the roofs the flames of the first fire.

Although we could hear the wail of shells flying across their wide parabola both into the town and out from the first 5 wait until the German aeroplanes had ring of forts, few burst in our part of the city that night, and we walked up as far as the cathedral without seeing anything but black and silent streets. Every one in the hotel was up and dressed by this time. 10 Some were for leaving at once; one familv. piloted by the comfortable Belgian servants — far cooler than any one else went to the cellar, some gathered about the grate in the writing room to watch 15 his present duty to motor from trench to the night out; the rest of us went back to hed.

POURING OUT OF ANTWERP

that night. The bombardment kept on until morning, lulled slightly as if the enemy might be taking breakfast, then it continued into the next day. And now the city — a busy city of near 400,000 people 25 the edge of town. - emptied itself in earnest. Citizens and soldiers, field guns, motor trucks, wheelbarrows, dogcarts, hayricks, baby carriages, droves of people on foot, all flowing down to the Scheldt, the ferries, and 30 crackling over broken glass, past gaping the bridge. They poured into coal barges, cornices and holes in the pavement, five filling the yawning black holes as Africans used to fill slave ships, into launches and tugs, and along the roads leading down the river and southwestward toward Os- 35 city wall, along which are the first line tend.

One thought with a shudder of what would happen if the Germans dropped a few of their high-explosive shells into that helpless mob, and it is only fair to remem- 40 rapidly out into the flat Belgian country, ber that they did not, although retreating Belgian soldiers were a part of it, and one of the German aeroplanes, a mere speck against the blue, was looking calmly down overhead. Nor did they touch the cathe- 45 fast in the last five minutes, and that all at dral, and their agreement not to shell any of the buildings previously pointed out on a map delivered to them through the American Legation seemed to be observed.

pushed a London motor-bus ambulance with several wounded British soldiers, one of them sitting upright, supporting with his right hand a left arm, the biceps, bound in a blood-soaked tourniquet, half torn 55 There was an explosion just behind us, a away. They had come in from the trenches, where their comrades were now waiting, with their helpless little rifles, for

an enemy miles away, who lay back at his ease and swept them with shrapnel. asked them how things were going, and they said not very well. They could only given the range and the trenches became too hot, then fall back, dig themselves in, and play the same game over again.

TOWARD THE CANNON

Following them was a hospital-service motor car, driven by a Belgian soldier and in charge of a clean-cut, soldierlikeappearing young British officer. It was trench across the zone of fire, with the London bus trailing behind, and pick up wounded. It was n't a particularly pleasant job, he said, jerking his head toward There was n't much sleep for any one 20 the distant firing, and frankly he was n't keen about it. We talked for some time, every one talked to every one else in Antwerp that morning, and when he started out again I asked him to give me a lift to

Quickly we raced through the Place de Meir and the deserted streets of the politer part of Antwerp, where, the night before, most of the shells had fallen. We went cornices and holes in the pavement, five feet across and three feet deep, and once passed a house quietly burning away with none to so much as wetch the fire. of forts, drew near, then the tunnel passing under it, and we went through without pausing and on down the road to Malines. We were beyond the town now, bowling and clinging there to the running board with the October wind blowing quite through a thin flannel suit, it suddenly came over me that things had moved very once, in some unexpected fashion, all that elaborate barrier of laissez-passers, sauf conduits, and so on, had been swept aside, and, quite as if it were the most ordinary Down through that mass of fugitives 50 thing in the world, I was spinning out to that almost mythical 'front.

THE GUNNERS' CHORUS

Front, indeed! It was two fronts. hideous noise overhead, as if the whole zenith had somehow been ripped across like a tightly stretched piece of silk, and a shell from the Belgian fort under which we had just passed went hurtling down long aisles of air — further — further to end in a faint detonation miles away.

an answering thud, and - Tzee-ee-ee-err-r-BONG! - a German shell had gone over us and burst behind the Belgian fort. Under this gigantic antiphony the motor car raced along, curiously small and ir- to burst directly overhead. One had struck relevant on that empty country road.

We passed great holes freshly made craters five or six feet across and three feet deep, neatly blown out of the macadam, then a dead horse. There were is the heavy timbers supporting a bomb-proof plenty of dead horses along the roads in France, but they had been so for days. This one's blood was not yet dry, and the shell that had torn the great rip in its chest must have struck here this morning. 20 with a dry smile to a spot not more than a

We turned into the avenue of trees leading up to an empty château, a field hospital until a few hours before. Mattresses and bandages littered the deserted room, and an electric chandelier was still burn- 25 diers, some of them boys from the Lon-The young officer pointed to some trenches in the garden. I had those dug to put the wounded in in case we had to hold the place,' he said. 'It was getting pretty hot.'

WHILE THE SHELLS BURST

There was nothing here now, however, and, followed by the London bus with its obedient enlisted men doing duty as am- 35 Sunday night and rushed up to the front bulance orderlies, we motored a mile or so further on to the nearest trench. It was in an orchard beside a brick farmhouse with a vista in front of barbed-wire entanglement and a carefully cleaned firing 40 other order came to retire - when they field stretching out to a village and trees about half a mile away. They had looked very interesting and difficult, those barbedwire mazes and suburbs, ruthlessly swept of trees and houses, when I had seen the 45 Belgians preparing for the siege six weeks before, and they were to be of about as much practical use now as pictures on a wall.

There are, it will be recalled, three lines 50 shells. of forts about Antwerp — the inner one, corresponding to the city's wall; a middle one a few miles further out, where the British now were, and the outer line, which the enemy had already passed 55 Hyde Park. And with it persisted that Their artillery was hidden far over behind the horizon trees, and the British marines and naval reserve men who manned these

trenches could only wait there, rifle in hand, for an enemy that would not come, while a captive balloon a mile or two away to the eastward and an aeroplane sailing Out of sight in front of us, there was 5 far overhead gave the ranges, and they waited for the shrapnel to burst. The trenches were narrow and shoulder deep, very like trenches for gas or water pipes, and reasonably safe except when a shell that morning just on the inner rim of the trench, blown out one of those craterlike holes, and discharged all its shrapnel backward across the trench and into one of roof. A raincoat hanging to a nail in this timber was literally shot to shreds. 'That's where I was standing,' said the young lieutenant in command, pointing yard away from where the shell had burst.

Half a dozen young fellows, crouched there in the bombproof, looked out at us and grinned. They were brand-new soldon streets who had answered the thrilling posters and signs, 'Your King and Country Need You, and been sent on this ill-fated expedition for their first sight of 30 war. The London papers are talking about it as I am writing this - how this handful of 9000 men, part of them recruits who scarcely knew one end of a rifle from another, were flung across the Channel on to be shot at and rushed back again. I did not know this then, but wondered if this was what they had dreamed of — squatting helplessly in a ditch until answung through the London streets singing 'It's a long, long way to Tipperary' two months ago.

WHAT A PICNIC IT WAS

Yet not one of the youngest and the greenest showed the least nervousness as they waited there in that melancholy little orchard under the incessant scream of That unshakable British coolness, part sheer pluck, part a sort of lack of imagination, perhaps, or at least of 'nerves,' left them as calm and casual as if they were but drilling on the turf of almost equally unshakable sense of class, that touching confidence in one's superiors — the young clerk's or mechanic's inborn conviction that whatever that smart, cleancut, imperturbable young officer does and says must inevitably be right — at least that if he is cool and serene you must, if the skies fall, be cool and serene too.

We met one young fellow as we walked through an empty lateral leading to a bombproof prepared for wounded, and the ambulance officer asked him sharply how

things had been going that morning.

'Oh, very well, sir,' he said with the most respectful good humor, though a shell bursting just then a stone's throw beyond the orchard made both of us duck our heads. 'A bit hot, sir, about nine o'clock, 15 but only one man hurt. They do seem to know just where we are, sir; but wait till their infantry comes up—we'll clean them out right enough, sir."

and hold the trench alone, one could imagine him saying in that same tone of deference and chipper good humor: 'Yes, sir; thank you, sir,' and staying, too, till

the cows came home.

RIGHT AT OUR FEET

We motored down the line to another trench - this one along a road with fields in front and about a couple of hundred 30 went over I promptly put it on again, inyards behind a clump of trees which masked a Belgian battery. The officer here, a tall, upstanding, gravely handsome young man, with a deep, strong, slightly humorous voice, and the air of one both 35 passed not more than fifty yards in front born to and used to command — the best type of navy man — came over to meet us, rather glad, it seemed, to see some one. The ambulance officer had just started to speak when there was a roar from the 40 where I have n't the least idea, except that clump of trees, at the same instant an explosion directly overhead, and an ugly chunk of iron — a bit of broken casing from a shrapnel shell - plunged at our very feet. The shell had been wrongly 45 back at Antwerp on the seat of his taxitimed and exploded prematurely.

'I say!' the lieutenant called out to a Belgian officer standing not far away, 'can't you telephone over to your people to been nearly hit by their shrapnel this morning. After all '- he turned to us with the air of apologizing somewhat for his display of irritation -- 'it's quite anknow.

It was, indeed, annoying - very. trenches were not under fire in the sense

that the enemy were making a persistent effort to clear them out, but they were in the zone of fire, their range was known, and there was no telling when that distant 5 boom thudded across the fields whether that particular shell might be intended for them or for somebody's house in town. We could see in the distance their captive balloon, and there were a couple of scouts, 10 the officer said, in a tower in the village, not much more than half a mile away. He pointed to the spot across the barbed wire. 'We've been trying to pick them off with our rifles for the last half hour.'

THE DESIRE TO BE SOMEWHERE ELSE

We left them engaged in this interesting distraction, the little rifle snaps in all that mighty thundering seeming only to accept And if he had been ordered to stay there 20 the loneliness and helplessness of their position, and spun on down the transverse road, toward another trench on the left. The progress of the motor seemed slow and disappointing. Not that the spot a 25 quarter of a mile off was at all less likely to be hit, yet one felt conscious of a growing desire to be somewhere else. And though I took off my hat to keep it from blowing off, I found that every time a shell dicating, one suspected, a decline in what the military experts call morale.

As we bowled down the road toward a group of brick houses on the left, a shell of us and through the side of one of these houses as easily as a circus rider pops through a tissue-paper hoop. Almost at the same instant another exploded -the dust from it hit us in the face. The motor rolled smoothly along meanwhile, and the Belgian soldier driving it stared as imperturbably ahead of him as if he were

You get used to shells in time, it seems, and, deciding that you either are or are not going to be hit, dismiss responsibility stop that? That's the third time we've 50 and leave it all to fate. I must admit that in my brief experience I was not able to arrive at this restful state. We reached at last the city gate through which we had left Antwerp, and the motor came to a noying enough here without that, you 55 stop just at the inner edge of the passage under the fort, and I said good-by to the young Englishman ere he started back for the trenches again.

side of town.

"Well," he called after me as I started across the open space between the gate and the houses, a stone's throw away, 'you've had an experience anyway.'

DISCREETLY ZIGZAGGING

I was just about to answer that undoubtedly I had when - Tzee-ee-ee-er-r' — a shell just cleared the ramparts over our heads and disappeared in the side of to distributed their attentions was discona house directly in front of us with a roar and a geyser of dust. Neither the motor nor a guest's duty now detained me, and, waving him good-by, I turned at right angles and made with true civilian speed 15 turning into a cozy little side street, think for the shelter of a side street.

The shells all appeared to be coming from a southeast direction, and in the lee of houses on the south side of the street one was reasonably protected. Keeping 20 close to the house fronts and dodging rather absurdly no doubt - into doorways when that wailing whistle came up from behind, I went zigzagging through the de-

It was such a progress as one might make in some fantastic nightmare - as the hero of some eerie piece of fiction about the Last Man in the World. Street after 30 hear - in the direction of Ghent. As I street, with doors locked, shutters closed, sandbags, mattresses, or little heaps of earth piled over cellar windows; streets in which the only sound was that of one's own feet, where the loneliness 35 hands covered with oil and cotton just as was made more lonely by some forgotten dog cringing against the closed door and barking nervously as one hurried past.

fallen the preceding night, nearly all the houses were empty. Yet occasionally one caught sight of faces peering up from basement windows or of some stubborn householder standing in his southern door- 45 way staring into space. Once I passed a woman bound away from, instead of toward, the river with her big bundle; and once an open carriage with a family in it past the park, along the Avenue Van Dyck - where fresh craters made by exploding shells had been dug in the turf-the swans, still floating on the little lake, 55 already be occupied by the enemy. placidly dipped their white necks under water as if it were a quiet morning in May.

WORK FOR A SAMARITAN

Now and then, as the shell's wail swung over its long parabola, there came with 5 the detonation, across the roofs, the rumble of falling masonry. Once I passed a house quietly burning, and on the pavement were lopped-off trees. The impartiality with which those far-off gunners certing. Peering down one of the up-anddown streets before crossing it, as if a shell were an automobile which you might see and dodge, you would shoot across and, to yourself that here at least they had not come, and then promptly see, squarely in front, another of those craters blown down through the Belgian blocks.

Presently I found myself under the trees of the Boulevard Léopold, not far from the British hospital, and recalled that it was about time that promise was made good. It was time indeed, and help with serted city toward the hotel on the other 25 lifting they needed very literally. The order had just come to leave the building. bringing the wounded and such equipment as they could pack into half a dozen motor busses and retire - just where, I did not entered the porte-cochère two poor wrecks of war were being led out by their nurses - more men burned in the powder explosion at Waelhem, their seared faces and they had been lifted from bed.

PARADE OF THE WOUNDED

The phrase 'whistle of shells' had taken Here, where most of the shells had 40 on a new reality since midnight. Now one was to learn something of the meaning of those equally familiar words, 'they succeeded in saving their wounded, although under heavy fire.

None of the wounded could walk, none dress himself; most of them in ordinary times would have lain where they were for weeks. There were fractured legs not yet set, men with faces half shot away, driving, with peculiarly Flemish com- 50 men half out of their heads, and all these posure, toward the quay, and as I hurried had to be dressed somehow, covered up, crowded into or on top of the busses and started off through a city under bombardment toward open country which might

> of uniforms, mud-stained, blood-stained, just as they had come from the trenches, were dumped out of the

storeroom and distributed, hit or miss. British 'Tommies' went out as Belgians, Belgians in British khaki; the man whose broken leg I had lifted the day before we simply bundled in his bed blankets and set up in the corner of a bus. One healthy-looking Belgian boy, on whom I was trying to pull a pair of British trousers, seemed to have nothing ently appeared that he was speechless and paralyzed in both left arm and left leg. And while we were working, an English soldier shot through the jaw and throat hideous rattling cough.

The hospital was in a handsome stone building, in ordinary times a club, perhaps, or a school; a wide stone stairway led up the center, and above it was a 20 at last, and safely, too, so I was told glass skylight. This central well would later, across the river; but where they glass skylight. This central well would have been a charming place for a shell to drop into, and one did drop not more than fifty feet or so away, in or close to the rear court. A few yards down the 25 avenue another shell hit a cornice and sent a ton or so of masonry crashing down on the sidewalk. Under conditions like these the nurses kept running up and down that in which the wounded were being dressed and carried on stretchers to the street. They stood by the busses making their men comfortable, and when the first busses were them, patiently waiting, as calm and smiling as circus queens on their gilt chariots. The behavior of the men in the trenches was cool enough, but they at least were of war. These were civilian volunteers, they had not even trenches to shelter them, and it took a rather unforeseen and difficult sort of courage to leave that fairly safe masonry building and sit smiling and 45 men. helpful on top of a motor bus during a wait of half an hour or so, any second of which might be one's last.

NO TEARS

There was an American nurse there, a tall, radiant girl, whom they called, and rightly, 'Morning Glory,' who had been introduced to me the day before because we both belonged to that curious foreign 55 the enemy. Each one had no doubt that race of Americans. What her name was I have n't the least idea, and if we were to meet to-morrow, doubtless we should have

to be carefully presented over again, but I remember calling out to her: 'Good-by. American girl!' as we passed in the hall during the last minute or two, and she said 5 good-by, and suddenly reached out and put her hand on my shoulder and added, 'Good luck!' or 'God bless you!' or something like that. And these seemed at the moment quite the usual things to do and say. at all the matter with him, until it pres- 10 The doctor in charge and the general's wife apologized for running away, as they called it, and the last I saw of the latter was as she waved back to me from the top of a bus, with just that look of concern sat on the edge of his bed, shaking with a 15 over the desperate ride they were beginning which a slightly preoccupied hostess casts over a dinner table about which are seated a number of oddly assorted guests.

The strange procession got away safely finally spent the night I never heard.

ANYTHING BUT CAPTURE

I hurried down the street and into the Rue Nerviens. It must have been about four o'clock by that time. The bright October morning had changed to a chill and dismal afternoon, and up the western sky staircase during the endless hour or two 30 in the direction of the river a vast curtain of greasy black smoke was rolling. petrol tanks which stretched for half a mile or so along the Scheldt had been set afire. It looked at the moment as if the filled they sat in the open street on top of 35 whole city might be going, but there was no time then to think of possibilities, and I slipped down the lee side of the street to the door with the Red Cross flag. front of the hospital was shut tight. fighting men and but taking the chance to took several pulls at the bell to bring any one, and inside I found a Belgian family who had left their own house for the thicker ceilings of the hospital, and the nuns back in the wards with their nervous

> Their servants had left that morning, the three or four sisters in charge had had to do all the cooking and housework as well as look after their patients, and 50 now they were keeping calm and smiling to subdue as best they could the fears of the Belgian wounded, who were ready to jump out of bed, whatever their condition, rather than fall into the hands of if he were not murdered outright he would be taken to Germany and forced to fight in the east against the Russians.

Several, who knew very well what was going on outside, had been found by the nurses that morning out of bed and all ready to take to the street.

YET THEY REMAIN

Lest they should hear that their comrades in the Boulevard Léopold had been moved, the lay sister—the English lady closed the door, and in that curious retreat talked over the situation. No orders had come to leave; in fact, they had been told to stay. They did have a man now in the shape of the Belgian gentleman, and from 15 civilian suit and a spick-and-span new unithe same source an able-bodied servant, but how long these would stay, where food was to be found in that desolate city, when the bombardment would cease, and what the Germans would do with them - well, 20 happier times, had had the bad grace to it was not a pleasant situation for a handful of women. But it was not of themselves she was thinking, but of their wounded and of Belgium, and of what both had suffered already and of what 25 first crack of dawn, and the photographers, might yet be in store. It was of that this frail little sister talked that hopeless afternoon, while the smoke in the west spread farther up the sky, and she would now and then pause in the middle of a syllable 30 friends in the Rue Nerviens, and yet there while a shell sang overhead, then take it up again.

Meanwhile the light was going, and before it became quite dark and my hotel deserted, perhaps, as the rest of Antwerp, 35 it seemed best to be getting across town. I could not believe that the Germans could treat such a place and people with anything but consideration and told the little glass-covered court, laughingly saying I had best run across it, and wondering where we, who had met twice now under such curious circumstances, would meet - to wait with that roomful of more or less panicky men for the tramp of German soldiers and the knock on the door which meant that they were prisoners.

FLIGHT OR THE GERMANS?

Hurrying across town, I passed, not far from the Hotel St. Antoine, a blazing four-story building, nearly burned out now. spreading beyond its four walls. The cathedral was not touched, and indeed, in spite of the noise and terror, the material

damage was comparatively slight. Soldiers were clearing the quay and setting a guard directly in front of our hotel one of the few places in Antwerp that 5 night where one could get so much as a crust of bread - and behind drawn curtains as usual we made what cheer we There were two American photographers and a correspondent who had - and I withdrew to the operating room, 10 spent the night before in the cellar of a house, the upper story of which had been wrecked by a shell; a British intelligence officer, with the most bewildering way of hopping back and forth between a brown form, and several Belgian families hoping to get a boat downstream in the morning.

We sat round the great fire in the hall, above which the architect, building for place a skylight, and discussed the time and means of getting away. The intelligence officer, not wishing to be made a prisoner, was for getting a boat of some sort at the who had had the roof blown off over their heads, heartily agreed with him. I did not like to leave without at least a glimpse of those spiked helmets nor to desert my was the likelihood, if one remained, of being marooned indefinitely in the midst of the conquering army.

EVEN THE BRITISH

Meanwhile the flight of shells continued. a dozen or more fires could be seen from the upper windows of the hotel, and billows of red flame from the burning petrol nurse so. She came to the edge of the 40 tanks rolled up the southern sky. It had been what might be called a rather full day, and the wail of approaching projectiles began to get a bit on one's nerves. One started at the slamming of a door, Then she turned back to the ward 45 took every dull thump for a distant explosion, and when we finally turned in. I carried the mattress from my room, which faced the south, over to the other side of the building and laid it on the floor beside 50 another man's bed. Before a shell could reach me it would have to traverse at least three partitions and possibly him as well.

midnight the bombardment quieted, but shells continued to visit us and, like the other Antwerp fires, not 55 from time to time all night. All night the Belgians were retreating across the pontoon bridge, and once — it must have been about two or three o'clock - I heard a sound which meant that all was over. It was the crisp tramp — different from the Belgian shuffle - of British soldiers, and up from the street came an English voice: 'Best foot forward, boys!' and a little 5 fires sprang up, and there were other exfarther on: 'Look alive, men; they've just picked up our range!

I went to the window and watched them tramp by—the same men we had seen that morning. The petrol fire was still 10 flaming across the south, a steamer of some sort was burning at her wharf beside the bridge - Napoleon's veterans retreating from Moscow could scarcely have left than did those young recruits.

THE FRENZY OF RETREAT

Morning came dragging up out of that was almost a London fog that lay over the abandoned town. I had just packed up and was walking through one of the upper halls when there was a crash that shook glass, and out in the river a geyser of water shot up, timbers and boards flew from the bridge, and there were dozens of smaller splashes as if from a shower of last and that the Germans, having let civilians escape over the bridge, were turning everything loose, determined to make an end of the business. It was, as a matbridge to cover their retreat. In any case it seemed useless to stay longer, and within an hour, on a tug jammed with the last refugees, we were starting downstream.

of lead-colored smoke from the petrol tanks had climbed up the sky and spread out mushroom-wise, as smoke and ashes sometimes spread out from a volcano. the smoke from the Antwerp fires, seemed to cover the whole sky. And under that sullen mantle the dark flames of the petrol still glowed; to the left was the blazing werp itself, the rich, old, beautiful, comfortable city, all but hidden, and now and then sending forth the boom of an exploding shell like a groan.

Gneisenau, marooned here since the war, came swinging slowly out into the river, pushed by two or three nervous little tugs — to be sunk there, apparently, in midstream. From the pontoon bridge, which stubbornly refused to yield, came explosion after explosion, and up and down the river plosions, as the crushed Belgians, in a sort of rage of devastation, became their own destroyers.

WHAT TO THINK OF

By following the adventures of one individual I have endeavored to suggest what the bombardment of a modern city was like — what you might expect if an inbehind a more complete picture of war 15 vading army came to-morrow to New York or Chicago or San Francisco. I have only coasted along the edges of Belgium's tragedy, and the rest of the story, of which we were a part for the next two days — the dreadful night, smoky, damp, and chill. It 20 flight of those hundreds of thousands of homeless people — is something that can scarcely be told - you must follow it out in imagination into its countless uprooted, disorganized lives. You must imagine old the whole building, the sound of falling 25 people struggling along over miles and miles of country roads; young girls, under burdens a man might not care to bear. tramping until they had to carry their shoes in their hands and go barefoot to shot. I thought that the hotel was hit at 30 rest their unaccustomed feet. You must imagine the pathetic efforts of hundreds of people to keep clean by washing in wayside streams or ditches; imagine babies going without milk because there was no ter of fact, the Belgians blowing up the 35 milk to be had; families shivering in damp hedgerows or against haystacks where darkness overtook them; and you must imagine this not on one road, but on every road, for mile after mile over a whole Behind us, up the river, a vast curtain 40 countryside. What was to become of these people when their little supply of food was exhausted? Where could they go? Even if back to their homes, it would be but to lift their hats to their conquerors, This smoke, merging with the fog and 45 never to know but that the next week or month would sweep the tide of war back over them again.

Never in modern times, not in our generation at least, has the world seen anyskeleton of the ship, and on the right Ant- 50 thing like that flight - nothing so strange, so overwhelming, so pitiful. And when I say pitiful, you must not think of hysterical women, desperate, trampling men, tears and screams. In all those miles one A large empty German steamer, the 55 saw neither complaining nor protestation — at times one might almost have thought it was some vast eccentric picnic. No, it was their orderliness, their thrift and kind-

ness, their unmistakable usefulness, which made the waste and irony of it all so colossal and hideous. Each family had its big round loaves of bread and its pile of hay for the horses, the bags of pears and po- 5 the life of every day. tatoes: the children had their little dolls. and you would see some tired mother with her big bundle under one arm and some fluffy little puppy in the other. You could not associate them with forty-centimeter 10 is being cooked. So every one goes out shells or burned churches and libraries or anything but quiet homes and peaceable, helpful lives. You could not be swept along by that endless stream of exiles and retain at the end of the day is and fro, and a long line of field-kitchens any particular enthusiasm for the red glory of war. And when we crossed the Dutch border that afternoon and came on a village street full of Belgian soldiers, cut off and forced to cross the line, to be in- 20 for an hour or two; for the men must terned here, presumably until the war was over, one could not mourn very deeply their lost chances of martial glory as they unslung their rifles and turned them over to the good-natured Dutch guard. They 25 boom of artillery can once more be heard. had held back that avalanche long enough, these Belgians, and one felt as one would to see lost children get home again or some one dragged from under the wheels.

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A NIGHT IN A RUSSIAN OUTPOST

[Evening Post, New York, April 14, 1915.— Copyright. By permission.]

The following vivid sketch of war scenes

appeared in the Russkoye Slovo:

The master—a small, shriveled old man - can hardly get up from his filthy bed; and the mistress — a wrinkled, ill old woman — weeps unceasingly. Somewhere far away are her children — for she does 45 not know where they are. There is nothing to eat, and she is ashamed to have to beg from the soldiers, who are so willing to share with her. Besides this, there is the ever-present terror that from the 50 citedly: 'Do you hear it? It must be trenches, which are so very, very close, there may appear a German to fire the last remainders of her once-prosperous farm.

And with these two in their half of the hut, there are billeted eight orderlies; in 55 the other half, in which there are two low, minute bunks like those in a ship's cabin, there are living five doctors and

three organizers of an ambulance unit. In these rooms are two offices — a kitchen and a store of provisions - and here is carried on the business interwoven with

Towards the evening it becomes hot and stuffy in the hut from the number of persons gathered in it, the tobacco smoke, and the stove on which the evening meal for a walk in the road by the woods.

There is a moon, and the evening is bright and quiet. From here can be seen troops advancing, orderlies galloping to on its way to the front stretched over the surface of the sparkling snow.

Now is a strange time, when everything along the front is quiet and the war ceases rest and eat to be able afterwards to carry

on as before.

At nine o'clock everything is as it was: shrapnel bursts close by, and the heavy Sometimes rifle-firing will start, to continue intermittently throughout the night.

Having returned to the farm, where a lamp is burning and newly arrived papers 30 are lying on the table, we drink tea with lemon juice. A young Caucasian doctor smokes now and then to deaden the numerous smells. Then we all begin to get ready to go to sleep. Some lie on their 35 narrow folding camp beds, some on crates which once held provisions, and the rest simply on the beaten earth floor. The conversation is of the war, of our birthplaces, and of the possibility of a night attack by 40 the enemy. Soon all are asleep. In the little hut it is warm, quiet, and snug, and only occasionally it shakes from the force of the exploding shells. It seems that here there is and can be no danger.

Close on three o'clock we are awakened by a series of shocks which by the rattling of the furniture seem to be so great that the flimsy hut is having great difficulty in keeping to one spot. Some one speaks ex-

a night attack.

An incessant artillery battle now begins. The bursts of shells come one on top of another, they are quite close, next to us, almost upon us, right under the walls of the hut, surely it must fall. And now we can hear a sound as of a person tapping persistently, untiringly, irritably at the wall with an enormous dry hard fist. This is the rifle firing beginning.

We hurriedly dress and go out.

It is terrible, but wonderfully beautiful.

Short red flames burst out one after another; the searchlight throws strange, long pale beams as far as the horizon, and the screaming shrapnel falls on the ground in bright, meteor-like to night attack on our trenches, but by the sparks, and in the air there is the ceaseless crack of rifle fire, bursting of shells, and clatter of shrapnel, the constant, un-

tiring business of a battle.

Then everything begins to quiet down, 15 like a storm that has exhausted its fury. But hardly have we started towards the hut when again . . . it starts slowly, quietly, far away. Then nearer, clearer, more persistently, shriller. Rifles, quick-20 firers, howitzers, all once more enter the lists. The farther away the fiercer it seems. Now it becomes hard to distinguish one sound from the other, for the rifles and the big guns seem to make the 25 second decade of the twentieth century same amount of noise.

I have an unconquerable craving to go and see what is happening a verst or two away, where the battle is being fought. stands a fog has risen, and, in spite of the bright moon, it is impossible to see anything in the damp mist.

And then suddenly a drawling, low, distant roar arises, grows, approaches. I can 35 train of sorrow and suffering, for so many clearly hear amid this tornado of sounds the tones of many men's voices. Afar 'A!—a!—a!' getting louder noment. 'Again, again!' Here it every moment, 'Again, again!' from this side, then from the other.

My heart beats with excitement and agitation. I imagine - as I cannot see anything in the cold, dank mist - that ute out of that darkness there may appear foreign soldiers. And again, although I am encircled by a blanket of fog, I imagine I can see something. But that is impossible.

Then again the long-drawn-out 'A!a! - a!' Now somewhat louder, more convincing, more triumphant. But suddenly everything almost at the same moment grows calm. One or two more shots 55 are fired by rifles and guns. . . . And by seven o'clock in the morning, when a slow, dull, drowsy dawn comes up from

the north, there is complete silence all along our front.

The day in the trenches begins. Baggage carts make their way along the road, 5 orderlies hurry hither and thither. On the plain and in the woods the artillery fire at intervals. Some wounded are being brought in to the bandaging point, and some one says that last night there was a strong, well-aimed thrusts of our brave men's bayonets it was repulsed.

XI

SAVING 27,000 LIVES IN ONE STATE

CHARLES FREDERICK CARTER

[Technical World, February, 1912. By permission.]

Nobody can be expected to believe that a state health department worthy of the exists in America. We have been turning our streams into sewers and our lakes into cesspools, scattering pollution everywhere, treating contagious diseases as But from the peat bog on which the hut 30 jokes, violating every law of hygiene, outraging every dictate of common sense, and blaming Providence instead of our own criminal incompetence for the resultant untimely deaths, with all their mournful years that the country seemed beyond

To say, therefore, that a legislature has had the wisdom to provide a state health is quite close to me, then farther off again, 40 department with ample funds and authority is to make the improbable seem preposterous. To add that the operations of this properly organized and equipped health department have reduced the ansomething is approaching, that in a min- 45 nual death rate of the State enough to save twenty-seven thousand lives in the last four years is to put the finishing touch to a story that only sounds fit to tell the marines. Having now strained credulity 50 to the uttermost we may as well go the limit by naming the State that enjoys the beneficent activities of an enlightened and efficient health department.

It 's Pennsylvania!

Yes, there are some things that seem too good to be true. This is one of them. Pennsylvania, the favorite hunting ground of the muckraker and the surveyor, ac-

tually has a health department with 4000 employees, every one of whom is holding his job, not by order of the 'organization,' but solely by the saving grace of fitness of dollars and receiving full value for every nickel. And the results that the four thousand have accomplished and are still achieving are impressive and inspir-

Pennsylvania was no worse than its neighbors, but natural conditions were such that the punishment for its sanitary sins fell a little more harshly upon the Keystone State than upon some others. 15 his younger days just for the sake of hav-The death rate from typhoid fever grew to the proportions of a national scandal. To be sure there was a so-called health department, just as there are to-day in so many other States; but it had no author- 20 versity of Pennsylvania, pursued post ity, no funds, no staff, no power to do anything but to issue an annual report. It was a grim joke at the taxpayers' expense. There were also health boards in the cities and some of the towns; but they 25 University of Pennsylvania, made a hobby were little, if any, better off than the state health department, while even the feeble power they may have had did not extend beyond the boundaries of their respective municipalities. To try to safeguard the 30 losis, a year before the great Koch anlives and health of people on one side of nounced it as a cure for consumption. an imaginary line while the people on the That it is not a cure, but is now used other side were free to lead the lives of hygienic anarchists or cavemen - in other words, the lives of free-born American 35 skill or work of these men. There can be citizens, was worse than futile.

When manufacturing establishments began to move out of the State because so many of their employees were sick all the time that the plants could not be operated 40 Dixon also became president of the Acadprofitably, it was realized that something had to be done. To clean up an entire State that had been accumulating filth and foulness for generations was an undertaking that made the fabled job of Hercu- 45 tute of Anatomy, a councilor of the Amerles in the Augean stables seem petty; but when there is a big task to be done a big

man is always at hand to do it.

Dr. Charles B. Penrose, a retired physician of Philadelphia, a member of one 50 published a work on physiology and was a of Pennsylvania's prominent families, embodied his ideas of what a health department's powers should be in three bills. He appeared before various legislative committees to advocate his ideas, and it is 55 just possible that he may have interested his brother, Boies Penrose, member of the United States Senate, who is popularly

supposed to have some political influence in Pennsylvania, in them. At all events the bills were enacted into laws in the form that Dr. Penrose drew them. and industry, which is disbursing millions 5 next step was to find the right man for commissioner of health, or rather to persuade him to accept the position; for no one had any doubt about who the right man was.

Unfortunately, the salary of \$10,000 a year was no inducement whatever to Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, for he is wealthy. A public office was still less to his taste. He had taken up the practice of law in ing something to do, until he had too much to do and thus caused his health to break down. Upon recovering he studied medicine, graduated with honors from the Unigraduate studies in London and Munich, then returned to practise his profession in Philadelphia. To kill time he accepted the chair of hygiene in medicine at the of bacteriology, became professor of bacteriology and microscopic technology at the University and discovered tuberculin, a culture made from the bacilli of tubercuchiefly in discovering tuberculosis in cattle does not reflect upon the scientific no doubt about Dr. Dixon's priority of discovery, for the announcement of it was published in a medical journal a year before Koch made his announcement. Dr. emy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, the oldest scientific body in America, a member of the Philadelphia Board of Education, a trustee of the Wistar Instiican Philosophical Society, a director of the Zoölogical Society of Philadelphia, and an active member of a dozen other scientific societies at home and abroad. He frequent contributor to medical and scientific journals.

With such an insatiable appetite for work, backed by so notable a career, Dr. Dixon was obviously the man for the place. Being finally persuaded that he need never suffer from ennui if he accepted the appointment, Dr. Dixon became commissioner of health of Pennsylvania in 1905. He took so much time in organizing his department and in preparatory work that he was unable to spend all of the time limit, which unheard-of conduct caused his political friends no little anxiety. Their worry proved to be supererogatory, for when the legislature met tuberculosis and \$441,288 for the general work of the department without a murmur just because Dr. Dixon said he needed that much.

After an outbreak of smallpox at 15 his opinion. Waynesboro was taken in hand by the new department, there was no lack of the picturesque in its activities. Some outraged citizens who found for the first time that they were no longer free to spread disease 20 ply, engaged a lawyer to fight the departand death at their own sweet will hanged Dr. Dixon in effigy, while others denounced him as a 'czar,' and a 'dictator,' and worried greatly over the peril of placing so much power in the hands of one 25 produced data from his own engineers, man. The commissioner's mail began to be burdened with threatening letters. One man in the smallpox belt, whose fears were wrought upon by the anti-vaccinationists until he became convinced that 30 a sewer discharged on the opposite bank. the health department was seeking to kill his seven children by vaccinating them, lay in wait one night to shoot Dr. Dixon. The commissioner, by the merest chance, forced by the sewage poured into the took an unusual route home that night and 35 pond. The deputation turned pale and so escaped. The would-be assassin upon being discovered acknowledged that he had intended to kill Dr. Dixon and explained Thereupon the doctor wrote him a kindly letter which so filled his whilom 40 story; but somehow, though the laugh enemy with remorse that he went into hysterics in the prosecuting attorney's office. Then he went home a convert to vaccination and a faithful admirer of Dr. Dixon.

too, found no lack of excitement. A stream inspector, for example, upon going to examine some premises suspected of polluting a brook which emptied into a stream irate owner, who did not propose to have his right to empty his sewage where he pleased abridged. The inspector tried to a blow from a club which fractured his skull. On another occasion the occupants of a house in which there had been a case of measles put out a health officer's eye by way of expressing their disapproval of his attempt to disinfect the premises.

While some folk thought a health dethe first appropriation of \$400,000 within 5 partment was a good thing to make other people behave themselves, they resented any attempt to interfere with their own liberty to do as they pleased. Thus, when twenty hogs died of cholera their owner in 1907 it appropriated \$1,059,312 to fight 10 refused to bury them. When the department of health notified him to abate the nuisance he allowed that he would do as he darn pleased on his own land. It required a fine of \$25 to induce him to revise

This was bad enough for an uneducated farmer; but what is to be said of a manufacturing town which, upon being ordered to make certain changes in its water supment's order, then sent a deputation accompanied by the lawyer to protest to the commissioner. Dr. Dixon waited until the deputation was out of breath, then who had measured the flow of the stream that supplied the town with water. The intake of the water works was just above a little dam on one side of the stream while The engineers' measurements proved that the stream did not furnish water enough to supply the town if it had not been reinwobbled at the knees upon receiving this disquieting information. They had not another word to say. Dr. Dixon thereupon dismissed his callers with a funny came at the proper place, it seemed to lack spontaneity and sprightliness. The changes ordered were made with alacrity.

These are but samples of the opposition Employees of the health department, 45 which the department encountered in almost everything it undertook at first. However, that is only the dark side of the story. While bills were repeatedly introduced in the legislature to abolish the from which the city of Reading drew 50 department of health or to restrict its its water supply, was ordered off by the powers they all died a sudden death. Then some foolish candidates in the campaign of 1910 thought to make political capital out of the supposed opposition to pacify the farmer, but was answered with 55 the department. With fine sarcasm they alleged that the next move of the health department would be to compel farmers to filter water for their ducks to swim in.

and to Pasteurize the swill for the hogs. The sarcastic ones suffered the usual fate of those who interfere in family quarrels; which is to say, both parties turned on them and rended them limb from limb, 5 for part of the appropriations have been politically speaking. In other words, the voters did n't do a thing to them. The next legislature appropriated \$3,657,248 for the use of the department of health in 1911 and 1912, as its way of saying that 10 the average cost per life saved. Pennsylvania had entire confidence in Dr. Dixon and that he might go as far as he liked. All this seems to bear out Dr. Dixon's theory that sanitary sins are committed through ignorance; and that most 15 ciety? He wants to live, and he expects people are willing to do right when shown how.

Since the department of health was created in 1905 a grand total of \$8,558,048 has been appropriated for its use up to 20 suffering and sorrow averted by the prethe end of 1912. Never before has money been so freely spent for the conservation of human life. The results have more than justified the expenditure, for the work of the department has been a spec- 25 health by the reductions in the sick rate

tacular success.

The decrease in the annual death rate brought about by the measures initiated by the department of health means that in round numbers 27,000 persons who un- 30 This means that there are now living more der former conditions would have died within the State within the four years ending with 1911 are alive today. Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale University, one of the foremost of American economists, 35 129.6 per 100,000 to 117.4. This means has estimated the worth to society of the average life lost by preventable diseases at \$1700. Taking this as a basis, the economic value of the lives saved by the Pennsylvania department of health so far 40 to December, 1910, 27,318 cases of this reaches the impressive total of \$45,900,ooo. Deducting the total expenditures of the department, \$6,719,424 (one-half the current appropriation being for the year 1912) gives a net profit of \$39,180,576, 45 which is 583 per cent. on the investment.

Or, to figure it another way, the average cost of saving one life has been \$199.19. Frederick Hoffman, statistician of the Prudential Insurance Company, estimates 50 that had been exposed to the disease. All the average net economic value of a man, that is, the selling value of his product less the cost of materials, the wear of machinery, and the cost of living for the man and his family, at \$300 a year for the 55 end of 1910 was 9152 lives. The death normal period of industrial activity, which is from the fifteenth to the sixty-fifth year. On this basis the State of Pennsylvania is

enriching itself by a net profit of 50 per cent. per year on every \$200 invested in saving life through its department of health. The actual profit is much greater, invested in permanent improvements; and, besides, the effect of all sanitary work is cumulative. The longer the work is continued the greater the benefits and the less

These figures are fascinating so long as they apply to others. But what man is willing to consider his own life from the standpoint of his economic value to sothe State to protect his inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, regardless of any question of cost or economic value. And how is the human vention of sickness and death to be computed? The better way is to leave questions of economic value out of consideration and to judge the department of

and death rate it has brought about.

In 1906, 56.5 persons out of every 100,ooo in Pennsylvania died of typhoid fever; in 1907, 50.3; in 1908, 34.4; in 1910, 24.5. than 2400 persons who, had the death rate of 1906 prevailed in 1910, would have died of typhoid. In the same time the death rate from pulmonary tuberculosis fell from the saving of about 1000 lives annually. From October, 1905, when the health department began the free distribution of diphtheria antitoxin among the poor, down dread disease, mostly little children, were treated with the life-saving serum. Statistics show that without antitoxin 42 out of every 100 of these children would probably have died; but with the aid of the State's antitoxin the deaths were reduced to 2324, and the death rate was reduced to 8.50. Free antitoxin was also given for immunization purposes in 20,294 cases but 335 of these were absolutely protected against diphtheria. The actual saving of child life resulting from the State's free distribution of diphtheria antitoxin to the rate from measles has been reduced from 21 per 100,000 in 1906, to 11 in 1910; the death rate from whooping cough has been reduced from 22 to 16, and so on through the whole long list of contagious diseases.

In 1906 the Pennsylvania death rate per 1000 was 16.5; in 1908 it had dropped to 15.7. At first glance this does not seem 5 a remarkable reduction; but it means that had the death rate of 1906 prevailed in 1908, 5914 more persons would have died than actually succumbed. In 1910 the prevailed in that year 6898 more men, women, and children now living and presumably in good health and spirits, would have died.

possible in the first place by laws which give the commissioner of health the necessary authority to do things, and that means practically unlimited power. It is made to protect the health of the people of the State and to determine and to employ the most efficient and practical means for the prevention and suppression of disease." any qualifications or restrictions, to abate nuisances. His agents are empowered to enter and examine any premises in the State. He may issue warrants for the regulations and he can subpœna witnesses and 'compel' them to testify in any matter relating to the work of his department. To disobey any order or regulation of the department of health is a misdemeanor 35 which will keep a thousand inspectors busy. punishable by fine or imprisonment or both.

The organization under which the autocratic powers of the commissioner are exercised is an intricate network, the 40 some way. Numerous incipient cases of wires of which designedly cross each other at so many points that there are ample checks on everything done by employees of the department and upon everything that in any way may affect the public 45 under quarantine by a health officer who health. The department takes no chances, and nothing has been overlooked.

For instance, many physicians thought the law requiring them to report births sixty doctors had been arrested and fined in one day in Philadelphia for neglecting their duty in this regard, a batch of sixteen in Scranton on another day, and large batches in other cities, the doctors reached 55 tion. the unanimous conclusion that at least some laws in Pennsylvania mean exactly what they say. Since this conclusion was

reached Pennsylvania mortuary statistics have so improved that the United States census bureau has found them within I

per cent. of absolute accuracy.

One of the nine bureaus into which the department of health is divided is called the division of medical inspection. It consists of a chief medical inspector with an office staff and a field staff made up of a death rate was 15.6. Had the 1906 rate 10 medical inspector in each county and as many health officers and visiting nurses as may be required. The county medical inspector directs all quarantine measures, is frequently called to see those sick with These splendid results have been made is communicable diseases, enforces the department's regulations for the sale of milk in premises infected with diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid and other diseases and supervises the sanitary conditions of his The duty of the commissioner of health 20 county in general. The division of medical inspection conducts a campaign of sanitary education reaching dairy farms and public schools. Twice a year health officers visit all premises which market The commissioner is given power, without 25 milk, and there are some seventy-five thousand of them. Twice a year the health officers visit all the thirteen thousand public schools in the State and make full reports on the sanitary condition of school arrest of those who disobey his rules and 30 room, grounds, outbuildings and water supply.

One of the newest tasks of the division of medical inspection is the examination of pupils in public schools, an undertaking A trial test in three counties to ascertain whether such an inspection was needed or not revealed the astonishing fact that more than half the pupils were abnormal in contagious disease were discovered by this means in time to prevent epidemics.

Whenever a case of contagious disease is reported the house is immediately placed explains the necessity therefor, gives instructions for caring for the patient and preventing the spread of the disease and leaves a circular of printed directions and deaths did n't mean them. After 50 couched in simple language. Librarians of public libraries, school teachers and Sunday school teachers are at once notified of the quarantine that they may be on their guard against any possible viola-If the patient is too poor to pay for medical treatment the medical inspector attends the case and if necessary a visiting nurse also calls. In certain cases the wage

earner of the family is given a permit to work provided he agrees not to come in contact with the patient or any one attending him. If the family sells milk the to the milking or that the cows are sent away to be cared for. Great pains are taken to safeguard the public health without interrupting the family income whenenforce a rule without first explaining the necessity for it. By this policy the department secures the cooperation that makes for effectiveness.

house is thoroughly disinfected by a health officer. Great stress is laid on disinfection. A horrible example discovered by the department is a house that was occupied by three different families in ten 20 forced from the source of the water supyears in which twenty cases of tuberculosis developed. Nine died in the house. while several others have died since leaving. All this might have been prevented by disinfecting the house after the first 25 infected. case. So strongly has the public been impressed with the importance of disinfection by the educational campaign of the health department that they tell of one farmer who walked twenty miles to get a 30 health officer to disinfect his house after a death from tuberculosis.

Even yet, though, there are some who do not appreciate the importance of disinfection. A member of the legislature 35 under construction under plans approved made a special trip to Harrisburg to have the regulations regarding disinfection suspended or modified for a constituent whose family included an aged grandmother. The chief medical inspector refused to re- 40 with plans approved by the department. lax the rules but he did instruct the health officer to consult the convenience of the householder in disinfecting and to make as many trips as might be necessary to do the work without causing the grand- 45 by the department. mother any discomfort.

In the frequent typhoid epidemics the department either assumes control of the situation, drawing upon an ample emergency fund for whatever sums may be 50 much money as is spent on its other work. needed, or it cooperates with the local health board if that body gives sufficient evidences of its ability, as circumstances may seem to require. Some twenty-three may seem to require. Some twenty-three others with a capacity of 350 each have such epidemics, some of which were of 55 just been completed. To supplement large proportions, have been handled in whole or in part by the department of health. When an epidemic broke out in

Nanticoke, a mining town of fourteen thousand inhabitants, for example, the health department took charge. source of infection was traced to a single health officer sees that an outsider attends 5 case two months earlier which had contaminated the creek that furnished the water supply. An emergency hospital was organized, visiting nurses were sent from house to house to instruct in exact methever that is possible and never to try to 10 ods of disinfection, the water supply was disinfected with sulphate of copper, every premise in the entire community was visited and revisited until it was certain that every menace to health had been abolished When the patient recovers or dies the 15 and sewage disposal on individual estates was supervised. Warning placards were posted everywhere urging the boiling of water and the Pasteurizing of milk. most rigid sanitary measures were enply to the ultimate disposal of sewage. When the disease was under control the reservoir which supplied Nanticoke and other towns was emptied, cleaned and dis-

> Every watershed in the State is being gone over by employees of the division of sanitary engineering. Every house is visited. Up to August 1, 1911, 34,481 private sources of stream pollution have been abated, while thousands more have been stopped through the moral influence of this work. Eighty-nine modern sewage disposal plants have been built or are by the department. Two hundred and eighty-four municipalities and private sewerage corporations are building comprehensive sewerage systems in accordance No town can extend its sewerage system without the approval of the department of health. Already eighty-six modern water filtration plants have been approved

> Pennsylvania has some forty thousand cases of tuberculosis within its borders. To stamp out this plague the department of health uses two and a half times as A tuberculosis sanitarium with a thousand patients is maintained at Mont Alto in the southern part of the State while two these sanitariums there are 115 free dispensaries scattered throughout the State, where 222 medical men and 110 nurses

look after those who are too poor to care for themselves. Up to June 30, 1911, 41,-792 poor patients have received attention at the free dispensaries. Milk and oil, paper handkerchiefs and sputum boxes ; lunch,' for Dr. Dixon usually eats his which can be burned after use are pro- luncheon and his dinner at his desk. His vided by the State for tubercular patients who are unable to provide such things for themselves.

tained at 656 stations throughout the State, tetanus antitoxin from 67 stations. The diphtheria remedy can be obtained in a few hours at most in any part of the State, while the tetanus antitoxin is accessible 15 in the department which is spreading the from any locality within twenty-four hours.

For efficiency and enthusiasm the Pennsylvania department of health is a wonder.

The commissioner sets the pace by working an average of fourteen hours a day. That means fourteen hours' work, and not four hours' work and ten hours 'out to luncheon and his dinner at his desk. His example seems to be contagious. They tell a story of a health officer who worked until midnight during a smallpox epi-Free diphtheria antitoxin can be ob- 10 demic, then arose at three o'clock in the morning to run down a 'contact' away out in the mountains, thus checking the further spread of the epidemic.

It is such a spirit as this everywhere gospel of health into the remotest corners of darkest Pennsylvania. Perhaps in time some of that gospel may be carried be-

yond the boundaries of the State.

PERSONAL SKETCHES AND **INTERVIEWS**

Description may be said to deal with persons or things at rest; narration recounts events as they happen, usually in order of succession. The personal sketch may employ either or both of these methods, according as one's object is to enable the reader to realize an individual from what he has done or from what he is. The first article on our list in this section employs the former method, for we understand best what Bismarck was from what he accomplished the achievement of the German Empire, doubtless the most significant fact of his time. Signor Cortesi's account of the Pope uses both expedients, and so does the admirably balanced estimate of Taft and Roosevelt by Mr. Leupp, written, it will be remembered, in 1910, before the time when both became candidates for the Presidency.

The interview generally deals with a particular moment rather than with a succession of events—a personality rather than a life history. For the particular individuality concerned, it aims at showing 'the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' The two interviews from the New York Times, that with Mr. Henry James and that with Sir J. M. Barrie, are both masterpieces of craftsmanship in their presentation of those subtle and delicate differences which distinguish the speech and gesture of the exceptional man from the hosts of his fellows; Mr. James's intellectual finesse is caught and rendered as skilfully as Sir J. M. Barrie's elusive whimsicality. Indeed it has been suggested of the latter interview that none

but Barrie himself could have written it.

Mr. Alleyne Ireland relies chiefly on narrative, but he is no less successful in the presentation of the extraordinarily vigorous and striking personality of Joseph Pulitzer. The subjects in the other cases hardly afford equal opportunity, but the articles are all excellent after their own manner, and afford the young student many salutary hints of what he should strive for in this kind of work - the complete effacement of himself, and the clear and vivid realization of the person whom the readers must see for themselves 'in his habit, as he lived' so that they are endowed for the moment, all unconsciously, with the cunningly concealed insight and sympathy of the biographer or interviewer.

T

BISMARCK

One hundred years ago to-day was born the man to whose influence, more than to that of any other, historians trace the causes of the war which is now torturing 10 Europe and testing the relations of all the great nations of the world - Bismarck, the first German Imperial Chancellor, who as a statesman found his nation an outstretched hand and who left it a clenched is been at the helm from which he was sep-

When he began the career which ended in his becoming the strongest force in the state, Germany was hardly even a loose Pilot,' would he have allowed Germany confederacy of individual states, torn by 20 to steer into the dangers of antagonism conflicting interests and revolutionary

tendencies, held together practically by the one mutual bond of race, based upon industrialism and inviting by free trade the commerce of the world. When he had [Evening Post (New York), April 1, 1915. By 5 finished his work, Germany was a compact empire, dominated by Prussian autocracy, single in aim, protectionist, in concentrating and developing its own commerce, and based upon militarism.

What would Bismarck have done, had he been alive in the present crisis? That he foresaw it, and that he tried to plan against it, the record of his own acts and statements leaves no question. If he had arated by the break with the present Emperor, pictured in the now famous cartoon of the London Punch, 'Dropping the with all but one of the great Powers of

Europe? That is the question which students of the events of to-day have repeatedly asked themselves. As a comparison with the present diplomacy of his counmarck is suggestive.

BISMARCK'S IDEALS FOR GERMANY

Bismarck's leading thought was that Germany should be an invincible and self- 10 sufficient empire, controlled by the central authority of Prussia. Immediate satisfactions and temporary gains he was always ready to sacrifice to this end. He stimulated and used the spirit of national 15 the University of Göttingen, Otto Edouard unity to extend and consolidate Prussian supremacy; and it has been said that in his statecraft the new philosophy of Germany, the doctrine of triumphant energy, was exemplified.

Nevertheless, he saw with perfect clearness that supremacy must be based upon security; and this realization shaped the foreign policy which he made famous. It is significant to note how at every turn in 25 in the early years of the reign of Frederthe expansion of the power of his state, whenever he could control the desire of his ruler and people, he avoided taking from a defeated adversary territory whose loss would provide an enduring cause for 30 distinguished him, and brought him back hatred and the spirit of revenge. It was by this wise principle that he was able to maintain the possibility of a natural alliance with Austria, even through the crisis of a decisive defeat in war.

A second principle was the cultivation of friendly relations and alliances, even apparent sacrifice to avoid bad feeling, wherever this was possible. Often he opcomplish this aim; and it was only when events had reached a point where he believed that war with a certain nation was necessary that he deliberately accepted a offer of German aid to Russia in the Polish revolt of 1863 was an example of this policy, by which he gained an advantage over France, Austria, and England, flicts that were to come. Again, in 1863, upon the death of King Frederick VII in Denmark, when Prince Frederick of Au-Danish crown, and was strongly supported by the German nation, he refused to break the London treaty of 1852 guaranteeing

the integrity of Denmark; and so avoided a coalition of Powers against his state. Later, he brought on war with Denmark on a charge of oppression of German subtry, an analysis of the principles of Bis- 5 jects, unifying German sentiment behind him, gaining the alliance of Austria, and paving the way for the annexation of the duchies by Prussia instead of Augusten-

EARLY DAYS AND RISE TO POWER

Born at Schönhausen on April 1, 1815, into an old manorial family, and educated at the Graue Kloster School in Berlin and Leopold von Bismarck is first seen as an exuberant and radical young landlord, who, after qualifying for public service in 1835, developed a distaste for it, resorted 20 to travel and study of European countries, then to private life and the management of his estate, and flirted with Socialism and liberal ideas generally. A vital change of thought as a result of the religious revival ick William IV developed the strong conviction of the divine right of kings and monarchy as the true expression of the Christian state which always afterward again into public life.

In 1847, the year of his marriage to Johanna von Puttkamer, which strengthened his deep religious beliefs, he repre-35 sented the lower nobility of his district in the Estates-General at Berlin. He became a leader of the early monarchical favoring Prussian militarism Junkers, and conservatism against the liberal trend posed a strong national sentiment to ac- 40 toward revolution and republicanism, as member for Brandenburg in the new Parliament of 1849; and after the quelling of revolution was a strong Prussian representative appointed by the King in the course which would lead to hostility. His 45 restored Diet of Frankfurt. Here he discovered the intention of Austria to humble Prussia, and accepted the idea of conflict and the strengthening of Prussia by for-He urged alliance with eign alliance. and secured Russian neutrality in the con- 50 Russia in the Crimean War; strengthened friendship with Russia as Ambassador for four years from 1858, and later at Paris renewed the understanding of gustenburg claimed the duchies of Schles- 1857 with Napoleon, thus gaining free-wig and Holstein, hitherto attached to the 55 dom for action against Austria as the first great rival to be met.

> Events now pushed him rapidly into power. His letter to Manteuffel in July,

1857, showed that he felt the necessity of the coming conflict with Austria for Prussian existence. Soon, with the support of Roon as Minister of War, he gained the offices of Foreign Minister; German people for the proposal which and Minister-president.

'BLOOD AND IRON'

Boldly he began his ministry with the phrase most closely associated with his 10 never be resumed, and in which the Gername, in the enunciation of the policy he believed inevitable for the establishment of the empire: 'It is not by parliamentary speeches and majority votes that these great problems will be settled, 15 ment with Austria, in which there was but by blood and iron.' The words resounded through Germany, startling the people into a new attention; and brought a clanging echo from every great nation of Europe. From that time forth it was 20 certain that the imperial development was to be characterized by the spirit which other races have come to call the worship of force, and by the words which followed the successful settlement of the 25 the King signing the agreements as acissue of 1871 with France: 'We must keep our powder dry and our sword sharp.'

The early years of his ministry were occupied with procuring the neutrality of Russia and France, and an alliance 30 and the imposition of heavy indemnities with Italy, in preparing for war with Austria. A cause which would unite German sentiment in the fight he found in a charge of provoking disloyal action in the southern Duchies in 1866, and an-35 nouncing full Prussian control. The people were reluctant; but by delays, Bismarck made incensed Austria seem to provoke war. Then, after victory, he assured south German friendship by block- 40 his people. ing his ruler's desire for invasion and annexation, by the granting of universal male suffrage and by publishing Napoleon's offer of an alliance in 1866 in return for control of the Palatinate and 45 attempted to subordinate it to the ends western Hesse. In the spring he completed the union of the north German states; and with the practical control of both southern and northern Teutonic action, began to look toward the campaign 50 cant. Up to the great war of 1870 he to crush France.

The conflict was foreshadowed in the refusal to countenance French rule and the insistence on the neutralization of Luxemburg in 1867, in the treaty of Lon- 55 this stand; and began by gradual imposidon; and in 1868 Moltke began to formulate his plans of campaign. Bismarck allowed the rumors of possible war to be

judiciously spread. Then, in 1870, came the offer that Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern be made king of the disrupted Spanish nation, the enthusiasm of the furnished Bismarck the popular feeling he desired, the opposition of France, and the famous Ems telegrams in which France demanded that the candidature man King rejected the proposal. Bismarck had already roused antipathy to France by his publication of the relations with Napoleon as mediator in the settlean implied attempt to dictate terms, and of the suggestion of aid in South Germany in return for Luxemburg and Belgium. The publication of the Ems telegrams was the spark which set national spirit aflame.

GERMANY AN EMPIRE

The peace with France was gained with knowledged Emperor, rather than as the representative of a confederacy of German states, and with the cession of the most of Alsace and a fifth of Lorraine upon France. The establishment of the new Imperial order of government in Germany followed rapidly. Bismarck became a prince and the first Imperial chancellor, with a rooted belief in the divine right of the monarchy, a hatred of revolutionary forces and of the mob, and a ruling passion for power for himself, his party, his Prussia, his Empire, and

His efforts to establish the union took many forms. He had early recognized the new power of the press by founding the Kreuzzeitung in 1847; and later he of the state by stern limitation of freedom and by laws against public agita-

tion.

His policy on trade was also signifihad been the guardian and favorite of the free-trade party, and Germany remained open to the world. Afterward, however, in 1878, he definitely abandoned tion of duties to transform Germany into a protectionist state, forcing its own industries and concentrating wealth.

Socialism was a force he greatly feared, and he attempted to combat it by his notable experiments in identifying its principles with the monarchical power of the state, recognizing the principle of 5 treaties that 'no people could sacrifice man's right to labor, of the duty of the state to aid in giving it, and of the protection of workers through insurance and compensation laws.

ling, after a long conflict, by legislation which produced a relation safeguarding the rights of the state, while reconciling

covery of the fallacy in the theory of equality for Germans in British colonies. It is recorded that he distrusted colonial enterprise, and was most concerned over intact power for the Empire; but that he 20 inability to push through an unmodified was forced by the national demand first into an attempt to satisfy it by favoring the development of colonies by private enterprise, and then by circumstances into admission of the necessity of pro- 25 Prussian love of monarchy supported by tectorates.

DREAM OF DREIKAISERBUND

Bismarck's great hope was for an alliance of Germany, Austria, and Russia; 30 the subordinate force of diplomacy, inteland if it had been realized, it is probable ligence justifying force. Would he have that the union of natural and political forces would have established an impregnable position, which would have forestalled the wars which Bismarck feared 35 for his country. Russia, however, he failed fully to gain, and he was forced into the Triple Alliance with Austria and Italy. He dreaded the Russian-French alliance which followed, and desired an 40 structure: 'Peoples understanding with England, which was prevented by the destruction of freetrade good will through the protective Thus, with the practical certainty of the ultimate action of these countries 45 against his, he turned to Turkey even as early as 1884, and sent an agent to induce Abdul Hamid to arm against Russia, and procure his armament in Germany. His famous break with the pres- 50 ent Emperor, which ended in his resignation, came over the question of the Russian occupation of Bulgaria, which he was ready to allow on account of his fear of the Russian-French alliance, but 55 which the Emperor insisted upon pre-venting on the ground of loyalty to Aus-The result was the dismissal from

office in 1800. He died at Friedrichs-

ruh on July 31, 1898. His attitude toward foreign relations was summed up in his remark upon its interest on the altar of fidelity to treaty; but would go only as far as suited its wwn interests. However, in pursuing the opportunist policy, he was re-The church he succeeded in control- 10 markable for the success, which the student of comparisons with modern German statecraft must observe, with which he always managed adroitly to make his and satisfying the ecclesiastical power. people seem to be attacked by the Colonization he favored upon the dis- 15 with which he had prepared war. people seem to be attacked by the nation

The inevitable fallacy to which he appears to have been forced, in common with most of the great builders of empire, was the fallacy of compromise, of program.

'Universal suffrage is the necessary sugar coating of the conscription pill,' he is reputed to have said. He opposed the arms to a maimed liberalism, while on the other hand he was forced to arm with votes a stimulated spirit of democracy. He attempted to use an efficient army as had faith or fear, asks the student of to-

justifying itself? Let him speak, in the words of a letter written to his wife, in final comment upon his own career and upon his ultimate convictions regarding the world in which he had tried to build an enduring and individuals, folly and wisdom, war and peace - all comes and goes like wave upon wave; and only the sea remains.'

day, for militarism in the ascendant, force

II

BENEDICT XV-POLITICAL POPE

SALVATORE CORTESI

[Independent, October 12, 1914. By permission.]

The most surprised person at the election of Giacomo della Chiesa as head of the Catholic Church was Benedict XV himself, for he knew his disqualifications

as well as did his colleagues, and so had not contemplated the supreme dignity for the present. To begin with he is only sixty years old, which is quite young for a pope, and means a probable pon- 5 of charity of Benedict XV are all the tificate of fifteen or twenty years; he has only been a cardinal three months, and he was sent to his Archdiocese of Bologna, if not as a disgrace, at least to remove him from the Vatican, where, as 10 reer to Cardinal Rampolla, who took him Cardinal Rampolla's most faithful disciple, he was not persona grata. These were the disqualifications; the qualifications were less on the surface. Cer- Della Chiesa witnessed the fall of his tainly the policy of Pius X was not 15 patron, saw the sycophants drop away, looked upon with favor by many of the cardinals nor was his easily influenced character considered the best for the head of the church in a crisis, and in turning to della Chiesa they found one who sup- 20 matter what his cares or fatigue he paid posedly will follow Rampolla's policy, and who is strong and firm in whatever he does, while having a thorough knowledge of church affairs through his training in the time of Leo XIII.

The new pope is small in stature even for an Italian (so much so that the tailor had to be called immediately after his election, to make smaller the smallest of the three suits which are always prepared 30 ing, 'like della Chiesa's love for Rambeforehand for the new pontiff). He is sallow, with a thin, keen face; gesticulates freely with nervous movements of the hands; wears spectacles and is full of energy and life; and with it all has 35 the indefinable 'something' which is popularly supposed to denote refinement

and a long line of ancestors. The della Chiesa is a noble family of back to the time of St. Ambrose, who, having the temporal as well as the spiritual government of most of northern Italy, created some captains, with the ob-Arian attack. Some of these captains through their acts of valor were called 'Champions of the Church,' in Italian 'Campioni della Chiesa,' and the founder tinguished themselves in the church, counting two saints, a cardinal, several bishops, and now a pope, but not showing of Benedict XV was Marquis Giuseppe, while he has a brother who is an admiral on the retired list of the Italian navy, and is related to many well known families of Rome and Italy.

Although noble, the della Chiesa family is quite poor, so that the many acts more to his credit, as they manifest a large generosity, and to this he adds faithfulness and gratitude. He undoubtedly owed the first steps in his cato Madrid when he was nuncio there, and had him as his substitute when he himself was secretary of state.

even friends finding too little to be got out of it to make it worth while to visit the lonely recluse. But the loyalty and affection of della Chiesa never wavered. No his daily visit to Cardinal Rampolla, bringing a wave of affairs with him and brightening the declining years of his old friend and master, while on his part re-25 ceiving counsel, and, more remarkable, acting on it. When Cardinal Rampolla died, Archbishop della Chiesa was in Bologna. He rushed to Rome and showed such violent and sincere grief that the saypolla,' became the symbol of fidelity at the

So much has happened since Giacomo della Chiesa was a comparatively young man at the Vatican that looking back it seems thirty instead of fifteen years ago.

It seems only the other day that I climbed the innumerable stairs (at that time the only elevator in the Vatican was Genoa originally from Milan, and dates 40 forbidden to outsiders and especially to journalists) leading to the Secretaryship of State in the Apostolic Palace. Once arrived one had the impression of being in a garret transformed into a photographer's ject of defending the church from the 45 gallery, as the corridor out of which the rooms of the office open takes its light from a skylight. In these modest and small, but historic rooms, where the celebrated Consalvi worked at the time of Naof the pope's family was one of these 50 poleon, and Cardinal Antonelli under Pius soldiers. The della Chiesa family dis- IX; where Gioacchino Pecci. the greatest pope of modern times, began his career, and where his powerful Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, had made his great capacity in other fields. The father 55 mark, there the young Monsignor della Chiesa was then supreme. Those rooms, which seem to be camped in the sky, so high they stand at the top of the Vatican. are the same which have produced the present generation of papal diplomatists; Merry del Val, perhaps the chief, who had his first mission in Canada: Sbaretti, who went to Cuba, and Ceretti, who after hav- 5 sunshine of a most attractive repentance. ing been in Washington has recently been appointed to be the first apostolic delegate to Australia, and so on. Monsignor della Chiesa was always to be found there, or walking in the upper loggia, on which his 10 casion she presented him with a spade and own apartment opened, with the Eternal City at his feet. Even then, over fifteen years ago, one could scarcely call him young, for he is one of those people who are never young and never old, this ap- 15 the garden, and will now, of course, be the pearance being emphasized by a slight inequality in his shoulders, the habit of wearing his spectacles crooked, and using his hands continually in arranging the sash about his waist. I cannot say that he 20 rection, but he persevered and took a high liked newspaper men, but at a time when the suave and kind Monsignor Bisleti, now cardinal, had not yet risen to be majordomo, and his place was then occupied by men like della Volpe and Cagiano 25 enter the church.' This he was allowed de Azevedo, who detested journalists, journalism and writers, and took no trouble to conceal their feelings. Monsignor della Chiesa seemed an anchor of refuge. He was indeed most affable, very 30 at his altar, and at seven he has already witty and sarcastic when in a good humor, as he usually was, but if something had gone wrong, although it had nothing to do with the person he was receiving, he was one of the most brusque men that I 35 much relied upon and appreciated by Leo have ever come across. I remember that his face was entirely transformed and it seemed as though a dark, threatening cloud had descended upon it. We knew the his personal wishes would be for simsigns portending the storm, and when we to plicity — time will tell. Time will also resaw him thus at a distance we quickly turned and literally ran, waiting for a more propitious moment, which always came, and, as is usual with men of his nature, the sunshine repaid for the preced- 45 churchmen who think that it is the duty ing squall. The worst time to approach him was in the last years of the pontificate of Leo XIII, when the trouble with France began and the policy of the great Secretary of State, to which Monsignor 50 traditionally and historically has exercised della Chiesa had contributed such strenuous labor, threatened to fail.

Such is the man at sixty years of age.

At ten he was much the same — impatient of control and given to fits of stormy temper, which a loving mother was helpless or careless of controlling, followed by the At thirteen he turned his thoughts toward the church and developed a love of study which has remained through life. His mother became so worried that on one ocinsisted upon his digging up the garden. At that time he planted a palm in a pot which became his chief treasure. It grew so great that it was eventually set out in chief sight of his home. His father insisted upon his taking his degree as a lawyer, which was an extreme penance to him, as his talents did not lie in that diplace in his class. The day that he received his degree he went to his father and said, 'I have obeyed you about my studies, and now wish my reward. I must to do by his parents, but reluctantly.

Like his predecessor, Benedict XV is most abstemious in his habits and a very early riser. Half past five or six sees him breakfasted; at eight he is at his desk, and woe to the clerk who is not in his place.

It remains to be seen if Benedict XV will restore the pomp of the papacy, so XIII, and so much reduced by Pius X. His traditions and training must have taught him the usefulness of pomp, while veal his policy, of which it can now only be said that it will not be conspicuously Germanophile; but he will certainly be a political Pope, belonging to that school of of the Holy See to make itself felt in all possible ways and directions for the good of humanity, and therefore it is impossible to ignore the influence which the Vatican over the destinies of the peoples by dealing with the different governments, Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

III

TAFT AND ROOSEVELT: A COMPOSITE STUDY

FRANCIS E. LEUPP

[Atlantic Monthly, November, 1910. By permission of author and publisher.]

President Roosevelt regretted deeply the resignation of Elihu Root as Secretary of War in 1903. 'As an adviser,' said he, 'Root gives me just what I need - candid opposition when he thinks I am wrong. 15 Shall I ever find any one to take his place?' To a suggestion of Mr. Taft's name he responded, 'Of course, Taft is the only man possible. I am very fond of him, and he will make an ideal member of 20 it comes his way, and strives to shape it the Cabinet. The only trouble with him is,'—and he ended the sentence with his whimsical smile and in his semi-falsetto, - 'he is too much like me!'

Mr. Taft came, and in due course was 25 chosen by Mr. Roosevelt for his successor. The President pressed his candidacy on the ground of their sympathetic agreement on questions of policy, intimating that the Taft administration would be, in effect, 30 given distance over a specified course, in only a more polished continuation of the Roosevelt administration. Mr. popular majority therefore contained a mixture of voters who wished to see the Roosevelt administration carried through 35 fuse no bar, a mettlesome animal which a few more chapters, and of voters whom nothing but the promised polish reconciled to the threatened prolongation.

The outcome astonished both groups. President Taft was not slow in letting it 40 proverb; it is always there, shining even be known that the contrasts between himself and his predecessor were going to be emphasized quite as strongly as their likenesses. His reorganization of the Cabinet, his demand that Congress address it- 45 the sun plays with an opaque cloud. self immediately to a revision of the tariff, his preparations for indiscriminate prosecutions under the anti-trust law, were among the plainest evidences that a new day had dawned. What one element read to ever. With Roosevelt it is a case of powin the change was a reversal and rebuke of Rooseveltism; what the opposing element read was the out-Roosevelting of Roosevelt. Unbiased observers saw in it merely the spectacle of two men aiming 55 come a boon companion by June, if acciat the same ends, but differing radically in their manner of reaching these. A brief review of their dissimilarities, which are

partly temperamental and partly the effect of training, may explain some phenomena that seem to have mystified the bulk of the

newspaper-reading public. We may set out with the assertion that

both men are genuinely patriotic. are highly educated, the one on technical lines, the other in general scholarship. Neither began his public career with the 10 Presidency in view. Taft's ambitions pointed in the direction of the Federal Supreme Court; Roosevelt's toward diplomacy, looking to the erection of the United States into a great World Power.

Circumstances which could not have been foreseen deflected the currents of their lives. Each is a living force after his kind: Taft static, Roosevelt dynamic. Taft takes advantage of opportunity when for the public good; Roosevelt goes hunting it, and consequently gets a larger choice. Inertia, for Taft, means rest; for

Roosevelt, incessant activity.

To recognize visually the temperamental difference between the two men, we need only see them at their equestrian exercise. Mr. Taft's horse must be one which can be depended on to carry him a a stated time and at a certain gait; Mr. Roosevelt's must be one which will not balk at leaving the beaten trail and plunging into a thicket, a jumper which will retaxes continually its rider's vigilance. Both men are laughing philosophers: but Taft laughs at the world, Roosevelt with The Taft smile has passed into a through the mists of conventional sobriety. The Roosevelt smile comes and goes; it emerges from his nearsighted scowl and disappears again behind it, as

Both men have vigorous tempers. When Taft gives way to his, it is to inflict a merciless lashing upon its victim, for whom thereafter he has no use whatder and spark; there is a vivid flash and a deafening roar, but when the smoke has blown away, that is the end, and the author of the explosion of January may bedent have meanwhile invested him with new interest.

Both men have strong wills; Roosevelt's

is aggressive to the verge of tyranny, Taft's obstinate to the point of perverseness. So marked are these characteristics that it is not difficult to fancy what either man would do in a fateful crisis. 5 cared for such reading himself, and others Had Taft been in Stoessel's place at Port Arthur, for instance, he might have starved rather than surrender; Roosevelt would have headed a forlorn hope and tried to cut his way through the besiegers, 10 on misinformation or instigated by the taking as many lives as he could before giving up his own.

Their theories of administration are fundamentally diverse. Mr. Taft's is the more dignified, Mr. Roosevelt's the more 15 ics at arm's length, and in terms which, human. Mr. Taft's conception of the government is of a gigantic machine, its many parts so articulated as to be moved from a single source of energy; and as engineer he confines his attention to this central 20 enormous personal acquaintance. As the distributing point. As Mr. Roosevelt sees it, the government is an organization of live men, each engaged in doing something which, if not well done, diminishes the efficiency of the rest; hence, when he was in 25 tints of rhetoric are conspicuous by their command of this legion, he had his eye on the corporals not less than on the cap-Technically speaking, Mr. Taft follows the more orderly method when he communicates only with his Cabinet offi- 30 friends regret that he does not reserve his cers, and leaves to them the direction of their subordinates.

Setting aside the question of orderliness, however, and considering rather the accomplishment of results, there is good 35 its potency by too frequent use. No pubreason for thinking that a president who takes a personal hand in everything will loom larger in history than one who sticks closely to a prescribed task. His example vitalizes the whole working force. His 40 the multitude but for the free advertising meddling may occasionally make discipline difficult in the higher places, but it inspires the rank and file with a sense of individual responsibility and encourages them to think as well as work. Only a 45 brain and body of uncommon endurance could stand such drafts, and not one president in a dozen is equipped for undertaking more than the laws demand of him. avert chaos in our governmental affairs; but it should not blind us to the fact that the country's debt to some of its masterspirits of the past has grown out of their formity to rule.

Volunteer criticism brings into view another variance between the two men.

Taft, shut in as he was for the first year of his presidency, knew virtually nothing of what the newspapers were saying about him and his official family. He never decided for him how much, and what, he should see. Those adverse opinions which did get past them and reach his eye, excited only his contempt, as either founded conspirators' whom he suspected of constantly plotting harm to his administration. He rarely noticed such things publicly; when he did, he dealt with his critthough distinct, were fairly moderate.

Roosevelt, on the other hand, has always kept track of the newspapers, a practice in which he has had the aid of an result of a particularly abusive screed there is apt to be a jarring of the elements till he has published to the world his opinion of the writer, in which the neutral absence. Were not his store of vital energy inexhaustible, he would long ago have worn himself out with the explosive force he puts into his retorts. His best artillery fire for the big foes who are worthy of it, instead of wasting so much ammunition on ground-moles and jackrabbits. Besides, it loses a good deal of lic man can take up every quarrel thrust at him, save at the expense of other and larger warfare. Half the calumniators of a really fine fellow would go unheeded by he gives them; and one deplorable effect of his condescension is to encourage them to bait him whenever they are short of legitimate excitement from other sources.

A certain kind of criticism, nevertheless, is accepted without resentment by the selfassertive Roosevelt. During his presidency he hardly ever put forth an important manifesto without first submitting it This is a beneficent provision of nature to 50 to a council in which the several elements likely to be affected by it were represented. with a request that every one speak his mind unreservedly. I have seen at such gatherings, clergymen, lawyers, editors, idiosyncrasies rather than their con-55 college presidents, merchants, members of the administration, and subordinates in the civil service. All took their host at his word, and voiced their views when called

upon. Often he made changes suggested by the least distinguished of his guests, but he was equally frank in holding to his first notions if unconvinced by argument. This was his means of getting into touch 5 No? Then go ahead!' with public opinion on matters which he could not go out and discuss directly with his fellow citizens in mass. One can hardly imagine President Taft calling together such a miscellaneous company from 10 serve the people. Taft takes for his guide the four corners of the country, and submitting his judgments for their approval or dissent. The reason is not far to seek.

Passing reference has been made to the education of the two men. In its broader 15 selves, and, if in thought and feeling they sense the term includes, not only their academic studies, but their training in the everyday work of the world. Taft's brief but admirable service on the bench proved his fitness for a career there. It also fixed 20 then, to unexpected results. For example, upon him the judicial habit of thought and action, which is utterly unlike the executive habit. The former means equipoise, deliberation, and carefully revised conclusions; the latter means prompt decision 25 sooner does he return and take his bearand swift reinforcement, followed by the stroke that counts. Coming to the presidency, Mr. Taft moved from a somewhat secluded domain in which he was at home, into an open one in which he was a 30 The Old-Liners denounce his action as The offices which had fallen to Roosevelt, from the day he entered public life, had, on the contrary, been legislative or executive, never judicial; they had kept him constantly leading somebody and ham- 35 of Mr. Roosevelt's return, and since then mering at something, instead of calmly analyzing evidence and formulating principles.

It is true that Taft had some experience nominally executive, for a few years as 40 sonable doubt, and his appearance as the Governor of the Philippines, and later as sponsor for an entirely dissimilar scheme. Secretary of War; but his colonial work was chiefly in the way of determining rights and administering justice among a dependent people, and in the Cahinet his 45 bench, but in a chair of state, functions were more advisory than constructive. It is not wonderful, therefore, that as President he approached his problems by the judicial rather than the execua feature of his judicial training; so was the weighing of all the pros and cons of a proposition before acting on it. Contrasted with Roosevelt's rapid despatch of of non-official spectators, who set down Taft's conservatism as mere stubbornness. For the best enterprise proposed to him,

Taft must find an affirmative sanction in the statutes and digests, or he will have none of it; Roosevelt, in a like situation, used to say, 'Is there any law against it?

In short, Taft interprets the Constitu-tion in the light of its tenth amendment, Roosevelt in the light of its preamble. Both are equally sincere in their desire to the written law, and the platform pledges on which he was elected, as the latest recorded expressions of the popular will; Roosevelt mingles with the people themhave run ahead of the written record, he also runs ahead, trusting that the formal expression will in due season catch up with the sentiment. This leads, now and when he started for Africa last year the present 'Insurgent' movement was unknown, and he was still figuring as a champion of Speaker Cannon; but no ings than he discerns in the revolt a real uprising of the people, and accordingly throws the weight of his influence rather toward its side than toward the other. sheer demagogy; the Insurgents applaud it as true democracy.

As for President Taft, he seems to have reasoned like a magistrate up to the time like an executive. Not many months elapsed between his exculpation of the Payne-Aldrich tariff because its accusers had not proved their case beyond a rea-This is not cowardice, or mere wanton tergiversation, but a sign of an awakening sense that the President sits, not on a

Or, take the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy as an illustration of the difference between judicial and executive methods. The new administration was like an army tive route. Indifference to criticism was 50 just put into the field to attain certain ends for the common welfare. The effectiveness of its campaign depended on the concentration, not the diffusion, of its energies; yet two of the officers, having a business, this often aroused the impatience 55 disagreement, halted and undertook to settle it by a duel.

How would Commander Roosevelt have handled such a situation? He would have

notified the disputants that they were there to destroy the enemy, not each other; that it was his business to lead the column, not to compose personal quarrels; and that, no matter what theirs was about, they 5 densed into the simple statement that there must 'drop it'—his familiar phrase — or one of them must go outside of the public service to do his further fighting. Had his order been disregarded, he would summarily have cut off the official head of the 10 'where Roosevelt stands,' nor has Mr. combatant he deemed most at fault, and moved along.

Commander Taft's course, equally characteristic, was the very reverse of this. He patiently listened to both parties, said 15 have done, and left undone many more as pleasant things as he could to both, and urged an investigation by Congress, very much as the trial judge turns over to a jury the issues of fact as a preliminary to applying the law. Even Mr. Pinchot's 20 de-rol has already dissolved into the thin dismissal came not as a decision of the air from which it was conjured, and the controversy, but as an incident, the forester having committed what the judge was pleased to regard as contempt of court. But for that, affairs might have 25 publicist believes more implicitly in party remained till to-day where they stood last December.

The contrast here indicated is borne out in the attitudes of the two Presidents Taft looks for a new judge, he aims to find one whose past activities convey little assurance as to his individual trend of thought on the questions of the day. Presessential to all progress in government, and that the courts are part of the machinery of government, preferred men whose personal views on certain important with the purpose of influencing the courts unduly in the direction in which he thought civic welfare lay, but of preventing their being influenced in the opposite freely criticized the judiciary, and thereby provoked censure for himself from those who regard the courts as sacred because they hold the seals of ultimate authority; human institutions, subject to human shortcomings, and to be kept pure only by exposure to the candid comment of the people to whom they owe their existence.

of this article, it might have been interesting to compare the respective ideals of the President and the ex-President as to

party politics and management; but space limitations warn me that I must pass to the last phase of my topic, the mutual relations of the two men. This may be conis not now, and has not been, any misapprehension in the mind of either as to the other. In spite of the gossips, Mr. Taft has wasted no time in wondering Roosevelt agonized over the alternative of going to Taft's rescue or leaving him in the mire.' Mr. Taft has done many things which Mr. Roosevelt would not which Mr. Roosevelt would have done; but this is Mr. Taft's administration, and no one realizes the fact better than Mr. Roosevelt. The 'Return from Elba' fol-'Roosevelt for 1912' hurrah still belongs in the same category with the familiar abridgement of Hamlet. No American solidarity than the ex-President; and when the test of the ballot-box shall have demonstrated the relative strength of the Progressive and the Old-Style Republitoward the bench itself. When President 30 cans, he expects to see the minority fall in, with true sportsmanlike spirit, behind the majority, and vote the same ticket at the next national election.

Without pretending to be a prophet or ident Roosevelt, believing that a policy is 35 the son of a prophet, I will stake my all as a political weather-observer on the proposition that, however serious may be their factional differences, the Republicans will renominate President Taft in 1912 if subjects were well known. This was not 40 he wishes it. This is not a guess, but a sober thesis in the psychology of practical politics. The party that has elected its candidate President by vouching for him unconditionally to the American people direction. No other President has so 45 would be ashamed to confess, at the end of his term, that it had misled the voters. Look back over the last fifty years. No power under heaven, except his own disinclination, could have prevented Lincoln's but to Mr. Roosevelt's mind they are 50 second nomination, or Grant's, or Garfield's, if he had lived; or Cleveland's, or Harrison's, or McKinley's. As neither Johnson nor Arthur had reached the presidency by election, and Hayes had publicly Though not strictly within the purview 55 declared that he would not stand for a second term, their cases are not precedents.

But, albeit Mr. Taft will be the arbiter of his own fortunes as regards a renomination, a reëlection is of course quite another matter. That depends, not on the pride of a party, but on the satisfaction of the people; and no prediction of the

IV

HENRY JAMES'S FIRST INTERVIEW

PRESTON LOCKWOOD

[New York Times, March 21, 1915. By permission.]

One of the compensations of the war, which we ought to take advantage of, is 20 the chance given the general public to approach on the personal side some of the distinguished men who have not hitherto lived much in the glare of the footlights. Henry James has probably done this as 25 to bear only on the merits of the American little as any one; he has enjoyed for upward of forty years a reputation not confined to his own country, has published a long succession of novels, tales, and critical papers, and yet has apparently so de- 30 gives it sympathy and support as one who lighted in reticence as well as in expression that he has passed his seventieth year without having responsibly 'talked' for publication or figured for it otherwise than pen in hand.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war Mr. James found himself, to his professed great surprise, Chairman of the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps, now at work in France, and to-day, at the end 40 about the war, who are authorities on the of three months of bringing himself to the point, has granted me, as a representative of the New York Times, an interview. What this departure from the habit of a lifetime means to him he expressed at the 45 us, as Mr. James can, about style and the

'I can't put,' Mr. James said, speaking with much consideration and asking that his punctuation as well as his words should be noted, 'my devotion and sympathy for 50 first time in his life, not by any means bethe cause of our corps more strongly than in permitting it thus to overcome my dread of the assault of the interviewer, whom I have deprecated, all these years, with all the force of my preference for saying my- 55 self and without superfluous aid, without interference in the guise of encouragement and cheer, anything I may think

worth my saying. Nothing is worth my saying that I cannot help myself out with better, I hold, than even the most suggestive young gentleman with a notebook result at the polls, two years before the event, would be worth the paper it was written on.

5 can help me. It may be fatuous of me, but, believing myself possessed of some means of expression, I feel as if I were sadly giving it away when, with the use of it urgent, I don't gratefully employ it, 10 but appeal instead to the art of somebody

> It was impossible to be that 'somebody else,' or, in other words, the person privileged to talk with Mr. James, to sit in 15 presence of his fine courtesy and earnestness, without understanding the sacrifice he was making, and making only because he had finally consented to believe that it would help the noble work of relief which a group of young Americans, mostly graduates of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, are carrying on along their stretch of the fighting line in northern France.

> Mr. James frankly desired his remarks Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps. It enjoys to-day the fullest measure of his appreciation and attention; it appeals deeply to his benevolent instincts, and he has long believed, and believes more than ever, in spite of everything, at this international crisis, in the possible development of 'closer communities and finer in-35 timacies' between America and Great Britain, between the country of his birth and the country, as he puts it, of his 'shameless frequentation.'

There are many people who are eloquent part played in it by the motor ambulance and who take an interest in the good relations of Great Britain and the United States; but there is nobody who can tell structure of sentences, and all that appertains to the aspect and value of words. Now and then in what here follows he speaks familiarly of these things for the cause he jumped at the chance, but because his native kindness, whether consciously or unconsciously, seemed so ready to humor the insisting inquirer.

'It is very difficult,' he said, seeking to diminish the tension so often felt by a journalist, even at the moment of a highly appreciated occasion, 'to break into grace-

ful license after so long a life of decorum; therefore you must excuse me if my egotism does n't run very free or my complacency find quite the right turns.

corps, businesslike rooms, modern for London, low-ceiled and sparsely furnished. It was not by any means the sort of setting in which as a reader of Henry James I had expected to run to earth the author 10 our taking the world into our intimate of The Golden Bowl, but the place is, nevertheless, to-day, in the tension of war time, one of the few approaches to a social resort outside his Chelsea home where he can be counted on. Even that delight- 15 corps maintained by donations on this ful Old World retreat, Lamb House, Rye, now claims little of his time.

The interviewer spoke of the waterside Chelsea and Mr. James's long knowledge of it, but, sitting not overmuch at his ease 20 and laying a friendly hand on the shoulder of his tormentor, he spoke, instead, of motor ambulances, making the point, in the interest of clearness, that the Ameri- published, and nothing would give the can Ambulance Corps of Neuilly, though 25 committee greater pleasure than that some an organization with which Richard Norton's corps is in the fullest sympathy, does not come within the scope of his remarks.

'I find myself chairman of our corps committee for no great reason that I can 30 right man, at exactly the right moment, discover save my being the oldest American resident here interested in its work; at the same time that if I render a scrap of help by putting on record my joy even in the rather ineffectual connection so far 35 "doing" anything is concerned, I need n't say how welcome you are to my testimony. What I mainly seem to grasp, I should say, is that in regard to testifying at all unlimitedly by the aid of the news- 40 point, we are perhaps incorrectly told of papers, I have to reckon with a certain awkwardness in our position. comes up, you see, the question of our reconciling a rather indispensable degree with the general American demand for publicity at any price. There are ways in which the close presence of war challenges the whole claim for publicity; and I need been challenged, practically, by the present horrific complexity of things at the front, as neither the Allies themselves nor watching neutrals have ever seen it challenged public is, of 55 before. The American course, little used to not being able to hear, and hear as an absolute right, about anything that the press may suggest that

it ought to hear about; so that nothing may be said ever to happen anywhere that it does n't count on having reported to it, hot and hot, as the phrase is, several times He had received me in the offices of the 5 a day. We were the first American ambulance corps in the field, and we have a record of more than four months' continuous service with one of the French armies, but the rigor of the objection to confidence is not only shown by our still unbroken inability to report in lively instalments, but receives also a sidelight from the fact that numerous like private side of the sea are working at the front without the least commemoration of their deeds — that is, without a word of journalistic notice.

> 'I hope that by the time these possibly too futile remarks of mine come to such light as may await them Mr. Norton's report of our general case may have been such controlled statement on our behalf, best proceeding from the scene of action itself, should occasionally appear. The ideal would, of course, be that exactly the should report exactly the right facts, in exactly the right manner, and when that happy consummation becomes possible we sliall doubtless revel in funds.

Mr. James had expressed himself with such deliberation and hesitation that I was reminded of what I had heard of all the verbal alterations made by him in novels and tales long since published; to the replacing a 'she answered' by a 'she indefinitely responded.'

I should, indeed, mention that on my venturing to put to Mr. James a question of reserve as to the detail of our activity 45 or two about his theory of such changes he replied that no theory could be stated, at any rate in the off-hand manner that I seemed to invite, without childish injustice to the various considerations by which hardly say that this general claim has 50 a writer is moved. These determinant reasons differ with the context and the relations of parts to parts and to the total sense in a way of which no a priori account can be given.

'I dare say I strike you,' he went on, 'as rather bewilderedly weighing my words; but I may perhaps explain my so doing very much as I the other day heard

a more interesting fact explained. A distinguished English naval expert happened to say to me that the comparative nonproduction of airships in this country indicated, in addition to other causes, a possible limitation of the British genius in that direction, and then on my asking him why that class of craft should n't be within the compass of the greatest makers "Because the airship is essentially a bad ship, and we English can't make a bad ship well enough." Can you pardon, Mr. James asked, 'my making an application ity or plasticity to the interview? The airship of the interview is for me a bad ship, and I can't make a bad ship well enough.'

came was not very difficult; but there was that in the manner of his speech that cannot be put on paper, the delicate difference between the word recalled and the word allowed to stand, the earnest-25 of their prose? I confess to a certain ness of the massive face and alert eye, tempered by the genial 'comment of the

body,' as R. L. Stevenson has it. Henry James does not look his seventy years. He has a finely shaped head, and 30 the Corps Committee pulled himself up in a face, at once strong and serene, which the painter and the sculptor may well have liked to interpret. Indeed, in fine appreciation they have so wrought. Derwent Wood's admirable bust, purchased from 35 last year's Royal Academy, shown by the Chantrey Fund, will be permanently placed in the Tate Gallery, and those who fortunately know Sargent's fine portrait, to be exhibited in the Sargent Room at 40 healthy love of adventure?' I asked. the San Francisco Exhibition, will recall its having been slashed into last year by the militant suffragettes, though now happily restored to such effect that no trace

Mr. James has a mobile mouth, a straight nose, a forehead which has thrust back the hair from the top of his commanding head, although it is thick at the soft gray the color of his kindly eyes. fore taking in these physical facts one receives an impression of benignity and amenity not often conveyed, even by the most distinguished. And, taking advan-55 tage of this amiability, I asked if certain words just used should be followed by a dash, and even boldly added: 'Are you

of the outrage remains.

not famous, Mr. James, for the use of dashes?'

Dash my fame!' he impatiently replied. 'And remember, please, that dogmatizing s about punctuation is exactly as foolish as dogmatizing about any other form of communication with the reader. All such forms depend on the kind of thing one is doing and the kind of effect one intends of sea-ships, replied, after brief reflection: 10 to produce. Dashes, it seems almost platitudinous to say, have their particular representative virtue, their quickening force, and, to put it roughly, strike both the familiar and the emphatic note, when of this to the question of one's amenabil- 15 those are the notes required, with a felicity beyond either the comma or the semicolon; though indeed a fine sense for the semicolon, like any sort of sense at all for the pluperfect tense and the subjunctive Catching Mr. James's words as they 20 mood, on which the whole perspective in a sentence may depend, seems anything but common. Does nobody ever notice the calculated use by French writers of a short series of suggestive points in the current shame for my not employing frankly that shade of indication, a finer shade still than the dash. . . . But what on earth are we talking about?' And the Chairman of deprecation of our frivolity, which I recognized by acknowledging that we might indeed hear more about the work done and doing at the front by Richard Norton and his energetic and devoted co-workers. Then I plunged recklessly to draw my

'May not a large part of the spirit which animates these young men be a

The question seemed to open up such depths that Mr. James considered a mo-

ment and began:

'I, of course, don't personally know 45 many of our active associates, who naturally waste very little time in London. But, since you ask me, I prefer to think of them as moved, first and foremost, not by the idea of the fun or the sport they sides over the ears, and repeats in its 50 may have, or of the good thing they may make of the job for themselves, but by that of the altogether exceptional chance opened to them of acting blessedly and savingly for others, though indeed if we come to that there is no such sport in the world as so acting when anything in the nature of risk or exposure is attached. The horrors, the miseries, the monstrosities they are in presence of are so great surely as not to leave much of any other attitude over when intelligent sympathy

has done its best.

thing that the war has brought into question for the Anglo-Saxon peoples that humorous detachment or any other thinness or tepidity of mind on the subject affects me as vulgar impiety, not to say as 10 pity, and they are with us abundantly rank blasphemy; our whole race tension became for me a sublimely conscious thing from the moment Germany flung at us all. her explanation of her pounce upon Belgium for massacre and ravage in the form 15 the strange fate of our actual generations of the most insolent, "Because I choose to, damn you all" recorded in history.

The pretension to smashing world rule by a single people, in virtue of a monopoly of every title, every gift and every right, 20 of cars, or both at once, stretcher-bearers, ought perhaps to confound us more by its grotesqueness than to alarm us by its energy; but never do cherished possessions, whether of the hand or of the spirit, become so dear to us as when overshad- 25 body any waste of moral or of theoretic owed by vociferous aggression. How can one help seeing that such aggression, if hideously successful in Europe, would, with as little loss of time as possible, proceed to apply itself to the American side 30 driving intelligence of the great issue as of the world, and how can one, therefore, not feel that the Allies are fighting to the death for the soul and the purpose and the future that are in us, for the defense of every ideal that has most guided our 35 concerns and preoccupations of Europe. growth and that most assures our unity?

Of course, since you ask me, my many years of exhibited attachment to the conditions of French and of English life, with whatever fond play of reflection and re- 40 many-paged American newspaper of the action may have been involved in it, make it inevitable that these countries should peculiarly appeal to me at the hour of their peril, their need and their heroism, and I am glad to declare that, though I 45 osity. had supposed I knew what that attachment was, I find I have any number of things more to learn about it. English life, wound up to the heroic pitch, is at present most immediately before me, and I can 50 given community is to teach every indiscarcely tell you what a privilege I feel it to share the inspiration and see further revealed the character of this decent and dauntless people.

'However, I am indeed as far as you 55 may suppose from assuming that what you speak to me of as the "political" bias is the only ground on which the work of our

corps for the Allies should appeal to the American public. Political, I confess, has become for me in all this a loose and question-begging term, but if we must resign 'Personally I feel so strongly on every- 5 ourselves to it as explaining some people's indifference, let us use a much better one for inviting their confidence. It will do beautifully well if givers and workers and helpers are moved by intelligent human enough if they feel themselves simply roused by, and respond to, the most awful exhibition of physical and moral anguish the world has ever faced, and which it is to see unrolled before them. We welcome any lapse of logic that may connect inward vagueness with outward zeal, if it be the zeal of subscribers, presenters or drivers lifters, healers, consolers, handy Anglo-French interpreters (these extremely precious), smoothers of the way; in short, after whatever fashion. We ask of noenergy, nor any conviction of any sort, but that the job is inspiring and the honest, educated man a match for it.

'If I seem to cast doubt on any very a source of sympathy with us, I think this is because I have been struck, whenever I have returned to my native land, by the indifference of Americans at large to the This indifference has again and again seemed to me quite beyond measure or description, though it may be in a degree suggested by the absence throughout the least mention of a European circumstance unless some not-to-be-blinked war or revolution, or earthquake, or other cataclysm has happened to apply the lash to curi-The most comprehensive journalistic formula that I have found myself. under that observation, reading into the general case, is the principle that the first duty of the truly appealing sheet in a vidual reached by it — every man, woman and child — to count on appearing there, in their habit as they live, if they will only wait for their turn.

'However,' he continued, 'my point is simply my plea for patience with our enterprise even at the times when we can't send home sensational figures. "They

also serve who only stand and wait," and the essence of our utility, as of that of any ambulance corps, is just to be there, on any and every contingency, including the blessed contingency of a temporary drop in the supply of the wounded turned out and taken on — since such comparative intermissions occur. Ask our friends, I beg you, to rid themselves of the image of our working on schedule time or on 10 guarantee of a maximum delivery; we are dependent on the humors of battle, on incalculable rushes and lapses, on violent outbreaks of energy which rage and pass and are expressly designed to bewilder. 15 It is not for the poor wounded to oblige us by making us showy, but for us to let them count on our open arms and open lap as troubled children count on those of their mother. It is now to be said, moreover, 20 softly closed. I was alone (writes our that our opportunity of service threatens inordinately to grow; such things may any day begin to occur at the front as will make what we have up to now been able to do mere child's play, though some of our 25 telephone that he would be ready for me help has been rendered when casualties were occurring at the rate, say, of 5000 in twenty minutes, which ought, on the whole, to satisfy us. In face of such enormous facts of destruction -- '

Here Mr. James broke off as if these facts were, in their horror, too many and too much for him. But after another mo-

ment he explained his pause.

hard to apply one's words as to endure one's thoughts. The war has used up words; they have weakened, they have deteriorated like motor car tires; they Brown is evidently a very truthful man, have, like millions of other things, been 40 for he hesitated. 'That is the interview more overstrained and knocked about and voided of the happy semblance during the last six months than in all the long ages before, and we are now confronted with a depreciation of all our terms, or, other-45 for the interviewers to take notice of. wise speaking, with a loss of expression through increase of limpness, that may well make us wonder what ghosts will be left to walk.'

incorrigible interviewer, conscious of the wane of his only chance, ventured to glance at the possibility of a word or two on the subject of Mr. James's present verge of a grand discovery. 'I suppose literary intentions. But the kindly hand 55 he actually smokes an ordinary small pipe.' here again was raised, and the mild voice became impatient.

'Pardon my not touching on any such

irrelevance. All I want is to invite the public, as unblushingly as possible, to take all the interest in us it can; which may be helped by knowing that our bankers are 5 Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co., 59 Wall Street, New York City, and that checks should be made payable to the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps.'

BARRIE AT BAY: WHICH WAS BROWN?

[New York Times, October 1, 1914. By permission.]

As our reporter entered Sir James Barrie's hotel room by one door, the next door reporter). I sprang into the corridor and had just time to see him fling himself down the elevator. Then I understood what he had meant when he said on the at 10.30.

I returned thoughtfully to the room, where I found myself no longer alone. Sir James Barrie's 'man' was there; a 30 stolid Londoner, name of Brown, who told me he was visiting America for the

first time.

'Sir James is very sorry, but has been called away,' he assured me without mov-'One finds it in the midst of all this as 35 ing a muscle. Then he added: 'But this is the pipe,' and he placed a pipe of the largest size on the table.

'The pipe he smokes?' I asked.

pipe,' he explained. 'When we decided to come to America Sir James said he would have to be interviewed, and that it would be wise to bring something with us So he told me to buy the biggest pipe I could find, and he practised holding it in his mouth in his cabin on the way across. He is very pleased with the way the gen-This sounded rather desperate, yet the 50 tlemen of the press have taken notice of

> 'So that is not the pipe he really smokes?' I said, perceiving I was on the verge of a grand discovery. 'I suppose Again Brown hesitated, but again truth

prevailed.

'He does not smoke any pipe,' he said,

'nor cigars, nor cigarettes; he never smokes at all; he just puts that one in his mouth to help the interviewers.'

'It has the appearance of having been

smoked?' I pointed out.

'I blackened it for him,' the faithful fellow replied.

'But he has written a book in praise of

My Lady Nicotine.'

'I think that was when he was hard up and had to write what people wanted; but he never could abide smoking himself. Years after he wrote the book he read it; attracted by what it said about the delights of tobacco that he tried a cigarette. But it was no good; the mere smell disgusted him.'

'Odd, that he should forget his own 20

book,' I said.

'He forgets them all,' said Brown. 'There is this Peter Pan foolishness, for instance. I have heard people talking to him about that play and mentioning parts 25 were about the war, and before replying in it they liked, and he tried to edge them off the subject; they think it is his shyness, but I know it is because he has forgotten the bits they are speaking about. Before strangers call on him I have seen 30 I asked. He admitted that Sir James had him reading one of his own books hurriedly, so as to be able to talk about it if that is their wish. But he gets mixed up, and thinks that the little minister was married to Wendy.'

'Almost looks as if he hadn't written his own works,' I said.

'Almost,' Brown admitted uncomfort-

suppose,' I said, 'that any one writes them for him? Such things have been. You don't write them for him by any chance, just as you blackened the pipe, you know?'

Suddenly, whether to get away from a troublesome subject I cannot say, he vouchsafed me a startling piece of information. 'The German Kaiser was on our

boat coming across,' he said.

'Sure?' I asked, wetting my pencil. He told me he had Sir James's word for it. There was on board, it seems, a very small, shrunken gentleman with a pronounced waist and tiny, turned-up mus- 55 so. tache, who strutted along the deck trying to look fierce and got in the other passengers' way to their annoyance until Sir

James discovered that he was the Kaiser Reduced to Life Size. After that Sir Tames liked to sit with him and talk to him.

Sir James is a great admirer of the Kaiser, though he has not, like Mr. Carnegie, had the pleasure of meeting him in society. When he read in the papers on arriving here that the Kaiser had wept So I have heard,' Brown said guard- 10 over the destruction of Louvain, he told Brown a story. It was of a friend who had gone to an oculist to be cured of some disease in one eye. Years afterward he heard that the oculist's son had been killed he had quite forgotten it, and he was so 15 in some Indian war, and he called on the oculist to commiserate with him.

> 'You cured my eye,' he said to him, 'and when I read of your loss I wept for you, sir; I wept for you with that eye.'

'Sir James,' Brown explained, 'is of a very sympathetic nature, and he wondered which eye it was that the Kaiser went with.'

I asked Brown what his own views he pulled a paper from his pocket and scanned it. 'We are strictly neutral,' he

then replied.

'Is that what is written on the paper?' written out for him the correct replies to possible questions. 'Why was he neutral?' I asked, and he again found the reply on the piece of paper: 'Because it 35 is the President's wish.

So anxious, I discovered, is Sir James to follow the President's bidding that he has enjoined Brown to be neutral on all other subjects besides the war; to express I asked a leading question. 'You don't 40 no preference on matters of food, for instance, and always to eat oysters and clams alternately, so that there can be no ill-feeling. Also to walk in the middle of the streets lest he should seem to be favor-Brown assured me stolidly that he did 45 ing either sidewalk, and to be very cautious about admitting that one building in New York is higher than another. I assured him that the Woolworth Building was the highest, but he replied politely, 50 that he was sure the President would prefer him to remain neutral.' I naturally asked if Sir James had given him any further instructions as to proper behavior in America, and it seems that he had done They amount, I gather, to this, that Americans have a sense of humor which they employ, when they can, to the visitor's undoing.

'When we reach New York,' Sir James seems to have told Brown in effect, 'we shall be met by reporters who will pretend that America is eager to be instructed by us as to the causes and progress of the 5 it had now done its work, and I could take war; then, if we are fools enough to think that America cannot make up its mind for itself, we shall fall into the trap and preach to them, and all the time they are A disquieting feeling has since come taking down our observations they will be 10 over me that perhaps it was Sir James I saying to themselves, "Pompous asses."

It is a sort of game between us and the reporters. Our aim is to make them think we are bigger than we are, and theirs is to make us smaller than we are; 15 and any chance we have of succeeding is to hold our tongues, while they will probably succeed if they make us jabber. Above all, oh, Brown, if you write to the papers giving your views of why we are 20 at war — and if you don't you will be the only person who has n't - don't be lured into slinging vulgar abuse at our op-ponents, lest America takes you for another university professor.'

There is, I learned, only one person in America about whom it is impossible, even in Sir James's opinion, to preserve a neutral attitude. This is the German Ambassador, whose splendid work for England 30 pointed reddish beard streaked with gray, day by day and in every paper and to all reporters cannot, Sir James thinks, be too cordially recognized. Brown has been told to look upon the German Ambassador as England's greatest asset in America 35 liant blue, which, so far from suggesting just now, and to hope heartily that he will be long spared to carry on his admirable

Lastly, it was pleasant to find that Brown has not a spark of sympathy with 40 and immaculately kept nails. those who say that, because Germany has destroyed art treasures in Belgium and France the Allies should retaliate with similar rudeness if they reach Berlin. He to themselves (such as the wish for a sunnier location) the Hohenzollerns should by and by vacate their present residence, a nice villa should be provided for the Sieges-Allee should be conveyed to it intact, and perhaps put up in the back garden. There the Junkers could drop in of an evening, on the way home from times. Brown thinks they should be allowed to retain all their iron crosses, and even given some more, with which, after

smart use of their pocket combs, they would cut no end of a dash among the nursemaids.

As for the pipe, I was informed that it away as a keepsake. I took it, but wondered afterward at Brown's thinking he had the right to give it me.

had been interviewing all the time, and Brown who had escaped down the ele-

$_{ m VI}$

IOSEPH PULITZER: REM-INISCENCES OF A SECRETARY

ALLEYNE IRELAND

[Reprinted by courtesy of the Metropolitan.]

Before I had time to examine my surroundings Mr. Pulitzer entered the room on the arm of the majordomo. My first, swift impression was of a man very tall and thin, with a noble head, a roughly jet black hair; swept back from the forehead and lightly touched here and there with silvery white. One eye was dull and half-closed, the other was of a deep, brilblindness, created the instant effect of a searching, eaglelike glance. The outstretched hand was large, strong, nervous, full of character, ending in well-shaped

A high-pitched voice, clear, penetrating, and vibrant, gave out the strange challenge: 'Well, here you see before you the miserable wreck who is to be your holds that if for any reason best known 45 host; you must make the best you can of him. Give me your arm in to dinner.'

I may complete here a description of Mr. Pulitzer's appearance, founded upon months of close personal association with them, and that all the ancestral statues in 50 him. The head was splendidly modeled, the forehead high, the brows prominent and arched; the ears were large, the nose was long and hooked; the mouth, almost concealed by the mustache, was firm and their offices, and chat pleasantly of old 55 thin-lipped; the length of the face was much emphasized by the flowing beard and by the way in which the hair was brushed back from the forehead. The skin was of a clear, healthy pink, like a young girl's; but in moments of intense excitement the color would deepen to a dark, ruddy flush, and after a succession of sleepless nights,

would turn a dull, lifeless gray.

I have never seen a face which varied so much in expression. Not only was there a marked difference at all times between one side and the other, due partly so close of the Civil War Mr. Pulitzer went to the contrast between the two eyes and partly to a loss of flexibility in the muscles of the right side, but almost from moment to moment the general appearance of the face moved between a lively, genial is His amazing energy, his passionate interanimation, a cruel and wolflike scowl, and a heavy and hopeless dejection. No face was capable of showing greater tenderness; none could assume a more forbidding expression of anger and contempt.

The well-known Sargent portrait is a remarkable revelation of the complex nature of its subject. It discloses the deep affection, the keen intelligence, the wide sympathy, the tireless energy, the deli- 25 he felt the need of a wider field in which cate sensitiveness, the tearing impatience, the cold tyranny, and the flaming scorn by which his character was so erratically dominated. It is a noble and pathetic monument to the suffering which had been 30 that time the World had a circulation of imposed for a quarter of a century upon the intense and arbitrary spirit of this extraordinary man.

PULITZER THE IMMIGRANT

The account which I am to give of Mr. Pulitzer's daily life during the months immediately preceding his death would be unintelligible to all but the very few who prefaced by a brief biographical note.

Joseph Pulitzer was born in the village of Mako, near Buda Pesth, in Hungary, on April 10, 1847. His father was a Jew, his mother a Christian. At the age of 45 its place in the front rank of the Amerisixteen he emigrated to the United States. landed without friends. without money, unable to speak a word of English. He enlisted immediately in the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry Regiment, a regi- 50 again and that within a few years he ment chiefly composed of Germans and in which German was the prevailing tongue.

Within a year the Civil War ended, and Pulitzer found himself, in common with hundreds of thousands of others, out of 55 of his health, was a man who could be employment at a time when employment was most difficult to secure. At this time he was so poor that he was turned away

from French's Hotel in New York for the lack of fifty cents with which to pay for his bed. Twenty years later he bought French's Hotel, pulled it down, and erected or under the strain of continued worry, it 5 in its place the Pulitzer Building, at that time one of the largest business buildings in New York, where he housed the World.

What lay between these two events may be summed up in a few words. At the to St. Louis, and in 1868, after being in various occupations, he became a reporter on the Westliche Post. In less than ten years he was editor and part proprietor. est in politics, his rare gift of terse and forcible expression, and his striking personality carried him over or through all obstacles.

After he had purchased the St. Louis Dispatch, amalgamated it with the Post, and made the Post-Dispatch a profitable business enterprise and a power to be reckoned with in national and state politics, to manœuver the forces of his character and his intellect.

He came to New York in 1883 and purchased the World from Jay Gould. At less than twelve thousand copies a day, and was practically bankrupt. From this time forward Mr. Pulitzer concentrated his every faculty on building up the paper. 35 He was scoffed at, ridiculed, and abused by the most powerful editors of the old They were to learn, not without school. bitterness and wounds, that opposition was the one fuel of all others which best fed knew him in recent years if it were not 40 the triple flame of his courage, his tenacity, and his resourcefulness.

Four years of unremitting toil produced two results. The World reached a circulation of 200,000 copies a day and took can press as a journal of force and ability, and Joseph Pulitzer left New York, a complete nervous wreck, to face in solitude the knowledge that he would never read print

would be totally blind.

Joseph Pulitzer as I knew him, twentyfour years after he had been driven from active life by the sudden and final collapse judged by no common standards. His feelings, his temper, his point of view had been warped by years of suffering. His health and his comfort were at the mercy

of a thousand contingencies.

Had his spirit been broken by his trials. had his intellectual power weakened under the load of his affliction, had his burning 5 demand I have made on them. interest in affairs cooled to a point where he could have been content to turn his back upon life's conflict, he might have found some happiness, or at least some measure almost every paper in America tries to be of repose akin to that with which age con- 10 accurate. I will go further than that. soles us for the loss of youth. But his greatest misfortune was that all the active forces of his personality survived to the last in their full vigor, inflicting upon him the curse of an impatience which nothing 15 weeks or months, and some of them I could appease, of a discontent which knew no amelioration.

This somewhat cynical outburst [as to the accuracy of the New York papers 20 to time, of different versions of the same brought down upon me an overwhelming torrent of protest from Mr. Pulitzer.

'My God!' he cried. 'I would not have believed it possible that any one could show such a complete ignorance of Ameri- 25 line, the American newspapers actually can character, of the high sense of duty which in the main animates American journalism, of the foundations of integrity on which almost every successful paper in the United States has been founded. You 30 they are chiefly English, which are as acdo not know what it costs me to try and keep the World up to a high standard of accuracy - the money, the time, the thought, the praise, the blame, the constant watchfulness. I do not say that the 35 World never makes a mistake in its news columns. I wish I could say it.

'What I say is that there are not half a dozen papers in the United States which tamper with the news, which publish what 40 it nearly to the bottom at one gulp, he rethey know to be false. But if I thought that I had done no better than that I would be ashamed to own a paper. It is not enough to refrain from publishing fake news, it is not enough to take ordinary 45 memory and then read it to him, and becare to avoid the mistakes which arise from the ignorance, the carelessness, the studidity of one or more of the many men who handle the news before it gets into print; you have got to do much more than 50 lowing his words to be influenced by any that; you have got to make every one connected with the paper — your editors, your reporters, your correspondents, your rewrite men, your proofreaders - believe that accuracy is to a newspaper what vir- 55 criticisms you hear about the American tue is to a woman.

'When you go to New York ask any of the men in the dome to show you my instructions to them, my letters written from day to day, my cables; and you will see that accuracy, accuracy, accuracy, is the first, the most urgent, the most constant

'I do not say that the World is the only paper which takes extraordinary pains to be accurate; on the contrary, I think that There is not a paper of any importance published in French, German, or English, whether it is printed in Europe or in America, which I have not studied for have read steadily for a quarter of a century; and I tell you this, Mr. Ireland, after years of experience, after having comparisons made by the hundred, from time event, that the press of America as a whole has a higher standard of accuracy than the European press as a whole. I will go further than that. I will say that, line for attain a higher standard of news accuracy than the European newspapers; and I will go further than that and say that although there are in Europe a few newspapers, and curate as the best newspapers in America, there are no newspapers in America which are so habitually, so criminally stuffed with fake news as the worst of the European papers.'

Mr. Pulitzer paused and asked me if there was a glass of water on the table -we were seated in his library — and after I had handed it to him, and he had drained sumed his lecture. I give it in considerable detail, because it was the longest speech he ever addressed to me, because he subsequently made me write it out from cause it was one of the few occasions during my intercourse with him on which I was persuaded beyond a doubt that he spoke with perfect frankness, without al-

outside considerations.

J. P.'S NEWSPAPER CREED

'As a matter of fact,' he continued, 'the press are founded on a dislike for our headlines and for the prominence we give to crime, to corruption in office, and to

sensational topics generally; the charge of inaccuracy is just thrown in to make it look worse. I do not believe that one person in a thousand who attacks the Ameritaken the trouble to investigate the facts.

'Now about this matter of sensationalism: a newspaper should be scrupulously accurate; it should be clean; it should avoid everything salacious or suggestive, to is terseness, humor, descriptive power, everything that could offend good taste or lower the moral tone of its readers; but within these limits it is the duty of a newspaper to print the news. When I speak of good taste and of good moral tone I do not 15 faith with the warmth generated by an mean the kind of good taste which is offended by every reference to the unpleasant things of life; I do not mean the kind of morality which refuses to recognize the existence of immorality — that type of 20 other glass of water I found nothing to moral hypocrite has done more to check the moral progress of humanity than all the immoral people put together. What I mean is the kind of good taste which demands that frankness should be linked 25 lation was less than 15,000 copies a day; with decency; the kind of moral tone which is braced and not relaxed when it is brought face to face with vice.

Some people try and make you believe that a newspaper should not devote its 30 seen its morning circulation go up to well space to long and dramatic accounts of murders, railroad wrecks, fires, lynchings, political corruption, embezzlements, frauds, graft, divorces, what you will. I bitter attack against the American action tell you they are wrong, and I believe that 35 in the Venezuelan boundary dispute, and if they thought the thing out they would

see that they are wrong. 'We are a democracy, and there is only one way to get a democracy on its feet in the matter of its individual, its social, its 40 issue which it had arranged to sell primunicipal, its state, its national conduct, and that is by keeping the public informed about what is going on. There is not a crime, there is not a dodge, there is not a vice, which does not live by secrecy. Get these things out in the open, describe them, attack them, ridicule them in the press, and sooner or later public opinion will sweep them away.

'Publicity may not be the only thing that is needed, but it is the one thing without which all other agencies will fail. If a newspaper is to be of real service to the because its news and its comment must? reach the largest possible number of people, second, because circulation means ad-

vertising, and advertising means money, and money means independence. If I caught any man on the World suppressing news because one of our advertisers obcan press for being inaccurate has ever 5 jected to having it printed I would dismiss him immediately: I would n't care who he was.

'What a newspaper needs in its news, in its headlines, and on its editorial page satire, originality, good literary style, clever condensation, and accuracy, accu-

racy, accuracy.'

Mr. Pulitzer made this confession of unshakable faith. He spoke, as he always spoke when he was excited, with vigor, emphasis, and ample gesture. When he came to an end and asked for ansay. It would have been as impertinent of me to agree with him as to differ from him.

After all, I had to remember that he had taken over the World when its circuthat he had been for thirty years and still was its dominating spirit and the final authority on every matter concerning its policy, its style, and its contents; that he had over 350,000 copies a day; that at times he had taken his stand boldly against popular clamor, as when he kept up for months a at times had incurred the hostility of powerful moneyed interests, as when he forced the Cleveland administration to sell to the public on competitive bids a bond vately, at considerably below market value. to a great banking house.

Before leaving the subject of newspapers I may describe the method by which trick, there is not a swindle, there is not a 45 Mr. Pulitzer kept in touch with the news and put himself in the position to maintain a critical supervision over the World.

An elaborate organization was employed for this purpose. I will explain 50 it as it worked when we were on the yacht, but the system was maintained at all times, whether we were cruising or were at Cap Martin, at Bar Harbor, at Wiesbaden, or elsewhere, merely a few public, it must have a big circulation, first 55 minor details being changed to meet local conditions.

In the Pulitzer Building, Park Row. New York, there were collected each day several copies of each of the morning papers, including the World, and some of the evening papers. These were mailed daily to Mr. Pulitzer according to cabled addition to this a gentleman connected with the World, who had long experience of Mr. Pulitzer's requirements, cut from all the New York papers, and from a num-United States, every article that he considered Mr. Pulitzer ought to see, whether because of its subject, its tenor, or its These clippings were mailed by the hundred on almost every fast steamer sail- 15 courts, eccentric entertainments at Newing for Europe. In order that there might be the greatest economy of time in reading them, the essential matter in each clipping was marked.

READING THE 'WORLD' TO J. P.

So far as the World was concerned, a copy of each issue was sent, with the names of the writers written across each editorial, big news story or special article. 25

As we went from port to port we got the principal French, German, Austrian, and Italian papers, and the World bureau in London kept us supplied with the English dailies and weeklies.

Whenever we picked up a batch of American papers, each of the secretaries got a set and immediately began to read it. My own method of reading was adopted after much advice from Mr. 35 devoted to studying English. Pulitzer and after consultation with the more experienced members of the staff, and I do not suppose it differed materially from that followed by the others.

I read the World first, going over the 40 into his memory. 'big' stories carefully and with enough concentration to give me a very fair idea of the facts. Then I read the articles in the other papers covering the same ground, noting any important differences in the 45 In company with forty other men he apvarious accounts. This task resolved itself in practice into mastering in considerable detail about half a dozen articles a political situation, a murder, a railroad wreck, a fire, a strike, an important ad-50 demanded a fee of five dollars from each dress by a college president, for example - and getting a clear impression of the treatment of each item in each paper.

With this done, and with a few notes scribbled on a card to help my memory, I 55 immediately started down river. At three turned to the editorial pages, reading each editorial with the closest attention and making more notes.

The final reading of the news served to give me from ten to twenty small topics of what Mr. Pulitzer called 'human interest,' to be used as subjects of conversainstructions as to our whereabouts. In 5 tion as occasion demanded. As a rule I cut these items out of the paper and put them in the left-hand pocket of my coat, for when we walked together J. P. always took my right arm, and my left hand was. ber of other papers from every part of the to therefore, free to dip into my reservoir of cuttings whenever conversation flagged and I needed a new subject.

The cuttings covered every imaginable topic - small cases in the magistrates' port, the deaths of centenarians, dinners to visiting authors in New York, accounts of performing animals, infant prodigies, new inventions, additions to the Metropoli-20 tan Museum, announcements of new plays, anecdotes about prominent men and women, instances of foolish extravagance among the rich, and so on.

On rare occasions he talked of his early days, telling us in a charmingly simple and unaffected manner of the tragic and humorous episodes with which his youth had been crowded. Of the former I recall a 30 striking description of a period during which he filled two positions in St. Louis, one involving eight hours' work during the day, the other eight hours during the night. Four of the remaining eight were

His first connection with journalism arose out of an experience which he related with a wealth of detail which showed how deeply it had been burned

When he first arrived in St. Louis he soon found himself at the end of his resources, and was faced with the absolute impossibility of securing work in that city. plied at the office of a general agent who had advertised for hands to go down the Mississippi and take up well-paid posts on a Louisiana sugar plantation. The agent applicant, and by pooling their resources the members of this wretched band managed to meet the charge. The same night they were taken on board a steamer which o'clock in the morning they were landed on the river bank about forty miles below St. Louis, at a spot where there was neither house, road, nor clearing. Before the marooned party had time to realize its

plight the steamer had disappeared.

A council of war was held, and it was decided that they should tramp back to 5 leave enough of my mind unoccupied to St. Louis and put a summary termination to the agent's career by storming his office and murdering him. Whether or not this reckless program would have been carried out it is impossible to say, for when, three 10 we were walking our horses along a quiet, days later, the ragged army arrived in the city, worn out with fatigue and half-dead from hunger, the agent was found to have decamped.

story, and by mere chance met Pulitzer and induced him to write out in German the tale of his experiences. This account created such an impression on the mind of the editor through whose hands it passed 20 reflectively: that Pulitzer was offered, and accepted with the greatest misgivings, as he solemnly assured us, a position as reporter

on the Westliche Post.

The event proved that there had been 25 it is. When would I get the time? no grounds for J. P.'s modest doubts. After he had been some time on the paper things went so badly that two reporters had to be got rid of. The editor kept if any one was destined to force him out of the editorial chair it was not a young, uneducated foreigner, who could hardly mumble half a dozen words of English. years I. P. not only supplanted him, but became half proprietor of the paper.

It was not only in regard to mental acsued his plan of educating everybody around him. He insisted, among other things, that I should learn to ride, not because there was any lack of people who of application I could add a new item to the list of things I could do. After a dozen lessons from a groom I progressed so far that, having acquired the ability to stay more or less in the saddle while the 50 to suffer from insomnia, and that soon horse trotted, Mr. Pulitzer frequently took me riding with him.

We always rode three abreast, a groom on J. P.'s right and myself on his left, and conversation had to be kept up the whole 55 every line of editorial copy. When I time. This presented no peculiar difficulties when the horses were walking, but when they trotted I found it no easy task

to keep my seat, to preserve the precise distance from J. P. which saved me from touching his stirrup and yet allowed me to speak without raising my voice, and to remember my material and to present it without betraying the discomfort of my position.

During these rides, and especially when shady stretch of road, J. P. sometimes became reminiscent. On one of these occasions he told me the story of how he lost his sight. As I wrote it down as soon as A reporter happened to pick up the 15 we got back to the house, I can tell it al-

most in his own words.

We had been discussing the possibility of his writing an autobiography, and he said, throwing his head back and smiling

'Well, I sometimes wish it could be done. It would make an interesting book; but I do not think I shall ever do it. God! I work from morning to night as

Then, suddenly changing his mood: 'It won't do any harm for you to make a few notes now and then, and some day, perhaps, we might go through them and see Pulitzer on the staff, because he felt that 30 if there is anything worth preserving. Has any one ever told you how I lost my sight? No? Well, it was in November, 1887. The World had been conducting a vigorous campaign against municipal cor-The editor was mistaken. Within a few 35 ruption — a campaign which ended in the arrest of a financier who had bought the votes of aldermen in order to get a street railroad franchise.'

At this point he paused. His jaws set, complishments, however, that J. P. pur- 40 and his expression became stern, almost fierce, as he added: 'The man died in jail of a broken heart, and I - and I -' He took a deep breath and continued as though he were reciting an experience could ride with him, but because by means 45 which he had heard related of some stranger.

> 'I was, of course, violently attacked, and it was a period of terrible strain for me. What with anxiety and overwork I began produced a bad condition of my nerves. One morning I went down to the World and called for the editorials which were ready for me to go over. I always read picked up the sheets I was astonished to find that I could hardly see the writing, let alone read it. I thought it was probably

due to indigestion or to some other temporary cause and said nothing about it. The next morning on my way downtown I called in at an oculist's. He examined my eyes and then ordered me to go home 5 easy chair. and remain in bed in a darkened room for six weeks. At the end of that time he examined me again, told me that I had ruptured a blood vessel in one of my eyes, and ordered me to stop work entirely and to from time to time with a direction to go to take six months' rest in California.

'That was the beginning of the end. Whatever my trouble had been at first, it developed into separation of the retina in both eyes. From the day on which I first 15 At a few minutes after six J. P. said: consulted the oculist up to the present time, about twenty-four years, I have only been three times in the World building. people think I'm dead, or living in Europe in complete retirement. Now go on and 20 Go, now, and have a good rest, and forget give me the morning's news. I 've had practically nothing, so you can just run over it briefly, item by item.'

On October 25, 1911, we put in to the 25 was with J. P.; the others were at work harbor of Charleston, S. C. There was over the day's papers. the usual business of receiving mail, newspapers, and so on, for J. P., after five days at sea, was eager to pick up the thread of current happenings.

On the following day Mr. Lathan, editor of the Charleston Courier, lunched on the vacht. He and Mr. Pulitzer had an animated discussion about the possibilities of a Democratic victory in 1912. I had 35 I faced his impassive glance and received never seen J. P. in a more genial mood or

in higher spirits. Whether it was due to the excitement of receiving a visitor whose conversation was so stimulating I do not know, but on Fri- 40 day, October 27, J. P. was feeling so much out of sorts that he did not appear on deck. On Saturday he remained below only because Brocklebank, who always kept the closest watch over his health, per- 45 suaded him to have a good rest before resuming the ordinary routine. J. P. was anxious to take up some business matters with Henderson, but Brocklebank induced him to give up the idea.

At three o'clock in the morning of Sunday, October 29, Brocklebank came to my cabin and, without making any explanation, said:

read to him.' I put on a dressing-gown, gathered up half a dozen books, and in five minutes I

was sitting by Mr. Pulitzer's bedside. was evidently suffering a good deal of pain, for he turned from side to side and once or twice got out of bed and sat in an

I tried several books, but finally settled down to read Macaulay's essay on Hallam. I read steadily until about five o'clock, and J. P. listened attentively, interrupting me

back and read over a passage.

About half-past five he began to suffer severely, and he sent for the yacht's doctor, who did what was possible for him. Now, Mr. Ireland, you'd better go and

get some sleep; we will finish that this afternoon. Good-by, I'm much obliged to you. Ask Mr. Schmidt to come to me. all about me.'

I slept till noon. When I came on deck I found that everything was going on much as usual. One of the secretaries

At lunch we spoke of J. P. One man said that he seemed a little worse than usual; another that he had seen him much

30 worse a score of times.

Suddenly the massive door at the forward end of the saloon opened. I turned in my seat and saw the towering figure of the head butler framed in the doorway. the full shock of his calm but incredible announcement: 'Mr. Pulitzer is dead.'

VII

WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON

[Editor and Publisher and Journalist, April 17, 1915. By permisson.]

'William Rockhill Nelson was a Titan among the newspapermen of America. In the largest sense he was mindful of the responsibility of his position. He knew that 50 the fathers of the republic had taken large chances in granting freedom to the press; that they were not ignorant of the menace of a licentious journalism; but, though they might have agreed fully with 'Mr. Pulitzer wishes you to come and 55 Franklin that strict justice required that the freedom of the club should go with liberty of the editor, after all, the merit of unrestrained discussion was undeniable in

a self-governing people and therefore they gave to men of his craft, unique privilege. All this, not only claimed his attention, but mastered his whole course of conduct.

was limitless. He gave no heed to popular clamor, if it represented a temporary emotion opposed to his conviction of enduring good. He was quite willing to find himself in a minority, or, indeed, to sub- to had only a few thousand dollars from the ject himself to widespread criticism, if he felt himself in the right. He had no care for the comfort of living at peace with his neighbors, if it meant that he could not live at peace with himself. He was a 15 and decided upon Kansas City, which was dauntless soldier for the public welfare.

'As one who knew him intimately for more than a quarter of a century, who enjoyed his confidence, listened to his hopes and fears and was stimulated by his un- 20 the Times and the Journal, were morning wavering devotion to duty, when, all the while, there was neither bluster nor parade in anything he did, but only a set jaw, a quiet defiance of rascality, and a persistent contest against corroding conservatism, I 25 scribers for ten cents a week. regard his passing as a supreme public calamity. For, there is none quite like him left in the newspaper field of today.' - Melville E. Stone, General Manager of the Associated Press.

William Rockhill Nelson, editor and owner of the Kansas City (Mo.) Star, one of the foremost journalists of the Middle West, died at his home in that city on the 35 boy must insist on giving change. morning of April 13, of uremic poisoning. He had been ill since last December. death caused profound sorrow throughout the city, State, and nation. President Wilson on being informed of Colonel Nelson's 40 get two of his and have a penny left over. death immediately sent to Mrs. Nelson the following telegram:

'May I not express my deep sympathy with you in the loss of your husband. The

great editor and citizen.'

During his illness Colonel Nelson gathered the members of his staff at his bedside each week for consultation. At the last meeting he discussed the fight for hon- 50 he was able to buy a new perfecting press est elections and told his men to keep it up no matter what happened.

MR. NELSON'S CAREER

Nelson selected Kansas City as the place in which he would found a newspaper. He was forty years old when he did that.

He had accumulated a fortune of \$200,ooo in the building and contracting business in Indiana and had lost it, saving nothing from the wreck but a half inter-'His contempt for the editorial pander 5 est in the Fort Wayne Sentinel. For two vears after his fortune was swept away he edited that paper and then he saw that his future work was to be journalism. But he wanted a wider field, and, although he sale of his half interest in the Sentinel, he began casting about for a new location. He scrutinized the whole wide western field with an estimating and prophetic eye then a muddy pioneer town without a pavement on one of its streets and with only a few plank sidewalks.

The two old and established newspapers, papers. They sold for five cents a copy. Mr. Nelson started an evening paper in a little upstairs room and sold it for two cents on the streets and delivered it to sub-

PAPERS SOLD FOR A NICKEL

There were few pennies in this city then. The nickel was almost the smallest coin 30 in use. People were in the habit of paying five cents for a newspaper and they were hard to break of that habit. They would hand the newsboy a nickel and walk on. Mr. Nelson gave orders that every newsmake that easy he imported from the mint a keg of pennies for his newsboys. He wanted to impress upon the people that for the old price of one newspaper they could

The circulation of the new paper grew but the more it increased the more money he lost, because the advertising was not coming to it yet, and he was hard pushed whole country will mourn the loss of a 45 to make both ends meet. The paper had a circulation of 3000 within a week. It soon grew to 10,000. The capacity of his new press was pushed to its utmost. was a hard struggle for four years. Then and his future was assured.

The part the Star has played in Kansas City is the history of Kansas City. That Kansas City has become great, that it has It was not by chance that William R. 55 become known the country over as a place of opportunity and achievement, that its squalid ugliness has been transformed into transcendent beauty - all this it owes more to the courage, the loyalty, the enterprise and constant endeavor of the Star than it does to any other agency, and it owes the Star to Mr. Nelson. We do not recall an instance in the history of the 5 cities of the Republic where any single community stands as much indebted for its upbuilding to the civic patriotism of one man as Kansas City does to Mr. Nelson.

Beginning with its very first issue, the Star was active in asserting its citizenship and endeavoring to promote the welfare of the community. Its first campaign was for traversable streets. To city streets 15 alone the Star has devoted more space, more actual area of argument, protest, information and appeal than to any other

subject.

long struggle for public parks, which finally triumphed so splendidly. It demanded better city water, and got it. It was always demanding better things for its townsmen. It fought for dollar gas, 25 regards as 'filler,' to be stuck in when and got it. It began a fight against the news failed, Mr. Nelson considered as lottery sharks that infested this town in the early days, and ran them out of the city. It exposed and attacked the home cooperative companies that were defraud- 30 the dullest day,' he would say. ing the poor and put them out of business; it went after the 10 per cent. a month loan sharks and eliminated them; it fought the fortune-telling frauds and the quack doctors. In all of those fights against 35 those particular evils it was a pioneer. It was the first newspaper in this country to bar medical quacks from its advertising columns and to attack them in its news columns. It was the first daily newspaper 40 view,' he would warn his news men. to refuse beer and whisky advertisements in any of its editions.

Its campaign for the betterment of living conditions, and for things that meant the advancement of the city have been too 45 a whole lot more interested in a fuss benumerous to mention. Mr. Nelson sometimes attributed his success in newspaper work to the fact that he did not get into it until he was forty years old. By this he meant that he was not hampered by tra- 50 ditions, but brought to the work the fresh

viewpoint of the outsider.

At the time the Star was established the conventional newspaper was in a rut. Pulitzer had not yet gone to New York to 55 that something else than news was of most stir up the dry bones there. Newspapers were chiefly the chroniclers of routine news. Mr. Nelson attacked the problem

under the stimulus of poverty of resources which prevented him from attempting to compete with established newspapers in furnishing telegraphic correspondence.

'I had to find a substitute for news.' he said. 'I discovered it in reprint. It occurred to me that people wanted first to be entertained. The world was full of interesting books and magazine articles that were at our disposal. I felt that Plato and Carlyle and Emerson might be just as good correspondents as the fellows who are sending the other papers reports of dog

fights in San Francisco.'

So, while the Star was accumulating resources to build up its news service - for nothing short of the best in news would satisfy Mr. Nelson — it developed its department of interesting material reprinted In its first year the Star began its long, 20 or adapted from books and magazines. This department has been extended to a degree that is unique in American journalism.

Matter that the conventional newspaper

highly important.

The men are pretty apt to find something of interest to them in the news on women are n't interested in politics or sports. We are going to furnish them good reading, no matter how dull they may find the news.

As the news came, Mr. Nelson devoted. himself to building up the news departments. He was impatient of the tradi-

tional ways of handling material.

Don't get the professional point of Washington correspondent is apt to get to thinking he is a statesman. He imagines the folks back home are interested in the details of congressional affairs. They are tween the wives of two cabinet members, or in some new development in farming that a congressman from Kansas can tell them about.'

He had no patience with perfunctory work of any sort, or with adherence to precedents. If news worth while was in sight he would throw all the resources of the paper into getting it. But if he felt public interest, then that was the thing that concerned him.

'I don't enjoy traveling in the well-

trodden path,' he would say. 'The Star should pioneer.'

If a poem of Rudyard Kipling, or a story by Sam Blythe was the most interesting thing that had come into the of- 5 fice that day, his instructions were to 'play it up' on the first page.

STUCK TO HIS OWN METHODS

He had the greatest scorn for the sug- 10 gestion that some other newspaper handled material in another way. 'What the other fellow does does n't interest me,' he would say. 'Newspapers that are edited with a view to attracting attention from 15 other newspapers are failures. We are running the Star for our readers, not for other newspapers.'

The advent of yellow journalism never disturbed him, and he made no conces-20 we were in a position to do it, and that sions to it in the way of big headlines, or comic supplements. His was one of the few newspapers in America that failed to be influenced by the new movement. He believed the movement was vulgar and 25 the most possible for his money showed bad. Over and over he declared he would quit the business before he would get out a shoddy, vulgar paper.

One night a few years ago there was a meeting of managing editors and pub- 30 larger type. With the larger, brevier type, lishers of a group of the most important newspapers in the United States. He gave them a dinner at his home. They asked him for a little talk as they sat at the table after the dessert.

'Well, gentlemen,' he said, 'I have one comment to make about American newspapers. The great bulk of them are allowing Mr. Hearst to edit them. They are copying his papers. Maybe Mr. 40 was for doing anything he could not do Hearst had to do what he did to attract attention. But so long as I have anything to say about it, Mr. Hearst is n't going to edit the Kansas City Star.'

GAVE GOOD MEASURE

It was a sacred principle with him to give his readers more for their money than they could possibly buy anywhere else on earth. The question with him 50 rapid printing, and in the second place a never was what he could make out of the Star, but how much he could afford to give his readers.

The Star was established, as I have said, as an afternoon newspaper at ten 55 cents a week. When he felt that he could afford to increase the service he added the Sunday morning paper at no increase in

price. A few years later he bought the Kansas City Times and made it the morning edition of the Star, still without increasing the price.

The last innovation was one of the great pioneering achievements of American journalism. Thirteen papers a week, delivered everywhere, for ten cents; but the outcome justified Mr. Nelson's confidence.

The same attitude was apparent in the founding of the Weekly Kansas City Star. It was founded, not to make money, but to make a contribution to American farm

I took pencil and paper,' Mr. Nelson said, 'and figured that we could afford to print a four-page farm weekly for twenty-five cents a year. Nobody else had ever done it. But I felt it was possible, that we ought to do it.'

ADOPTED READABLE TYPE

Mr. Nelson's ideals of giving the reader in all the details of his management. He felt, for example, that the size of type used in newspapers was trying on the eyes. So he discarded it and had the Star set in he used first a style of type face that he felt was exceedingly artistic. After two or three years he decided that it was not quite as legible as a blacker type, so he 35 threw the handsome type away and ordered the other.

For a long time he would not use illustrations in the Star because he felt a newspaper could not do them well, and he never well. But finally he decided on the use of line drawings. Other newspapers gradually adopted the mechanical form of reproduction of photographs known as 45 half tones. This process was vastly cheaper than the one the Star was using, but Mr. Nelson would not consider it, for two reasons: In the first place the half tone is likely to smear and blur in the mechanical reproduction never interested

THE 'STAR' HIS PASSION

A young artist once brought him a painstaking copy of a photograph he had made. Mr. Nelson spoke kindly to the young man and then said:

'The great fault with your work is something that you consider a virtue. You have simply copied the photograph. You have n't put any life or spirit into it.

The Star was a passion with him. Nothing hurt him so much as to see it do things in a commonplace way. Nothing delighted him so much as a piece of work that showed distinction in treatment.

Three years ago he wrote his associates from his summer home in Magnolia, Mas-

sachusetts:

But the Star is my life.'

All his life Mr. Nelson was a builder. He built scores of houses, and he once remarked that he supposed that every year for fifty years he must have built at least 20 Hapgood's expression was egregious. He two miles of rock road.

'Building houses,' he once said, 'is the greatest fun in the world.' He was his own architect, although in the more important buildings he relied on professional 25 days he liked logic quite as well as basearchitects to work out the proportions and

the details.

Things that were simple, substantial and well proportioned especially appealed to him. He could not endure anything so Harvard. shoddy.

THE 'STAR'S' NEW HOME

He got his inspiration for the present Star building from the McLean home in 35 vard Law School, and had emerged in a Washington. Taking an early morning Chicago law office. I don't know how his walk with a member of the staff he stopped and looked over the tapestry brick home, in the style of the Italian renaissance.

'That's what we want for our new

building,' he said.

He entrusted the designing of the building to an architect who worked out an adaptation of the McLean home under 45 to write in the Yellow Book, among other Mr. Nelson's supervision.

OAK HALL HIS RESIDENCE

Mr. Nelson's home, Oak Hall, stands within grounds some thirty acres in ex- 50 appeared in the Contemporary Review, tent, in the center of the best residence section of Kansas City. He designed and supervised its construction.

He had a great stock farm in this county with a real farm house, a low rambling 55 now, though the subject does n't interest one-story building surrounded with a white picket fence. His summer home was at Magnolia Beach, Massachusetts.

VIII

NORMAN HAPGOOD

PHILIP LITTELL

[New Republic, December 12, 1914. By permission of author and publisher.]

Logic, an elementary course given twenty-eight years ago by Professor Royce, that was the setting in which I first saw Norman Hapgood. Of course we 'I'm afraid I am wearying you by were n't acquainted then, having been in writing so much about details of the pa-15 the same class at Harvard for only two years. The shape of his head was striking, but not so striking as his expression. In a flock of students who looked dutifully attentive or bored or conscientiously acute, looked amused. You would have guessed he found the detection of fallacy about the most amusing game he had ever played, and you would have been right. In those ball. None of his contemporaries could split the hair with nicer hand. As a nice yet humorously ruthless detective of fallacy he gained his earliest reputation at

Five or six years later I had my second good look at him. Although the law was not his first choice, he was one of the best two or three men in his class at the Harmind lived its life by day. His real mental life began after dinner, when he and his friends would start an evening-long 40 talk about Maletesta, or when he would stretch himself on a sofa, in his boarding-house bedroom, and read French for hours on end - Madame du Deffand, Mérimée, Stendhal. At this epoch he used things about ennui, of which he has all his life had no first-hand knowledge. These essays, with the slightly later articles on Balfour, Rosebery, and John Morley which were more 'written' than anything he has done in the last ten years. There was a time when it irritated him to be told that they were also written better. Even him, you can make him a little tired by asking why he no longer writes as he wrote then. In this period his interest began its significant shift from books to men, from past to present, from the split-

table hair to the big brush.

To his next, his early New York period, belong those solid, acute, documented 5 or what every one is on the point of talklives of Lincoln and Washington which scarcely read like the improvisations they really were. They tell you more about Lincoln and Washington than about the evolution of Norman Hapgood. For docu- 10 into them until it strikes a layer of helpments upon Hapgood as he then was you had better consult the dramatic criticism he contributed to the old Commercial Advertiser, now the Globe. He had almost all the qualifications of a dramatic critic is four or five hundred words cannot make except taste. There was a healthy pugnacity in his articles. Plays and acting and management and the theatrical trust gave him things to say which he cared prodigiously to get said. He made his 20 good journalistic style is a subject matter readers care, made them realize the importance of taking sides, of taking the right side. Among managers he discriminated the sheep from the goats. He belabored the goats until some of them tried 25 most accurately known by counting those to butt him off his job. Then he came back at them harder than ever, without ever losing his temper. His manner of writing could not help changing. Once you might have supposed his aim was to 30 and Dean Swift, and which Walter Bagemake subtleties clear to the subtle. Now he began to write as if he wanted the deaf to hear. By taking sides, and by wishing other people to take sides, he was learning to talk at a mark, his audience. At the 35 I am lost, though I cling to the guiding end of this period he was ready for the rest of his life work. Henceforth he would address his contemporaries through a megaphone.

His association with Collier's started 40 from an accident. F. P. Dunne, who was writing the Collier editorials, happened to be going away for a week or so, and asked Hapgood to fill in. The owners of the paper liked his work so well that later, 45 occupying positions that cannot be dewhen Dunne wanted to resign, they cabled an offer of his place to Hapgood, who was then sunning himself on the Italian Riviera, writing a few meditative essays that he has never been willing to print.

Since that spring morning in 1903 when he sat down to his desk at Collier's, he has renounced meditation. For the last ten years his thinking has been rapid and controversial. Believing that too 55 readers have come over to his side. much of our editorial writing has been done by men who do nothing except sit at desks, and who read nothing except

print, Hapgood has gone everywhere, met everybody, served on committees, made speeches, copiously conferred. His subjects are what every one is talking about ing about. It is in talk and in the news of the day that he gets the topics which serve him best. His mind seizes these topics and does things to them. It digs ful truth, which must not lie too far below the surface to be exposed to average eyes. Unconsciously he has almost ceased to believe that a truth can be important if it clear to the average. According to Walter Pater, the first requisite of a good prose style is a complicated subject matter to grapple with. The first requisite of a which Norman Hapgood can make clear to you before you get off your suburban train.

The second requisite is punch, which is who feel it. A few steps toward knowledge of it may nevertheless be taken along other ways. Punch is something which Arthur Brisbane has, and Sam Adams hot and Max Beerbohm have n't. So far I can follow Hapgood, at a respectful distance, not understanding very well, getting a little muddled. Beyond this point doctrine that there can be no punch without emotion, that light without heat does n't interest our readers, that dry light

makes dry reading.

Adherents of this creed, confined to matter which punch and repetition can make clear and interesting to an audience of several hundred thousand, are further restricted by the fear of getting in wrong, of fended. It is one of Hapgood's superiorities to most journalists that he has felt these restrictions less than they, that he has been free to choose so 50 many things to fight for and to fight. against. His courage has often put him in exposed positions, which he has defended so stoutly, and from which he has made such destructive sorties, that his Armed with the goods, which he certainly had on Secretary Ballinger and President Taft, Hapgood literally did not care how

many enemies he made. His moral ardor led him even into boring many readers not so morally ardent, but he lost neither head nor heart nor patience. He gained his end. His successful campaign was a sky- 5 high warning to men who wanted their friends to grab our national resources. He put an inferior Secretary of the Interior out of business. It was a solid piece of work that Hapgood did for con- 10 son seems like a man of this world. His servation in Collier's. And he did it, such are the pleasant oddities of journalism, without ever mastering, as a scholar masters all the diseases of Greek verbs, all the ins and outs of the Glavis-Ballinger- 15 which forms itself in my mind as I read Pinchot row.

Both as an editorial writer and as a maker of speeches he is most damaging when he retorts. In his answers to opponents the old dialectician refines the 20 worshiper of punch. When he is talking to a friend this old dialectician is still very much alive. And in talk his interest is almost as dirigible as of old. At the end of a long summer afternoon, walking home 25 from a ball game, he is quite ready to choose, from the men and women of all epochs, the dozen who would be most agreeable together at dinner. He has time enough for all your interests, time 30 Goethals!' So replied Madam --- to. enough to destroy, with friendly hand, a few of your fallacies.

He does this without impatience, as if you and he were playing a game. pools of leisure, in the hurrying stream of 35 his life, are less frequent than they used to be, but they are just as quiet. To find him in leisurely mood you must find him almost alone, or with children about, for as soon as his company has grown to four 40 or five adults his mood becomes a little journalistic, a little impatiently controversial, a little contemptuous of the taste which rejects popular idols and of the mind which dozes over the very newest thought. 45 Canal Zone. Taking it for his text, in a As the size of his company increases, so his desire for victory in talk increases, and his wish to explore other men's minds grows less.

that this successful journalist is most attractive and least journalistic. His gentleness and his humor appear, he loses his desire to impose his will, his judgment, his taste. And in talk you are secure 55 against anything resembling his printed enormities — his disquisitions on breakfast or Shakespeare, his obituary para-

graphs beginning 'Whistler is dead' or McKim is dead, and reading like plaster casts of an emotion. His queer preferences in verse, for example, which irritate one in print, because they there sound as if he thought them important, are in talk only the quaint idiosyncrasies which give him feature.

In Hapgood's talk even President Willovalty to the President is ubiquitous and combative as it is in print, but it doesn't make me dislike that image of him, half saint and half trustee and all great man, Harber's Weekly. When Hapgood is talking instead of writing, he does n't impose trusting the President upon me as a disagreeable duty.

IX

THE BUILDER OF THE CANAL FARNHAM BISHOP

[World's Work, August, 1912. By permission of author and publisher.]

'I explain it in one word: Colonel Mr. Charles Francis Adams, when that most venerable and skeptical of American historians asked her to explain, as one born to the Isthmus, the difference between the Panama of ten years ago and that of today. And though at first inclined to regard the lady's ready reply, 'conveyed quite as much through the movements of the hands as by the mouth, as a dining-room epigram rather than as a careful statement of historic fact, Mr. Adams became more and more impressed with its literal exactness, as he made his own painstaking investigations in the paper read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, Mr. Adams declared:

I think Madam - was right. Her fe-No, it is when you are alone with him 50 male instinct guided her straight to the central fact. It is so in Panama. The individuality and character of Colonel Goethals today permeate, and permeate visibly, the entire Zone; unconsciously on his part, unconsciously on the part of others, his influence is pervasive. Nor, in expressing this opinion of Colonel Goethals, do I for a moment wish to depreciate, much less to ignore, the zeal and fidelity shown by the

heads of departments in the present Canal organization. Gorgas, Hodges, Gaillard, Devol, Rousseau, Bishop, one and all, so far as my brief stay afforded me opportunities of reaching an opinion, were stamped by the same die. Of some, of course, I saw but little; others I did not meet at all; but indications of the influence of Goethals were, I thought, perceptible everywhere. Quiet, reserved, unassuming, known to every one engaged on the work, but noticed, as he quietly to fice with great pomp and circumstance, demoved around, by no one, he gave the im-pression of conscious because innate but unobtrusive force. He was a natural diplomat as well as an educated engineer; and, whether dealing with labor conditions or Latin-American officials and races, the Pan- 15 ington is, as you probably know, the cenama situation of today stands in quite as much need of a skilful diplomat as of a trained engineer.

mand for diplomacy must be great indeed. But though the Chief Engineer were to combine the wiles of Machiavelli with the virtues of Mr. Bryce, it would seem as if he had more than enough engineering on 25 the Colonel replied instantly, hand to keep him from exercising them. He has to dig a deep artificial cañon nine miles long; and build a dozen huge locks. each containing more solid concrete than there is stone in the great Pyramid of 30 work constantly thrust upon him. Panama Cheops. In these locks must be erected forty-seven pairs of steel gates, each as tall and as broad as a six-story office building; and to move the elaborate machinery that will open and close these 35 however, persist in taking their troubles gates and tow ships through the locks, the Chagres River has been turned into the concrete-lined spillway of the Gatun Dam, where it will drive, with all the force of its once-dreaded floods, the tur- 40 in Panama as well as in the United bines of the electric power-plant. United States Government has increased the width of the locks, originally 95 feet, to 110, and their length from 950 to 1000 feet; has added half as much again to the 45 to stir up riot and revolution. The Col-200-foot channel through the Cut, and has ordered \$14,000,000 worth of fortifications - all to be done without delay or an increase of force. Instead of throwing up his hands in despair at these huge addi- 50 will not come to that!' tions to his task, Colonel Goethals welcomed them as needed improvements. And when some one asked him whether these things and the 18,000,000 cubic yards slides would delay the opening of the Canal until after January 1, 1915, the Colonel replied:

'Some day in September, 1913, I expect to go over to Colon and take the Panama Railroad steamer that happens to be at the dock there and put her through the Canal. 5 If we get all the way across, I'll give it out to the newspapers; and if we don't, I'll keep quiet about it.'

livered the following oration in a voice that was distinctly heard at Bas Obispo, in spite of the noon blasting in the Cut:

'Colonel Goethals, my office in Washter of the diplomatic life of the capital. All the diplomats come there almost daily, and they constantly say to me. "You know the Canal will never be finished; the slides If such be the case, then the local de- 20 and-ah, this and that will prevent it from ever being used." Now, Colonel, what would you advise me to say to them?'

With a twinkle in his eye, and the ready smile they know so well on the Isthmus,

'I would n't say anything.

NIPPING A 'SPICKETY' REVOLUTION

Colonel Goethals has much diplomatic City is the capital of a free and independent republic and our Government maintains there a legation of the first class. The native officials and politicians, to the chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, who is also the Governor of the Canal Zone, instead of to the American minister. This is a presidential year States, and early in the spring the representatives of each party came running to Colonel Goethals to warn him that the wicked men on the other side were trying onel smiled on them paternally.

'Well, if there should be any disturbance, you know we have a regiment here. 'Oh, no, no, no, Señor Gobernador! It

Colonel Goethals and the commander of that regiment were presently made the members of a committee, under the chairmanship of the American minister, to of earth and rock brought into the Cut by 55 supervise the registration and voting. 'Before the Americans came,' the head of the Liberals assured me, 'it was not the man who had the most votes who was

elected. It was the man who had the most rifles and machetes.' Refereeing a presidential campaign and teaching Central Americans to vote with ballots instead of banana-knives are among the interesting s got it. minor duties of the Chief Engineer. 'Ca:

A far more serious affair than any number of Spickety revolutions was the threatened strike of the American railroad men in 1911. Every shovelful of dirt that 10 ice.' comes out of the Cut is hauled, on the average, ten miles by rail before it is finally disposed of. An elaborate network of tracks (the skilful arrangement of which is a monument to the practical 15 knowledge of railroading possessed by Colonel Goethals's predecessor, Mr. John F. Stevens), hundreds of locomotives, and thousands of cars are required that the dirt may be carried away as fast as the 20 big steam-shovels can dig it. Then there is the Panama Railroad, with its heavy passenger and commercial freight traffic, which must not be interrupted, though the line is being changed from a double 25 quility, and the pursuit of happiness'? track running through the rapidly filling bed of Gatun Lake to the new permanent single track on higher ground. Finally there are the labor trains, that are kept as busy carrying the men back and forth 30 of the mass-meeting that had been called from their work to their quarters as the traction system of a small city. Without railroads, work on the canal would be confined to dredging at the two entrances.

gineer whom we may call Jones heard two torpedoes explode under his locomotive but, instead of stopping, kept on and crashed into the rear of a freight train, killing the conductor. Jones was found 40 the cheering stopped and the Colonel was guilty of involuntary manslaughter by the Supreme Court of the Canal Zone and was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. At a somewhat excited mass-meeting of engineers and trainmen, it was resolved 45 that unless Jones was immediately released they would resign and return to the United States, where they could 'enjoy the protection of the Constitution, a jury missary, because the Beef Trust's goods trial, tranquility, and the pursuit of hap- 50 were not up to sample. Thousands of

piness.'

Colonel Goethals was then on his way back from a visit to Washington, and the acting chairman persuaded the men to postpone action until he reached the 55 ing to pieces with rust. Colonel Goethals He arrived on a Thursday and, unless Jones was released by six o'clock Friday afternoon, the men were to walk

out Saturday morning. About half-past seven Friday evening, a member of the union called the Colonel up on the telephone and asked for his decision.

Call up the penitentiary and they'll tell you my decision. Jones is still there; and every man that fails to report at seven to-morrow morning goes out of the serv-

There was no walk-out Saturday morning. At a ball game the next week, the man who had telephoned came up to bat and a voice from the bleachers yelled:

'Hello, Bill! You here? Thought you and the rest were goin' up north to live under the Con-sti-too-tion!'

Bill struck out.

LIKED BY EVERYBODY

Do the free-born American citizens in the Canal Zone actually 'enjoy' this stern military despotism more than 'the protection of the Constitution, a jury trial, tran-They certainly behaved as if they did on a certain occasion when a very distinguished visitor came to the Isthmus and the Colonel stepped forward, as chairman in the visitor's honor, to introduce him. A large majority of the five or six thousand American employees had crowded into the old machine-shop that had been One dark night in August, 1910, an en- 35 cleared and decorated for the meeting and, at the sight of that familiar white figure standing at the edge of the platform, they exploded like a stampeded National Convention. It was fully five minutes before able to introduce the speaker of the even-The very distinguished visitor arose and was received with a little polite handclapping.

Colonel Goethals is a fighter and he will fight a trust as readily as he will fight a labor union. Whole cargoes of tainted meat have been shipped back by the Comsquare yards of screening were condemned and left unpaid for, as soon as it was discovered that the Copper Trust had put in so much iron that they were rapidly fallis determined that no contractors shall become rich by supplying the Panama Canal with rotten food and shoddy material, as so many did in the days of the De Lesseps Company,

'THE SQUAREST BOSS'

for,' said a gray-headed member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, as we sat on the platform at Culebra station and listened to the hymns the Jamaican Negroes were shouting in the red and black 10 Corporal, still he cannot help envying the tin chapel across the tracks. 'And I've worked for 'em all, from Jim Hill to a bunch of Spicketies in Guatemala. I've been at it twenty-five years, and I've never seen better railroading than they've 15 appointment of the then famous' Sunset got right here on the Isthmus.'

The man in the cab speaks that way of the President of the Panama Railroad; Zone; and Congressmen have almost ceased asking the Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission unimportant questions in an important manner, because, as onel, though invariably courteous, 'always makes us feel like a lot of darned

The most absolute despot in the world, tain from the landscape, or of a man from his dominions, or of a salt-cellar from that man's table. As an engineer, he could earn a millionaire's income whenever he judge, he is spoken of with Solomon and Daniel and Haroun al Raschid. He has received honorary degrees from Harvard and Yale and Columbia and he has been many (where, instead of kissing the hand of the Empress, he innocently shook it). Distinguished foreign visitors have assured him that in their countries such work as his would be rewarded by a title 45 of nobility and high rank in the army. Even the praise-grudging American admits that 'about the only thing you can say against that man Goethals is that he is posterity to pronounce.' Success fame and power are his; and yet, when discussing the remote possibility of a revofantry would be sent in to put it downand I could n't march in at the head of them.'

For no amount of success as an engineer and administrator can quite compensate this true West Pointer for the loss of his own chosen trade of war. 'He's the squarest boss I ever worked 5 Though he has under his command an army of forty thousand men, with all the efficiency of the German army and none of its stiffness, and a love for their leader like that of the Old Guard for the Little youngest 'shavetail' who ever led a halfcompany in pursuit of a gang of Moro outlaws. For he has never seen active service. Entering West Point in 1876 on the Cox, Colonel Goethals has spent all the thirty-two years since his graduation in building irrigation works in the West and the Republic of Panama is glad to be coast-fortifications in the East, as in-nursed by the Governor of the Canal 20 structor in engineering at the Military Academy, as Chief Engineer of the First Army Corps during the war with Spain, and as Chairman and Chief Engineer of the Isthmian Canal Commission. Surely one M. C. plaintively declared, the Col-25 this has been better service for a man of his brain-power than endlessly shouting, Squads right! Squads left!' on a dusty parade ground, or doing dare-devil police work in Mindanao. He is changing the he can command the removal of a moun-30 whole map of the world: a change that promises to be far more permanent and profound than any brought about by a mere conqueror. And yet Colonel Goethals cannot help an almost boyish feeling chose to go into private employ. As a 35 of discontent because, while his classmates and a whole generation of younger men, to say nothing of untrained civilians like Wood and Funston and Roosevelt, have had their chances to lead charges and win invited to lunch by the Emperor of Ger- 40 hard-fought actions, he has been a mere peace-soldier.

> Who never set a squadron in the field. Nor the division of a battle knew.

A SOLDIER WITHOUT A UNIFORM

He has not worn his uniform since he came to Panama in 1907 (and when he does take it out of moth-balls at the end handing down a mighty tough name for 50 of the job he will not have to let out the sword-belt by a single hole). They waste very little time on the Isthmus changing uniforms and turning out the guard. All lutionary outbreak in Panama City, he the military smartness you will find there, sighed wistfully and said, 'The 10th In-55 outside the camps of the Marines and the 10th Infantry, is the exclusive property of the Zone Police. To see one of those big bronzed soldier-policemen on mounted patrol is to wish that Frederic Remington could have lived to have painted him. The trooper's right hand flies up to salute a white-haired man in baggy duck trousers, straw hat - and you realize that the latter is the more soldierly figure of the two. In spite of civilian clothes and more than thirty years' absence from drill, Colonel Goethals is no shapeless desk-chair war- 10 ized; and hundreds of trained men, as rior, but a man to inspire the words of Bret Harte's priest:

Now, by the firm grip of the hand on the bridle,

By the straight line from the heel to the 15 shoulder

By the curt speech - nay, nay, no offense,

You are a soldier.

The only misleading thing about that quotation is the first line, for, though the Colonel keeps an exceedingly firm 'hand on the bridle ' of the whole canal organizawheels and looking more like a taxicab gone railroading than anything else in the yellow of Panama Railroad passenger coaches, and you can scare a shirker out the 'Brain Wagon') is running empty, because the Colonel has dropped off to take a short-cut to a steam shovel or a bunch of compressed-air drills, or a new drainage him. Presently he will come along perched on top of a loaded dirt-train ('dirt' means anything from mud to 10ton lumps of trap); or walking at a good, tered rock. A morning stroll with Colonel Goethals in the Culebra Cut is fully equal to a walk with Colonel Roosevelt in Rock Creek Park.

There are ninety-nine busy steam shovels on the Isthmus and one idle one, and the Colonel would rejoice more over putting that one to work than over the ninetyand-nine that are safe in the fold. That 55 idle steam shovel is standing back of Sosa Hill, near Balboa, at the Pacific entrance of the Canal, ready to dig the great dry

dock that is to be built there - when Congress gives the word. The rising waters of Gatun Lake are fast backing up to the machine shops at Gorgona, which cannot a black alpaca coat, and an ugly little 5 be removed to their permanent site near the dry-dock until Congress gets through playing presidential year politics. The construction force is rapidly breaking up, but the operating force cannot be organeager to stay with their chief as he is sorry to lose them, have had to go north.

the meantime, a few wharves are being built at Balboa; and, at the other end of the Canal, the beautiful avenue of palms that used to fringe the water-front of Cristobal is being left far inland, as an elaborate system of docks is being pushed out into Limon Bay. Eight 20 powerful electric cranes have been ordered to handle freight at Balboa, where hundreds of acres of land have been made by filling in swamps and tidal flats with earth and rock from the Cut. When this tion, no one ever sees him in a McClellan 25 land is finally covered with docks and saddle. His trusty steed is a swift and comfortable motor-car mounted on flanged pretty rental to the United States Government, which owns every inch of it. Here at Balboa, Colonel Goethals plans It is painted the regulation bilious 30 to concentrate all the equipment of the present Commissary and Quartermaster's Departments: a cold-storage plant that can of a wet-season's growth by yelling, 'Here comes the Yellow Peril!' But as likely thousand gallons of ice-cream; a bakery as not the 'Yellow Peril' (also known as 35 equipped with automatic bread, pie, and cake machines; a completely-stocked general store; and a laundry that could receive an in-coming ship's linen and deliver it to her by the Panama Railroad before ditch, or something else that has interested 40 she reached the other end of the Canal. The Government would then, with its drydocks and machine-shops, with its own coal-bunkers and lighters, and with the handy tanks and pipe-line of the Union swinging pace over rough construction 45 Oil Company of California, be able to suptracks and slippery fragments of splin- ply any ship that passed through the Canal ply any ship that passed through the Canal with anything from a seabiscuit to a new propeller shaft. And some day this peaceful, profitable trade might save us more 50 than could be counted in time or dollars, when a fleet of transports came through with empty bunkers, or a battered dreadnought limped into Balboa shipyards, to be sent back to the fighting line.

Colonel Goethals is thinking of all those things - but most of all of that idle steamshovel behind Sosa Hill.

The operating force (about 2500 men

with their wives and families) will live at Balboa in a model town to be built entirely of reinforced cement. Here also will be barracks for a battalion of marines, who may be needed to keep drunken 5 ers between the ports affected until the stevedores and sailors from breaking up the toy police force of Panama City. main body of the garrison which the War Department wishes to keep permanently on the Isthmus, two brigades of infantry, a 10 owned line between Atlantic and Pacific regiment of cavalry, and a battalion of ports. Such a line would probably not field artillery, besides enough coast artillerymen to man the heavy fortifications on either side, will be quartered at a place just across the Canal from the present 15 to use the Panama Railroad and Canal town of Culebra. Ten years from now, the empty concrete shell of the unfinished Catholic church may serve to point out to the tourist the site of Old Culebra, as the gaunt stone tower of San Jerome does that 20 of Old Panama. Colonel Goethals says:

All our present towns are mere temporary construction camps, and practically all the houses in them will be falling to pieces by the time the Canal is finished. 25 to the coal-fields, then our 5-foot gauge As for settling an American colony in the Canal Zone, there will be very little farming land left outside of what must be covered by the lake or taken for military purposes; and the best of that is already held 30 and standard gage equipment. As for by native and Chinese market-gardeners, with whom our people could not hope to compete. Americans wishing farms in Panama will find more room and better land in the Province of Chiriqui. 35 best is from a certain chair in his private The Canal Zone should be made a military reservation, like Sandy Hook. Our primary purpose in building the Canal was not commercial but military: to make sure that no battleship of ours would ever have 40 formal state, and every man or woman to sail round South America, as the Oregon did, in time of war.'

Colonel Goethals naturally prefers the sort of tolls that would bring the greatest volume of business to the Canal, that 45 serand, the French Ambassador, after witwould enable it to pay the largest direct revenue to the Government. He favors a toll slightly lower than that of Suez, and absolutely uniform, regardless of flag or between our coast ports, if that trade is kept closed to foreign vessels. His idea of the way to keep down freight rates is beautifully simple, but imagine the angry American railroad and shipowner if it were put into effect:

'The determining factor in all rates is

the tramp ship. Any attempt to raise rates unduly could easily be upset by the Government's chartering a number of tramps and running them as public freightrates came down. This would be more economical than the proposed plan of turning the existing Panama Railroad Steamship Line into a permanent Governmentpay, and should not be made a charge on the Canal.'

When I asked his opinion of the scheme equipment, after it is no longer needed on the Isthmus, for building Government railroads in Alaska. Colonel Goethals re-

plied:

'Its advisability must be determined by two things: the cost of transfer and the character of the roads to be built. what are contemplated are comparatively short, isolated lines running from the coast equipment would probably do well enough. But if the Government is going in for railroad building there on a large scale, there would be no economy in anything but new transferring the organization from Panama to Alaska, there will be none left to transfer.'

The place to see Colonel Goethals at his office at Culebra, between eight and eleven on Sunday morning. Here, at a flattopped desk and with a tin of cigarettes before him, the Colonel sits in most inwho has a grievance can come and state it to the Man at the Top. From his decisions there is no appeal, except to the President of the United States. M. Jusnessing one of these Sunday morning interviews, compared it to St. Louis's court of justice beneath the oak at Vincennes.

In quick succession the cases pass owner, except to American ships plying 50 through. A Colon banker wants the privilege of handling ships' drafts for Canal tolls, and is referred to the Treasury Department. An engineer's wife wants a Type 17' house in Corozal, because the protests that would go up from every 55 baby cannot stand a flat. Could n't the Colonel see the district quartermaster about it, before they go up on leave. Tuesday? The Colonel promises. If the

Spanish War Veterans get free transportation on the special train, Memorial Day, are the Kangaroos, who are employees, to be crowded out by the 10th Infantry, who are not? Let a committee of 5 all the fraternal orders appear next Sunday to talk it over. When a man has been brought down from the States as a locomotive hostler, but has got a run the day he hit the Isthmus, why has n't he to celebrate the breaking-up of the old camp, drawn an engineer's pay for the first month? He shall get it, if the records of the Division Office bear him out. A man's brother has been terribly injured by the relocation of the Panama Railroad, but 15 mus.' has been told that he cannot sue for damages, because that work is being done by the Isthmian Canal Commission, which is United States Government. Colonel will report favorably on it if their 20 or a red flag in the world. Congressman will introduce a special bill - the only remedy. The best nurse in Colon Hospital has resigned after a tiff with the head nurse, and the doctors want her back. Can the Colonel get her to 25 apologize for the sake of discipline? Ĥe 'll try.

No matter how sudden the change of subject, the Colonel always seems to know the rules of a man's division, or shop, or 30 of government.'
union, by heart. He never has to look
them up in a pamphlet; though the touch laugh; 'if you've got a good despot.' of a button will bring it, together with the written record of any man in the service. And almost invariably he winds up the 35 chair. The cigarette-box is empty; for the interview with a good, hearty laugh, in which the visitor joins. Even the little gray-haired woman who begged for protection from a drunken husband, knows he must n't hurt me, Colonel, since 40 are growing thin about his temples, but you wrote him that letter, but he's got into a fuss with another woman now,' ceased sobbing and went out almost smiling when the Colonel said, 'I'll speak to him.'

For that office is famous also for inter- 45 be a blamed old grind?' views of another sort, that do not end in laughter. One stalwart Westerner, who distinguished himself at San Juan Hill but neglected his work on the Isthmus, collapsed into a chair when he reached the 50 outer office and after five minutes said tremulously, 'I guess my knees will hold me up now.' A man who had been caught in an intrigue with another man's wife was told curtly to take his annual leave at once 55 and resign as soon as it expired. When he furiously demanded an explanation, Colonel Goethals said simply,

'Mrs. — was sent up on the ship before you.'

The man took his hat and left without a

word.

The last visitor of the morning is Big Bill Morrison, the Socialist blacksmith from Gorgona, and he comes, not with a kick, but with an invitation. The boys in the shops are going to give a banquet, to and they want the Colonel to be there.

'Can I get such a breakfast next morning as I had at Mrs. Morrison's in 1907? That was the best I ever had on the Isth-

'Sure!'

'Then I'll come.' He passes over the cigarettes and the two sit down as amicably as if there were not a shoulder-strap

'Colonel, did you see much of Socialism

when you were in Germany?'

'The Kaiser told me he was going to stamp it all out.'

'Bismarck tried that, you know.'

'Now look here, Morrison, you must n't say we have Socialism down here. Introduce the franchise, and we'd go to pieces. It's a despotism; and that's the best form

The last visitor is gone and Colonel Goethals tilts wearily back in his desklast three hours he has been nervously lighting cigarettes and throwing them away half-smoked. There are very many wrinkles in his face and the white curls his smile is still patient and unwearied. Looking over his spectacles at the interviewer in the corner, the Colonel says,

'Do you know, sometimes this gets to

X

MAUDE ADAMS

FREDERIC DEAN

[Good Housekeeping Magazine, May, 1913. By permission.]

The dominant motif of Maude Adams' life is minding her own business. She's an actress, and holds to the old-fashioned notion that her place is behind the footlights, and not on Fifth Avenue; that she appears to better advantage in the breeches of Peter Pan than in smart Parisian frocks; and she prefers a romp with her 5 hope of heaven depended upon its correct big St. Bernard, Meta, down at Sandygarth Farm, to the most select social function.

So far, she has rigidly adhered to the she first began to hide behind her art and foreswore all temptations to be dragged into prominence save upon her mimic

in the park, or in the shops. Her name is never mentioned among 'those present' at matinées, professional women's league bazaars, actors' fund benefits or the many other gatherings to which stage folk flock. 20 endurance. When she first inspected the Since she was graduated from John Drew's company, she has never attended one of his premiers, and she never enters a theater other than the one in which she is at the time playing.

Yes; once last season she went to the New Amsterdam. Mr. Frohman had seen The Pink Lady and was sure the principal comedy character would please her. gallery and enjoyed the play with the other gods - who, unluckily for them, had no

inkling of her identity.

A color scheme of dull gray or black is almost invariably adhered to by Miss 35 Adams when on the street. Over her head she sometimes throws a shawl, but prefers a little round cap, and her entire get-up is distinctly severe. Her style in dress has hardly altered since 1900; she 40 concluded without a serious mishap, was knows absolutely nothing of the prevailing modes; and the sheath gown and pannier skirt are unknown quantities in the algebra of her wardrobe; and, as for jewelry, if she possesses any, she seldom, 45 business, was the calmest figure in the pagif ever, wears it.

The one woman from whom Miss Adams accepts invitations is Mrs. Thomas the architect's Hastings, wife. Four-in-hand Driving Club and was the first to teach Miss Adams to drive and encourage her in riding — a delight to which she still clings. In Mrs. Hastings' home, ever, that none but the immediate family are to be present. And here her social activities end.

She cares as little for equal suffrage as she does for dinner gowns, and she could n't tell the names of the box-holders at the Metropolitan Opera House if her recital.

But with every detail of her art she is on delightfully intimate terms, and, curiously enough, it is the mechanism of the mode of living she set for herself when to stage — the intricacies of the stage carpenter and scenic artist - that interest her most and upon which is peculiarly well informed. Gordon Craig is no more of an enthusiast upon the subject of stage-light-Miss Adams is never seen on the street, 15 ing than is she. Miss Adams once sent to Vienna for a color effect that was used in This openone play at one performance. air presentation of Schiller's play was a fair example of Miss Adams' industry and stadium, two weeks before the performance, she discovered that the architect had provided no means of lighting the amphitheater and had made no arrangements for 25 water. She immediately installed her own electric plant and tapped the nearby water mains with smaller pipes for her temporary theater. Then she began rehearsals, working sixteen hours a day, coach-Miss Adams promptly bought a seat in the 30 ing the supernumeraries, teaching the soldiers how to ride their mounts, giving orders to the electricians, and instructing the herders in charge of the sheep used in

the spectacle. At midnight on the eve of the performance, she was still directing the preliminaries of the morrow's exhibition. Chaos reigned. That a performance would be attempted within twenty-four hours and incredible; those who saw that first performance remember one that was almost flawless. And *Joan*, who had apparently given no heed to her own lines or stage eant.

An incident happened in connection with the performance before the Yale students that is worth repeating here. Miss Adams Hastings is the president of the Ladies' so is diffident to a degree. When she was a very young lady, she suffered so keenly from embarrassment that she has made it one of the tenets of her creed to put at ease similarly afflicted young persons at Miss Adams often dines, stipulating, how- 55 any cost. The president of the Yale University Dramatic Club was invited to call upon Miss Adams to arrange preliminary details of the play selected. As he was

ushered into the reception room, he stumbled over furniture, blushed purple, and with a whispered 'How are you?' sank into a seat. Miss Adams smiled in spite that I am half as well as you look'; and before long the two were chatting like old friends.

Miss Adams is preëminently a kind woman. Every one associated with her to sequence to her, if only it have value. The receives the same cheerful greeting and no one in trouble need ask for her aid: it is theirs before the request can be formulated. There used to be an old doorkeeper, at the stage entrance of the Em- 15 and should the second violin suggest to pire Theater, who was as well known to the passers-in and out as is Mayor Gaynor to the newspaper boys who frequent New York's City Hall. One day he was taken sick and his place was filled by another. 20 advisement. Miss Adams learned that the old chap had lost his position and made a hurried search for him, tracing him, at last, to an East Side tenement. It was long after midnight when she found him. He was very 25 of the daily passers-by suspect the idenill and was being taken care of by his faithful wife as best she could. Doctors and nurses were immediately summoned and every possible comfort provided; and the next morning, and the next, 30 thousand and one details that go to make and the next came Lady Bountiful - and every day, until the sufferer died, a month

For sixteen years, Robert Eberle was in Charles Frohman's employ as business 35 Farm, Ronkonkoma, Long Island, that manager. He was a man who has spent his life in theatricals; he was a favorite in the Frohman household and was given one of the first positions at the beginning of each season. Last year he was sent 40 ures well up in the hundreds of acres out as acting manager of the Passers-By company. Late in the season, he was taken ill and left in a hospital in South Bend, Indiana. Miss Adams was playing in the West at the time, and hearing of Mr. 45 kennel of St. Bernards and English sheep Eberle's illness — though several hundred miles from the hospital — left her company on Saturday night, went to South Bend, spent Sunday at the sick man's bedside, and, leaving orders for the best of so is the library, simply furnished with Engmedical treatment, returned to her work just in time to dress for her part on Monday night. A considerable share of Miss Adams' income is pledged to private charity. Somewhere among her papers there 55 rica. In one corner is a Damascus blade, is a list of pensioners which only her eyes have seen. No one has learned more about these recipients of her bounty than

that they are old, destitute players and ac-

quaintances of her childhood.

The members of Miss Adams' companies are genuinely fond of her, and, once of herself, but promptly answered, 'I hope sa new production is safely launched, she is the meekest member of the organization. and is never above accepting advice and suggestions from the others; the source of the suggestion is seemingly of no conman who hauls the baggage into the theater may with safety offer counsel; the callboy runs no risk in commenting adversely on the dramatic effect of a certain scene; Miss Adams that her dress in the last act did not harmonize with the color scheme of the back-drop, she would thank him and cheerfully take the matter under serious

> Business pertaining to her productions is transacted in Miss Adams' own office, in the Empire Theater building in New York. No name is on the door, and but a few tity of the occupant of this particular suite. Here she selects the members of her company, gives orders to scenic artists and costumers and attends to the up the daily routine of preparation.

> Until recently Miss Adams occupied a house in the city. She still holds title to the property, but it is down on Sandygarth she really lives — until the hot weather drives her up to her bungalow in the Catskills. Sandygarth may with perfect propriety be called an estate. It meassome cultivated and some not; some wooded and some threaded with tiny streams. Sandygarth Farm is the real theater of Miss Adams' day dreams. A dogs is personally looked after by the mistress of the place, whose constant companion is the rough-coated Meta.

> The most interesting room in the house lish and old Dutch solidity. Around the walls stand bookcases, shoulder high. The decorations are mainly souvenirs of Miss Adams' jaunts in Europe and northern Afpolished with its own history; on a shelf opposite the entrance, squats a grinning Egyptian idol; worked on the wall, is an

illuminated detail of medieval fresco from a Florentine chapel; above the books, running around the room, is a series of etchings, showing points of interest in a tour recently taken by the hostess through 5 painted with distinction, understanding, Egypt and the East. In the music-room is a self-playing piano with music rolls of Puccini and Debussy as well as those of Wagner and Beethoven. Miss Adams plays both the piano and the harp and 10 strums occasionally on the guitar. goes to concerts when she can - choosing a classical program; in art she prefers the sober stand-bys to ultra modern, bizarre color effects.

Whenever Miss Adams goes abroad whether to Chicago or to Cairo — she is attended by her secretary, the faithful Miss Boynton, who has been in her service long — so long that she has become a true 20 mannerisms constitute the individuality of companion, a companion who is consulted upon every momentous question of costume or farm produce; who is present at the trial of every stage effect and is the companion of every country drive; a true 25 is startlingly sensible and sincere, but it is helpmeet in the small things of life as well

as in the large.

From this glimpse of Maude Adams, the woman, it is plain that she has clipped away the non-essentials; that she clearly 30 distinguishes between the fictitious and the real; that, lover of nature that she is, she is enabled to bring a freshness and spontaneity to her stage concepts, endow them richly and fully with the sunshine and the 35 perfume of her meadows and her hills; that, as a lover of mankind, her ambitions cannot be small, nor her triumphs petty; that, by pursuing the true things in life, her art cannot but be intelligent 40 of the street know nothing of Maude in its aims and well-rounded in its results; and, that, by brushing away trivialities and centering upon the things of true importance she has adapted and especially prepared herself for the work 45 of stage portraiture - for it is in stage portraiture that Maude Adams the actress excels.

In the long list of characters she has paraded upon her platform of mimicry, 50 ages. from Lady Babbie to Peter Pan, as the Duke in L'Aiglon, as Joan of Arc and Rosalind; in Quality Street and What Every Woman Knows; even before her starring days, as Jessie in The Bauble 55 sonage in The Lost Child, up to her recent Shop and Suzanne Blondet in The Masked Ball — to say nothing of the still earlier successes of Nell in The Lost

Dora in MenParadiseand andWomen — it is always the character represented that stands out with cameo clarity; each one is an individual portrait, effect; each canvas is touched with her own personality, as if she were unwilling to leave it without the familiar 'M. A. in the lower right-hand corner.

It is the fashion to speak of Bernhardt as 'divinely inspired,' of Duse as 'magnetic,' of Nazimova as 'intense,' and of others to similar purpose - each after her kind; and, no doubt, the fashion is right. 15 Every actress who has visited America, from Ristori to Billie Burke, has had her individual mannerisms, and, by whatever name they are called, either tricks of speech, or of dress, or of movement, these her who possesses — or is possessed by them. By their mannerisms, then, shall ye know them.

Miss Adams possesses a personality that her capacity for portraiture, the gift of receiving and assimilating and representing individual character, the craftsman's sense of material and the craftsman's delight in the use of it — plus the mannerisms of the Woman — that give her portraits a rank with those of Thackeray and Raeburn; with Maeterlinck's Melisande and the Carmen of Bresler-Gianoli; with the best of Cissy Loftus' mimicries of yesterday and the truest Scot in Harry Lauder's repertoire of today. Paradoxically, her exclusiveness has made her the best known actress on the American stage. True, we Adams' mode of living; what she has for dinner, what she reads, or whether she prefers dumb-bells or punching-bag. But, we do know that she eats well, reads the best books and exercises with some potent body-builder - else her voice would be less musical, the interpretations of her lines would be less illuminating, her characters less convincing as living person-

From that eventful night at the Salt Lake City Theater, when, nine months old, Maude Adams was borne bawling to the center of the stage as the chief perreappearance as Peter Pan; when, as a child of seven she played in J. K. Emmet's Fritz; and, later, when the girl of nine-

teen surprised friend and critic in The Masked Ball; when she stormed the citadel of stardom as Lady Babbie and since. in whatever character she has been seen, it has been the player and not the play 5 through the woods and over the fields of that has left the impression. And, by her Ronkonkoma with her shaggy-haired Meta very absence from the public thoroughfare, she has made her entrance upon the stage of more consequence, possessed it with an element of mystery that has lent to humanity and enchanting grace; persons additional enchantment to her portrayals.

Richard Wagner weaved the patterns of his most compelling harmonies while tramping the hills with his faithful fourfooted friend as his only companion; Maude Adams perfects and polishes her Maggie Wylies and Phabe Throssells, her Peters and her Chanticlers, wandering by her side, reincarnating her puppets into persons, persons that live and live fully and richly; persons of wit and fun, of fine whose perfected presentment upon the Empire stage are the results of greater things dreamed and done in secret down at Sandygarth Farm.

D. EXPOSITORY AND EDITORIAL ARTICLES

The previous sections have dealt mainly with persons and things; expository and editorial articles present, or should present, ideas. The editorial writer must first 'catch his hare,' no matter how much skill he may display in the cooking. The best articles of this type are the outcome of strong feeling or profound conviction, for the layman's notion of the hired swashbucklers of the press is, in the main, simply a popular delusion. Dr. Charles R. Miller, for many years editor-in-chief of the New York Times, said in answer to questions put to him by the Senate Committee on the Ship Purchase Bill on March 15, 1915: 'The men who write these opinions believe them. Nobody in the Times office is ever asked to write what he does not believe.' This is true of every large and well-conducted newspaper office, in which the editorial council is a long-established institution, and a decision on an important public issue is carefully discussed so that the resulting article is the product of more brains than one.

'Every newspaper that enjoys continuity of existence and management' (again to quote Dr. Miller's evidence) 'has a certain body of principles. They are called the policy of the paper. Those are the principles and heliefs that guide its expression of opinion. . . . The managers and editorial writers are the persons responsible for the expression of opinion. They are men. They have neither haloes nor horns. They form their opinions just as other men form their opinions, by observation and reflection and information. When it comes to a specific public measure they express in their own opinions, which they write, the opinions of the paper. The opinions and policy of one paper differ from those of another. Some are for high tariff, and some are for low tariff. Some papers are radical, and some are conservative. But each paper has a body of principles that guides its utterances.'

The man who writes over his own signature enjoys greater freedom, because he carries less responsibility, his opinion being merely a personal one; but he too is under the necessity of clear and original thinking before he can write anything worth while. After that, his task, if not easy, is at least half done. The articles selected for this section show an extraordinary variety of subject and treatment, but they are all alike in this—that the writer has something to say and knows how to say it. Such consummate masters of the art of expression as Mr. Arthur Brisbane and Mr. Clutton Brock—to take one American and one English example—have very definite ideas to present as well as admirable phrases to convey their meaning. Mr. Woodrow Wilson's article on the ideal university is as remarkable for its orderly arrangement and skilful statement as are the historic despatches he has composed since as President of the United States in a momentous crisis of the national life. The ambitious student will do well to ponder these great examples and strive to catch something of the qualities that give them distinction—intellectual insight, emotional sympathy, a firm grasp on great principles, and the power of using words to set forth precisely and forcefully the thesis the writer has in mind or the cause he has at heart.

Ι

THE EDITORIAL WRITER'S OPPORTUNITY

[ARTHUR BRISBANE]

[New York Evening Journal, November 12, 1912. By permission.]

We have been asked to express an population as to 'the opportunity' of the editorial writer, for the benefit of young men

studying journalism under Dr. Talcott Williams, at Columbia University. Here is an outline of what might be said, among other things, on this subject:

Writing for a newspaper is merely talking wholesale. Instead of talking to one man, or a hundred at one time, we talk through newspapers to five millions or more.

The editorial writer's opportunity is the opportunity to say something.

It is the greatest and most generally

neglected opportunity in the world. Young men who intend to write editorials might learn by heart Boileau's lines:

s'expose.

'Et mon vers, bien ou mal, dit toujours quelque chose.'

Particularly the last line, which means:

'My verse, good or bad, always says something.

The editorial writer's opportunity is the chance to say something. Many writers

neglect that opportunity.

The newspaper is many things in our life. It is the principal literature of the American people, and, therefore, 'good or bad,' it is highly important to the country.

Among other things, the newspaper's 20 editorial column takes the place of the public square at Athens, where one man

could talk to all the citizens.

The writer of the editorials is the talker in the public square of today. He can, if 25 he chooses, do as much for this age as the Greek with the voice, instead of the pen or typewriter or phonograph, did in his age.

The best description of newspaper work, and a very early expression also of foolish 30 neglected by editorial writers. misunderstanding of newspaper work, may be found in one short quotation from Schopenhauer's essay, 'Some Forms of Literature ':

The newspaper is the second-hand in the clock of history; and it is not only made of baser metal than those which point to the minute and the hour, but it seldom goes right

to the drama of passing events.

Exaggeration of every kind is as essential to journalism as it is to the dramatic art, for the object of journalism is to make events go as far as possible. Thus it is that all journalists are, in the very nature of their calling, alarmists; and this is their way of giving though they have ceased to reflect anyinterest to what they write. Herein they are like little dogs — if anything stirs they immediately set up a shrill bark.

tention to be paid to this trumpet of danger, so that it may not disturb our digestion. Let us recognize that a newspaper is at best but a magnifying glass, and very often merely

a shadow on the wall.

The newspaper, it is true, is the 'second-hand' on the face of the clock of history. It must exaggerate each second's

importance, otherwise the seconds could not be counted.

It exaggerates, in comparison with the slow moving hour-hand. But it does not 'Ma pensée au grand jour partout s'offre et 5 exaggerate, considering the needs of the

individual reader.

For if the newspaper is the second-hand 'in the clock of history,' the individual is the second-hand in the clock of humanity. 10 The nation is the minute-hand, and the race is the hour-hand.

The journalistic second-hand in its rapid, exaggerated talking keeps pace with that human second-hand, the individ-15 ual, in his enforced concentration on the little things that happen in his little life.

An editorial can do four important things:

Teach. Attack, Defend. Praise.

Teaching is the most important and the

most difficult.

Attacking is the easiest and the most unpleasant, although sometimes necessary.

The defending of good causes, of the weak against the strong, of the new idea against ridicule, is important and usually

Praise also is neglected, except in a

partizan sense without meaning.

The newspaper is not as Schopenhauer says, 'a shadow on the wall,' although 35 many a newspaper is a mere shadow of what a newspaper should be.

A newspaper is a mirror reflecting the public, a mirror more or less defective, if it's wrong, the clock is wrong.

but still a mirror. The papers of the difThe so-called leading article is the chorus 40 ferent nations reflect the nations more or but still a mirror. The papers of the difless accurately. And the paper that the individual holds in his hand reflects that individual more or less accurately.

thing.

And some newspapers startle the unaccustomed public with the accuracy of the Therefore, lef us carefully regulate the at- 50 reflection shown, and the public takes time to get used to it.

The newspaper does about what the public does; it is the public, not the news-

paper, that sets the pace.

If you have every newspaper in the United States giving first place to the result of a contest between eighteen men playing baseball and accomplishing nothing useful in a 'championship series,' you may be sure that the public is concentrated on

that game.

If you have newspapers devoting space to the secret, pre-arranged murder of a 5 to be more successful! gambler by other gamblers instigated by a police officer, you may know that the public's mind is concentrated on that crime and not on the proceedings of some scientific convention.

The opportunity for the editorial writer is the greatest opportunity that exists. For men have developed as men only since language gave to the individual the power

brain of another.

The power to transfer your thought and make it effective is the greatest power, excepting the exceptional power to discover new scientific truth.

It is possible for the editorial writer now to talk to at least five millions every

That actually happens.

With our newspaper machinery as it exists it will be possible to talk to the 25 entire reading public every day. No power can be greater than that. The editorial writer's power is the power of suggestion and the power of repetition — very great forces.

The opportunity of the editorial writer is wasted usually. It is true that nearly always the so-called 'leading article' or editorial 'is the chorus of the drama of passing events.' But that is not always 35 true and it will be true less and less as the newspapers and newspaper readers realize their duty and opportunity.

The newspapers are like the churches. that say nothing and less numerous preach-

ers that say something.

In the days of slavery the Episcopal Church in New Jersey rejected a picture because it showed kneeling at the feet of Christ, with the widow and the orphan, a black slave in chains. The good religious gentlemen said that such a picture might be misconstrued as an attack on slavery 50 and stir up hard feeling. Those good gentlemen were 'the conservative press' of their church.

At about the same time Henry Ward Beecher, in his church in Brooklyn, put up 55 or Germany or France. American unia runaway slave girl in the pulpit and sold her at public auction, the proceeds to be devoted to the work of freeing the slaves.

He was the 'vellow journalist' of the

He was more successful than the respectable clergymen, because he deserved

First have something to say. Then say it so that people will see it, read it, under-

stand it, and believe it.

Those are the four things; the reader 10 must see, he must read, he must under-

stand, he must believe. If you want to write an editorial defending Moses against the attack of Rabbi Hirsch, who denounces some of Moses's to transfer his thought complete to the 15 teachings, you can put almost any kind of a heading on your editorial.

If you head it 'Analysis of the Diatetic Teachings of the Ancients,' 90 per cent. of those that 'see' the heading won't

20 read.

You can write the same editorial, head it, 'Be Kind to Poor Moses, He Had No Icebox,' and 90 per cent. of those that see will read.

II

MY IDEAL OF THE TRUE UNIVERSITY

WOODROW WILSON

[Delineator, November, 1909. By permission of author and publisher.]

The word 'university' means, in our modern usage, so many different things that almost every time one employs it it seems necessary to define it. Nowhere has There are eminently respectable preachers 40 it so many meanings as in America, where institutions of all kinds display it in the thev bestow upon themselves. School, college, and university are readily enough distinguishable, in fact, by those offered as a frontispiece for a prayer book, 45 who take the pains to look into the scope and methods of their teachings; but they are quite indistinguishable, oftentimes, in name. They are as likely as not all to bear the same title.

But practice is always the best definer; and practice is slowly working out for us in America a sufficiently definite idea of what a university is. It is not the same idea that has been worked out in England versities will probably, when worked out to the logical fulfilment of their natural development, show a type distinct from all

They will be distinctive of what America has thought out and done in the field of higher education. Those which are already far advanced in their develop-

The American university as we now see it consists of many parts. At its heart stands the college, the school of general training. Above and around the college 10 object is discipline and enlightenment, stand the graduate and technical schools, The average thoughtful American does in which special studies are prosecuted and preparation is given for particular professions and occupations. Technical and professional schools are not a necessary part 15 world in which men think about and unof a university, but they are generally benefited by close association with a university; and the university itself is unmistakably benefited and quickened by the transmission of its energy into them and 20 ability, and fit him to turn in any directhe reaction of their standards and objects upon it. As a rule the larger universities of the countries have law schools, divinity schools and medical follow the callings their fathers followed schools under their care and direction; 25 before them. They are ready to move and training for these, the 'learned,' professions has long been considered a natural part of their work. Schools of mechanical, electrical and civil engineering have of late years become as numerous 30 businesses for which they never had any and as necessary as the schools which prepare for the older professions, and they have naturally in most cases grown up in connection with universities because their processes are the processes of sci-35 of the same men for many different ence, and the modern university is, among other things, a school of pure science, with laboratories and teachers indispensable to the engineer. But the spirit of technical schools has not always been the 40 lege were to become a vocational school, spirit of learning. They have often been intensely and very frankly utilitarian, and pure science has looked at them askance. They are proper parts of a university only when pure science is of the essence 45 specialized men without versatility or genof their teaching, the spirit of pure science the spirit of all their studies. It is only of recent years we have seen thoughtful engineers coming to recognize this fact, preach this change of spirit; 50 enment; and not for intellectual discipline it is only of recent years, therefore, that technical schools have begun to be thoroughly and truly assimilated into the university organization.

ican, and the ideal at the heart of the American university is intellectual training, the awakening of the whole man, the

thorough introduction of the student to the life of America and of the modern world, the completion of the task undertaken by the grammar and high schools ment even now exhibit an individual and 5 of equipping him for the full duties of characteristic organization.

citizenship. It is with that idea that I have said that the college stands at the heart of the American university. college stands for liberal training. Its not want his son narrowed in all his gifts and thinking to a particular occupation. He wishes him to be made free of the derstand many things, and to know and to handle himself in it. He desires a training for him that will give him a considerable degree of elasticity and adapttion he chooses.

> For men do not live in ruts in Amer-They do not always or of necessity this way or that as interest or occasion suggests. Versatility. adaptability. wide range of powers, a quick and easy variation of careers, men excelling in special preparation—these are among the most characteristic marks of American life, its elasticity and variety, the rapid shifting of parts, the serviceability things, and the quick intelligence of men of many different kinds in the common undertakings of politics and in public affairs of all kinds. If the American colpreparing only for particular callings, it would be thoroughly un-American. It would be serving special, not general, needs, and seeking to create a country of eral capacity.

The college of the ideal American university, therefore, is a place intended for general intellectual discipline and enlightand enlightenment only, but also for moral and spiritual discipline and enlightenment. America is great, not by reason of her skill, but by reason of her spirit - her There is an ideal of everything Amer- 55 spirit of general serviceableness and intelligence. That is the reason why it is necessary to keep her colleges under constant examination and criticism. If we do not, they may forget their own true function, which is to supply America and the professions with enlightened

place with a college at its heart, but with graduate schools and professional schools standing about and around the college. The difficulty about thus associating teachof the graduate and professional schools should not be the same spirit as that of the college, and that there are certain dangers of infection to which the college study are both alike exposed by the association. Look, first, at the danger to the college. It is in danger of getting the point of view of the graduate and profeswho prosecute study very intensively along special lines. Their object, if they be thorough, is technical scholarship. That should not be the object of the college. Its studies, as America has con- 25 of initiative and enable them to discover ceived the college (and I am sure she has conceived it rightly), are not prosecuted with a view to scholarship. Scholarship can not be had at the age of twenty-one, at the age at which young- 30 from very hard work, from the inexorable sters graduate from college. They may by that time have been made to see the way, the arduous way, to scholarship and to desire to travel it; but they can not have traveled it. It is a long road. A 35 prescribed for all, with care and thoroughlifetime is consumed before one reaches the quiet inn at the end of it. The object of the college is a much simpler one, and yet no less great. It is to give intellectual discipline and impart the spirit 40 uous, exacting life of America in our day. of learning.

We have misconceived and misused the college as an instrument of American life when we have organized and used it as when those who are pursuing them asso-a place of special preparation for par- 45 ciate constantly and familiarly with those ticular tasks and callings. It is for liberal training, for general discipline, for that preliminary general enlightenment which every man should have who enters modern life with any intelligent hope or 50 much as from free intercourse with other purpose of leadership and achievement. By a liberal training I do not mean one which vainly seeks to introduce undergraduates to every subject of modern things there are in it to think about, and learning. That would, of course, be im-55 how necessary it is to think about the possible. There are too many of them. At best the pupil can, within the four years at the disposal of the college, be

introduced to them only by sample. can be, and should be, given a thorough grounding in mathematics, in his own language and in some language not his I have described the university as a 5 own, in one of the fundamental physical and natural sciences, in the general conceptions of philosophy, in the outlines of history, and in the elements of correct political thinking; and it is very desirable ing of different kinds, is that the spirit to that he should go beneath the surface in some one of these subjects, study it with more than ordinary attention and thoroughness, and find in it, if he can, some independence of judgment and inquiry. and schools of advanced and professional 15 Students in a modern college can not all follow the same road, and it is not desirable that they should do so. Besides the thorough drill in a few fundamental subjects which they should all have, they sional schools, the point of view of those 20 should be encouraged to make the special, individual choices of particular fields of study which will give them an opportunity to develop special gifts and aptitudes and which will call out their powers themselves. The college should be a place of various studies, alive with a great many different interests.

The common discipline should come requirements that every student should perform every task set him, whether general or special, whether of his own choice or exacted by the general scheme of study ness. The spirit of work should pervade the place - honest, diligent, painstaking work. Otherwise it would certainly be no proper place of preparation for the stren-Its 'liberalizing' influences should be got from its life even more than from its Special studies become liberal who are pursuing other studies - studies of many kinds, pursued from many points of view. The real enlightenments of life come not from tasks or from books so persons who, in spite of you, inform and stimulate you, and make you realize how big and various the world is, how many subjects you are specially interested in in their right relations to many, many others, if you would think of them correctly and get to the bottom of what you are trying

The ideal college, therefore, should be a community, a place of close, natural, intimate association, not only of the young 5 find how lively knowledge is, how it ties men who are its pupils and novices in various lines of study, but also of young men with older men, with maturer men, with veterans and professionals in the great undertaking of learning, of teachers with 10 thoughtful by books; but they are genpupils, outside the classroom as well as inside of it. No one is successfully educated within the walls of any particular classroom or laboratory or museum; and no amount of association, however close 15 about this vital association for the benefit and familiar and delightful, between mere beginners can ever produce the sort of enlightenment which the lad gets when he first begins to catch the infection of learnleges nowadays is that the faculty of the college live one life and the undergraduates quite a different one. They are not members of the same community; they constitute two communities. The life of 25 ciated from intellectual interests. the undergraduate is not touched with the personal influence of the teacher: life among the teachers is not touched by the personal impressions which should come are necessary to every normal youth. from frequent and intimate contact with 30 They give him vigor and should give him undergraduates. The teacher does not often enough know what the undergraduate is thinking about or what models he is forming his life upon, and the undergraduate does not know how human a fel- 35 of-doors and in the gymnasium. Amuselow the teacher is, how delightfully he can talk, outside the classroom, of the subjects he is most interested in, how many interesting things both his life and his studies illustrate and make attractive. This 40 make the most of himself. separation need not exist, and, in the college of the ideal university, would not exist.

students and teachers alike will take part in it; in such a way that a perfectly nat-ural daily intercourse will be established between them; and it is only by such an organization that they can be given real 50 ural and interesting. Knowledge, study, vitality as places of serious training, be intellectual effort, will seem to undergradvitality as places of serious training, be made communities in which youngsters will come fully to realize how interesting intellectual work is, how vital, how important, how closely associated with all 55 ing and companionable, are thrown into modern achievement — only by such an organization that study can be made to seem part of life itself. Lectures often seem

very formal and empty things; recitations generally prove very dull and unrewarding. It is in conversation and natural intercourse with scholars chiefly that you into everything that is interesting and important, how intimate a part it is of everything that is 'practical' and connected with the world. Men are not always made erally made thoughtful by association with men who think.

The present and most pressing problem of our university authorities is to bring of the novices of the university world, the undergraduates. Classroom methods are thorough enough; competent scholars already lecture and set tasks and superin-The trouble with most of our col- 20 tend their performance; but the life of the average undergraduate outside the classroom and other stated appointments with his instructors is not very much affected by his studies; is almost entirely disso-

It is too freely and exclusively given over to athletics and amusements. Athletics are in themselves wholesome, and the spirit of the sportsman — should keep him out of many things of a very demoralizing sort which he would be inclined to do if he did not spend his energy outment, too, is necessary. All work and no play makes Jack not only a dull boy, but a very unserviceable boy, with no spirit, no capacity to vary his occupations or to

But athletics and amusement ought never to become absorbing occupations, even with youngsters. They should be di-It is perfectly possible to organize the versions merely, by which the strain of life of our colleges in such a way that 45 work is relieved, the powers refreshed and given spontaneous play. The only way in which they can be given proper subordination is to associate them with things not only more important, but quite as natuates more important than athletics and amusement and just as natural only when older men, themselves vital and interestclose daily association with them. The spirit of learning can be conveyed only by contagion, by personal contact. The association of studies and persons is the

proper prescription.

Turn from the college, which lies at the heart of the university, to the graduate and professional schools which lie about 5 to the wider fields of action and exthe college and are built upon it, and you are discussing an entirely different matter, looking for different principles and methods. Their right relationship to the college, moreover, is a very difficult ques- 10 classrooms. It is not a subordinate tion to determine. Both the college and school, but the chief, the central school of the high school are trying to do two things at once — two things not entirely consistent with each other. The majority of pupils in the high school — the very large is clearly impoverished which does not draw majority - do not intend to carry their studies any further. They must get all the schooling they are going to get before they leave the high school. They must be of general training. In these higher given the best training, the completest 20 schools the atmosphere is changed; anawakening within the field of knowledge other set of objects lies before the stuthat the school can give them, for that is to be their final preparation for life. A small minority, however, must be prepared life. He can not, there, seek the things to enter college. Majority and minority 25 that will connect him with the more genmust be handled, in some circumstances in different ways, and it is very hard indeed to arrange the courses of study in a way that will be suitable for both. The high school is clearly justified in shaping its 30 of its pupils will be found to be looking policy and its methods to the needs, first of all, of the majority. Exceptional arrangements must be made, if possible, for the minority.

jority of the undergraduates mean to go at once from their courses there into some active practical pursuit; do not mean to go on to more advanced university studies. A minority, on the other hand—a larger 40 methods of scholarship. They not only minority than in the schools - do intend to go further, will enter the graduate schools to become teachers and investigators, or the technical and professional schools for some calling for which a spe- 45 searches of their own, strike out into incial training is necessary. The difficulty of the college is to arrange courses and adopt methods which will serve both these classes. It does so, generally, by offering a much larger choice of studies than it is 50 their professors being little more than possible or desirable to offer. But the majority must determine its chief characteristics and adaptations. Its chief object must be general preparation, general training, an all-round awakening.

It is evident, therefore, that the college, while it should be the foundation of the professional schools, not only stands below them, as their support and feeder, but also alongside of them; would be necessary if they did not exist; furnishes the only introduction our young men desire or need perience which lie beyond it. It is, first of all and chiefly, a general fitting school for life. Its social organization and influence are almost as important as its university. For the professional schools it is, at the same time, an indispensable foundation. That profession is to its special studies men bred to understand life and the broader relations of their profession in some thorough school dent; his mind has already begun to center upon tasks which fill the rest of his eral fields of learning and experience.

What is called the graduate school in our universities is not, strictly, a professional school. As a matter of fact most forward to the profession of teaching; but graduate schools of the higher type do not keep that profession in mind. Their object is to train scholars whether in the Similarly, in the college the great ma- 35 field of literature, or science, or philosophy, or in the apparently more practical field of politics. They carry the college process a stage farther and seek to induct their students into the precise, exacting carry the college process farther, they also alter it. Their students are thrown more upon their own resources in their studies, are expected to enter on redependent lines of inquiry, stand upon their own feet in every investigation, come out of their novitiate and gain a certain degree of mastery in their chosen field, their guides and critics. They are not taught how to teach; there is no professional tone in the life of the school. They are taught how to learn, thoroughly and 55 independently, and to make scholars of themselves.

> Schools of medicine, law and theology, on the other hand, while also, when upon

a proper plane, schools of scholarship, are professional schools, and have in all their instruction the professional point of view. Their object is not only to introduce their students to the mastery of certain subjects, 5 the various knowledge of the world, and as the graduate school does, but also to prepare them for the 'practice' of a particular profession. They devote a great deal of attention to practical method—to the ways in which the knowledge acquired to knowledge which are the foundations of is to be used in dealing with diseases, with disputes between men over their legal rights, and with the needs and interests of men who should be helped with spiritual guidance. They are frankly and of neces- 15 sity professional. The spirit of the doctor's or of the lawyer's office, of the pulpit and of the pastor's study, pervades them. They school their men for particular tasks, complicated and different, and seek to 20 Through them it better understands what guide them by many practical maxims.

Similarly, the technical schools are professional schools, their objects practical, definite, utilitarian. Their students must not only know science and have their feet 25 should be 'ideal' chiefly in this - that solidly upon the footing of exact knowledge, but must acquire a very thorough mastery of methods, a definite skill and practice, readiness and precision in a score of mechanical processes which make them 30 age and generation. America can never a sort of master-workmen. The practical air of the shop pervades such schools, as the practical air of the office pervades the law school. They are intent upon busi-

must make ready for it.

In the professional schools of an ideal university nothing of this practical spirit would be abated, for such schools are, one and all, intensely and immediately prac- 40 schools should be closely associated with tical in their objects and must have practice always in mind if they would be truly serviceable; but there would always lie back of their work, by close association with the studies of the university in pure 45 their particular practical tasks. science and in all the great subjects which underlie law and theology, the impulse and the informing spirit of disinterested inquiry, of study which has no utilitarian object, but seeks only the truth. The 50 and inquiry. The ideal university would spirit of graduate study, and of undergraduate, too, would be carried over into all professional work, and engineers, doc-

tors, ministers, lawyers, would all alike be made, first of all citizens of the modern intellectual and social world - first of all. university men, with a broad outlook on then experts in a great practical profession, which they would understand all the better because they had first been grounded in science and in the other great bodies of all practice. That is the service the university owes the professional schools associated with it. The parts should be vitally united from end to end.

The professional schools, in their turn, do the university this distinct and very great service, that they keep it in conscious association with the practical world, its necessities and its problems. knowledge, what kind of men, what scholarship, what morals, what action, will best serve the age for whose enlightenment and assistance it exists. Our universities they serve the intellectual needs of the age, not in one thing, not in any one way only, but all around the circle, with a various and universal adaptation to their dispense with the enlightenment of general study, and should wish to have as many of her young men as possible subjected to its influences. She should deness, and conscious all the time that they 35 mand that her professional schools be must make ready for it.

grounded in such studies in order that her professional men may see something more than individual interest in what they do. It is best, therefore, that professional universities, a part of their vital organization, intimate parts of their system of study. That very association and inclusion should make them more thorough in should be the better schools of technical training. The ideal university is rounded out by them, and their roots are enriched by her fertile soil of catholic knowledge consist of all these parts, associated in

this spirit, maintained always in this re-

lationship.

III

FRANCE

[A. CLUTTON BROCK]

Among all the sorrows of this war there is one joy for us in it: that it has made us brothers with the French as no two na-There has come to us, after ages of conflict, a kind of millennium of friendship: and in that we feel there is a hope for the world that outweighs all our fears, even There were days and days, during the swift German advance, when we feared that the French armies were no match for the German, that Germany would be confrontier, that after the war France would remain a Power only through the support of her Allies. For that fear we must now ask forgiveness; but at least we can plead from all national vanity. If, in spite of ultimate victory, France had lost her high place among the nations, we should have felt that the victory itself was an irreparspeak frankly of that fear because, however unfounded it was, it reveals the nature of the friendship between France and England.

the French have given to our army. There is no people that can praise as they can; for they enjoy praising others as much as some nations enjoy praising themselves, and they lose all the reserve 45 Germany. of egotism in the pleasure of praising well. But in this case they have praised so generously because there was a great kindliness behind their praise, because they, like erhood stronger than all the hatreds it may provoke, a brotherhood not only of war but of the peace that is to come after it. That welcome of English soland wine and flowers, is only a foretaste of what is to be in both countries in a happier time. It is what we have desired

in the past of silly wrangles and misunderstandings, and now we know that our desire is fulfilled.

For behind all those misunderstandings, s and in spite of the differences of character between us, there was always an [Times (London, England) Literary Supplement, October 2, 1914. Reproduced by permission of the Times, of the anthor, and of Messrs. Methuen and Co., who have republished this article with others by Mr. Clutton-Brock in book form under the title to spoke of France as that sweet enemy, he Thoughts on the War.] made a phrase for the English feeling of centuries past and centuries to be. quarreled bitterly and long; but it was like a man and woman who know that tions have ever been brothers before. 15 some day their love will be confessed and are angry with each other for the quarrels that delay the confession. We called each other ridiculous, and knew that we were talking nonsense; indeed, as in all at the height of the world-wide calamity, 20 quarrels without real hatred, we made charges against each other that were the opposite of the truth. We said that the French were frivolous; and they said that we were gloomy. Now they see the quered on the seas and from her eastern 25 gaiety of our soldiers and we see the deep seriousness of all France at this crisis of her fate. She, of all the nations at war, is fighting with the least help from illusion, with the least sense of glory and romance. in excuse that it was unselfish and free 30 To her the German invasion is like a pestilence; to defeat it is merely a necessity of her existence; and in defeating it she is showing the courage of doctors and nurses, that courage which is furthest reable loss for the world. And now we may 35 moved from animal instinct and most secure from panic reaction. There is no sign in France now of the passionate hopes of the revolutionary wars; 1870 is between them and her; she has learnt, like That is also revealed in the praise which 40 no other nation in Europe, the great lesson of defeat, which is not to mix material dreams with spiritual; she has passed beyond illusions, yet her spirit is as high as if it were drunk with all the illusions of

And that is why we admire her as we have never admired a nation before. We ourselves are an old and experienced people, who have, we hope, outlived gaudy us, feel that this war means a new broth- 50 and dangerous dreams; but we have not been tested like the French, and we do not know whether we or any other nation could endure the test they have endured. It is not merely that they have survived diers in the villages of France, with food 55 and kept their strength. It is that they have a kind of strength new to nations, such as we see in beautiful women who have endured great sorrows and outlived

all the triumphs and passions of their youth, who smile where once they laughed: and yet they are more beautiful than ever. and seem to live with a purpose that is not only their own, but belongs to the 5 make their Kultur seem unlovely to all the whole of life. So now we feel that France is fighting not merely for her own honor and her own beautiful country, still less for a triumph over an arrogant rival, but for what she means to all the world; wo man ends, like their army; but hers can and that now she means far more than ever in the past.

This quarrel, as even the Germans confess, was not made by her. She saw it gathering, and she was as quiet as if she is through disguises and errors, mocking at hoped to escape war by submission. The chance of revenge was offered as it had never been offered in forty years; yet she did not stir to grasp it. Her enemy gave every provocation, yet she stayed as still 20 truth even when he mistook falsehood for as if she were spiritless; and all the while it. In the Terror he said there was no she was the proudest nation on the earth, so proud that she did not need to threaten or boast. Then came the first failure, and she took it as if she had expected nothing 25 the world. Voltaire was an imp of debetter. She had to make war in a manner wholly contrary to her nature and genius, and she made it as if patience, not fire, were the main strength of her soul. Yet behind the new patience the old fire so in him if he could have seen her most persisted; and the furia francese is only waiting for its chance. The Germans believe that they have determined all the conditions of modern war, and, indeed, of all modern competition between the na- 35 bombard the spirit? For, though the temtions, to suit their own national character. It is their age, they think, an age in which the qualities of the old peoples, England and France, are obsolete. They make war after their own pattern, and we have 40 Whatever wounds she suffers now she is only to suffer it as long as we can. But France has learnt what she needs from Germany so that she may fight the German idea as well as the German armies; and when the German armies were 45 Nations crying to the earth: checked before Paris there was an equal check to the German idea. Then the world, which was holding its breath, knew that the old nations, the old faith and standing fast and that science had not utterly betrayed them all to the new barbarism. Twice before, at Tours and in the Catalaunian fields, there has been such a fight upon the soil of France and now 55 Am not I thy tongue that spake, thine eye for the third time it is the heavy fate and the glory of France to be the guardian nation. That is not an accident, for

France is still the chief treasury of all that these conscious barbarians would de-They know that while she stands unbroken there is a spirit in her that will world. They know that in her, as in Athens long ago, thought remains passionate and disinterested and free. thought is German and exercised for Gerforget France in the universe, and for that reason her armies and ours will fight for it as if the universe were at stake. Many forms has that thought taken, passing itself, mocking at the holiest things; and yet there has always been the holiness of freedom in it. The French blasphemer has never blasphemed against the idea of God, because he believed there was none. but he never said that France was God so that he might encourage her to conquer struction perhaps, but with what a divine lightning of laughter would he have struck the Teutonic Antichrist, and how the everlasting soul of France would have risen sacred church, the visible sign of her faith and her genius, ruined by the German guns. Was there ever a stupidity so worthy of his scorn as this attempt to ple is ruined, the faith remains; and, whatever war the Germans may make upon the glory of the past, it is the glory of the future that France fights for. suffering for all mankind; and now, more than ever before in her history, are those words become true which one poet who loved her gave to her in the Litany of

I am she that was thy sign and standardbearer,

Thy voice and cry; mind and conscience of Europe, were still 50 She that washed thee with her blood and left thee fairer.

The same am I. Are not these the hands that raised thee fallen and fed thee,
These hands defiled?

that led thee, Not I thy child?

TV

TO THE RESCUE, AMERICA! **IOHN GALSWORTHY**

[By permission of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, which distributed this appeal for publica-tion in American newspapers on December 24, 1915.]

A nation hungry. Seven millions on the edge of famine in winter. The world has seen some black sights in its time; has it ever seen a blacker than this spectacle of Belgium starving?

America, you are a great country. America, without flattery you are the humane country. Save this little nation: this little, brave, starving nation.

London slum-child Lord, if ye ever felt yer'd like to 'elp a feller, now's yer chance, O Lord.' Now is your chance, America. We in England have done something; we will do as much sweeps in all our fields. Funds are many; the war long and desperate. No more foodstuffs may be sent forth from this country, or from Holland.

be sent, for the Belgians are starving. You in America are already doing much; you have given sympathy, and time, and money. But the dimensions of this catassand to a million pounds a month — by expert estimate - are wanted to keep starvation from these seven million people. Let me quote from official sources some evidence of the appalling situa- 40 werp: tion:

ORPHANS, ORPHANS; GRAVES, GRAVES

From the report of Theodore Waters, secretary of the Christian Herald:

'I do not want this to be a history of the trip through Belgium, but only to recall some impressions of the people's need. Women of refinement herded with women of the street, both dressing and undress- 50 German military train laden with proviing in sight of all the men; a woman with nine children mothering her fatherless brood in the same room - these sights were bad enough. But I drove through ruined villages all the way from Antwerp 55 to Brussels and I could liken it to nothing but going to a funeral through a long cemetery. Indeed, the country was one

huge burying ground. Always between the ruined houses we could see graves. Graves, graves, graves. In some would be stuck a bayonet with a Belgian sol-5 dier's cap upon it. Above others rough white crosses rudely inscribed, "To the memory of a Belgian soldier." On one grave was a child's shoe; poor little mark of its parents' grief. Graves, graves. 10 Orphans, orphans. A country devastated; its trees felled in rows to make way for bullets; its crops long gone to seed, standing up leanly; dead things in rows like markers in a miniature cemetery.'

From Malines:

'In the name of His Excellency Cardinal Mercier, I beg leave to ask you for strong assistance. . . . In the city of Malines alone 12,000 mouths have to be fed prayed: 'O, 20 every day. The children come to the German soldiers and tear the bread from their hands. . . . There is hardly a single laborer who can find any work to gain his daily bread. Everything is lacking - we as we can; but the scythe of sacrifice 25 are in want of potatoes, peas, beans, grain, flour, wheat and bacon.

From the Burgomaster of Wetteren:

'Wetteren is inhabited by over 17,000 people. . . . About 11,000 workmen and But from somewhere foodstuffs must 30 numerous families of militiamen are without resources.

From the Mayor of Hamme:

'For some time our (town) committee has had daily to distribute soup, bread, trophe are terrible. Eight hundred thou- 35 potatoes and milk for more than 5000 men. Flour is hardly to be obtained. . . . The stock of meat and corn in Hamme will not last till the end of this month.'

From the American Consul at Ant-

'Î have been called upon by the Mayor of St. Nicholas, imploring me to hasten, if possible, such assistance as the American people could and would render, as they 45 had over 20,000 people without bread and without work in their little town, and no means of providing them. . . . In the coal district near Charleroi a number of poor people, maddened with hunger, attacked a sions.'

From Captain J. F. Lucey, representative at Rotterdam of the Commission for

Relief in Belgium:

The total amount of supply so far available is entirely insufficient to meet the immediate and urgent needs of the people. . . . Reports and requests for assistance are pouring in. . . . The districts of Liège, Namur, Dinant, are entirely out of grain, flour, salt, peas and beans. A deputation has arrived from Terhaegen had only potatoes to eat.'

From members of the Town Council

at Namur and Liège:

'We are now threatened by famine. . . . We have suffered enough; at least let this to with all this terrible distress is thus summisfortune be spared us. . . . To sum up the situation, an industrial population of high efficiency is entirely out of work and cannot earn its food. It has no reserves any more in food or savings, and a rescue 15 Francqui (Director of the Société Génis immediately and urgently needed. . . . érale de Belgique), based on a careful You may rest assured that in spite of circumstances our population is full of courage and worthy of all the sympathy that the Americans and other nations can 20 mum monthly requirements of the Bel-

From the account of an American eye witness, Mr. Jarvis Bell, who went through from London to Brussels with the first shipload of food: 'If you could only see 25 and practical men of affairs, and may be the gruesome surroundings in which they are struggling for existence. . . . Give each Belgian peasant \$1000 and ten acres of land and then he could do little to keep himself alive. He has, in many districts, 30 no home in which to sleep, no seed to sow with, no implements to work with, no transport with which to reach a market. and no heart to struggle against the impossible. No war ever produced such com- 35 of food every month.' plete and tragic paralysis as we saw in many parts of Belgium. . . . We met few Belgian men; 80 per cent. of the people in these country districts are women and children; we saw them eating green vege- 40 dam, and to distribute the food in Beltables, beets and apples; they have little else. There were thousands of children, all afraid to laugh."

From the account of another American eye witness, Mr. Millard Shaler, who went 45 from London to Brussels on behalf of the Commission for Relief in Belgium: tween Antwerp and Malines the destruction of habitation in every town and hamwere living in partially burned buildings, or in improvised structures. The suffering is intense, and food supplies do not

exist.'

living in Brussels: 'There is a terrible amount of poverty, sadness and distress here; people without any resources, and

thankful even to any one who will give them a meal. . . . Altogether it is the saddest place you can imagine. Shops closed, every one out of work and nothing but and states that for three weeks they have 5 heggars and distress on all sides. Coal is not to be had for love or money.'

THE AMOUNT OF FOOD NEEDED

The amount of food required to deal marized in a declaration signed on November 2d, 1914, by the Spanish and Amer-

ican Ministers in Brussels:

'We declare that the statement of M. estimate made by authorities entirely familiar with their own country and its present material needs, is that the minigian population are 60,000 tons of grain, 15,000 tons of maize and 3000 tons of rice and peas. This estimate is accurate and wholly reasonable, is made by conservative accepted as an expression of the needs of the population.

. To meet these requirements the Commission for Relief in Belgium, whose chief offices are 3, London Wall Buildings, London, have now completed their organization in the United States 'on a basis adequate for the emergency of sending into Belgium about one million pounds' worth

Sufficient funds have been secured to enable the commission to supply vessels to take cargoes of relief donated in any part of the world, free of all cost, to Rottergium. Offices have been opened at 71 Broadway, New York, under the charge of prominent American business men who. like the other members of the Commission, are practically giving all their time to this work of philanthropy.

WHAT THE GERMANS DO

Finally, the following document records let was practically universal. Families 50 the official permit from Baron von der Goltz, the German Governor of Belgium, to the American Minister in Brussels: 'I welcome with lively satisfaction the undertaking of the Comité de Secours et From the letter of an Englishwoman 55 d'Alimentation, and do not hesitate formally and distinctly to give assurance that foodstuffs of all kinds imported by the committee under Your Excellency's patronage, for the use of the civil populace in Belgium, shall be kept exclusively for the use of the Belgian populace; that these foodstuffs shall hereafter be exempt from finally that they shall remain entirely at the disposition of the committee.' The machinery of distribution is thus complete.

THE BLACKEST CASE IN HISTORY

Such is the record.

If there be in all history so black, so pitiful a case. I do not know it. A navet, for faith and fortitude remain - but mown off level with the ground. Belgium is deflowered, and done to living death; Belgium is starving.

If the hands of pity be not extended 20 swiftly, the shame of this must forever haunt the dreams of all mankind. If Belgium be left to starve, how shall the world

ever again sleep quiet in its bed?

America, you are great and generous. 25 UNEMPLOYMENT: A PROBLEM You stand for humanity as no country

AND A PROGRAM has ever yet stood. You alone, of all the nations fortunate enough to be outside the ring of this mad war, have wealth and strength for a task like this. You alone 30 can keep the flame of hope alive, the pulse of life heating in this starving nation.

The world looks to you, America; looks to you to do justice to your own great den of good deeds from the ground; shoulder it as you alone know how, with that fine, fierce energy of yours. See this work of rescue through - and all the world shall bless you.

WILL AMERICA RAISE A MONUMENT OF PITY?

No words have eloquence to voice the Words are an insult. There is, there can be no American, of what origin soever, who has not suffered, thinking of Belgium - thinking of that charred land. Restorathat the nation shall not have died first of sheer cold and hunger.

Famine is a very simple thing. First will go the old men and women; then the young birds with gaping beaks. And the strong last. Yes, famine is a very simple thing, with its stark and icy clutch.

Eight hundred thousand to a million pounds a month are needed to keep that clutch from the throat of Belgium.

Give, America, give! Raise the greatest requisition by the military authorities, and 5 monument to Pity ever built. Let it be a star in the sky of all your future that you rescued from this miserable fate the old, the little ones, the strong, of a whole nation whose only sin was that it stood firm 10 to serve mankind. Let it be a golden memory that you succored and uplifted them, keep the breath in their bodies and in their souls faith living; faith that humanity, the sweet humanity which alone tion's life torn up—not by the roots as 15 can warm and sanctify our lives, is not a spent and driven ghost, but still flesh and blood, and a comrade in the dark.

If you ever felt you'd like to help a fel-

low, now's your chance, America.

FREDERIC C. HOWE

[Century Magazine, April, 1915. By permission.]

What can be done to relieve the problem of unemployment and its attendant waste is a question that is agitating officials and voluntary agencies in nearly heart. You have already lifted this bur- 35 every city in the United States. Every winter sees a seasonal rise in the number of unemployed, and every year an increase in the apparent unemployable. lines gather upon the streets; private char-40 ity is wholly inadequate to meet the situation; while up to the present time municipal authorities have ignored the problem as not one for official action. Out of these conditions I. W. W. agitations have arisen misery and peril of that little country. 45 in many cities, with forcible assaults upon churches and other institutions. In the winter of 1914 the Excise Commissioner of New York said that there were between 60,000 and 100,000 homeless men tion will come. But to restore, needs must 50 and women in that city who found shelter on winter nights either in the rear rooms of saloons or in lodging-houses where liquor is sold. Here thousands of men were found sleeping on the floor or in children - cold and hungry children - 55 chairs; and when the agents of the commission closed the saloons, the men were driven to the streets. Only a few of our cities have provided municipal lodginghouses, and in most cases the self-respecting worker refuses to patronize them because he is immediately classed with the vagrant and the tramp. None of our cities has consciously organized public 5 ment for his worklessness. In the city of work in order to care for those thrown out of employment by seasonal conditions or hard times; and in most instances authorities have refused to consider unemployment as a problem of public concern. 10

On the other hand, labor organizations are voicing a demand for work rather than for charity; they are insisting that a man has a right to use his hands and his brain for his own maintenance rather than 15 gations of capital which employ tens of be left dependent upon soup kitchens or other philanthropic agencies. There is a growing feeling among social agencies that not only as a matter of justice, but as a means of community protection as 20 the restless and discontented to its bosom. well, unemployment is a social problem, and that something must be done by the community itself to meet it.

Is there any escape from this impasse? Is our economic philosophy to be 'Every 25 gone to the mines, where it stands ready man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost'? Is it true that a man has a 'right' to work, or a 'right' to public maintenance if work is not provided? there justice in the claim that the worker so less men driven by hunger and fear, and has a 'right' to be cared for by other means than that offered by the accidental benevolence of other persons more fortunate than himself? Or has the man out of employment no 'rights' at all? Is he 35 of necessity a vicarious sacrifice to modern industry?

The decision as to the right and justice of the worker's claims will determine the policy we ultimately adopt. We shall 40 day conditions. It no longer owns the either leave the worker to his own resources, shall turn him over to organized charity, or accept unemployment as a social burden to be carried in some manner by society, as a community burden like 45 one class to determine the personal woreducation, police, and health protection.

There is a historical explanation of the attitude we have heretofore assumed toward this subject - an explanation born of the laissez-faire philosophy of America, 50 bor is beginning to assert: 'We are here; and the very general equality of opportunity which has prevailed up to very re-cent times. And because of these conditions we have viewed worklessness and poverty as casual or accidental. It was 55 we protest that society has no right to use isolated and personal. The assumption was that any one who wanted work could find it, and that a workless man was such

from choice. The laws of our States reflect this point of view. They specifically declared a man out of employment to be a vagrant, subject to arrest and imprison-New York a man who applies for lodging at the municipal lodging-house oftener than seven times in a month is subject to arrest and imprisonment in the workhouse.

The law and the public opinion behind the law have not kept pace with the changed industrial conditions, with the passing of domestic industry and the coming of the machine, with the great aggrethousands of men, and the closing of the mills of which leaves them without other opportunity for employment. In addition the great West, which for centuries drew is now inclosed, and as a consequence increasing population has been thrown back upon the cities. The surplus population surrounds the mill and the factory; it has to take the jobs of those inside, and by virtue of its hunger depresses the wagescale of those already employed. In every city there is always a residuum of workincreased to portentous proportions during periods of industrial depression such as recently have periodically afflicted the country.

It is this change in the structure of society and the passing of the opportunity of an earlier age that have made unemployment a social rather than an individual problem. Labor is helpless under presenttools with which it works. And labor protests that organized charity is an inadequate recognition of the situation. It says that it is an arrogant assumption for thiness of another class, when the worthiness or unworthiness of that class is the result of industrial conditions which the worker cannot control. Furthermore, lawe came into the world through no choice of our own; we have given the best of our years to society, and society has not even given us a living wage in return. And us in good times and to slough us off in bad times, or to turn us over to self-organized charitable societies supported by

another class, which assumes the right to determine upon such inconclusive evidence as its agents find whether we shall receive aid or be permitted to starve.'

machines in repair during bad times, it pays interest on its borrowed capital, it insures and maintains its factories, and bears the burden of depreciation and decay whether times are good or bad. La- to trines like these should be applied in the bor is merely a part of the industrial organism, and industry or society should care for the human cogs in the industrial machine just as it cares for its inanimate investments. This being true, society has 15 the protection of the weak lay themselves no right to shift the cost and misery of unemployment to the shoulders of the weak and defenseless, who are least able to bear it and who, under existing conditions, have no power to make work, to 20 soon as this design is disturbed by any acquire modern tools, or in any other way to control the industry which they serve.

This is the new note in the problem of unemployment. It is heard in the conning to find expression in official action as

well.

Strangely enough, most of the countries of Europe have already accepted in part or in whole these new claims of la- 30 extent in Latin countries as well. It is a bor; and to an increasing extent either society or industry has undertaken to shift the costs of unemployment to the community itself. Nowhere is the function of charitable relief intrusted to private agen- 35 and disease; and through insurance shifts cies, and in most of the countries it is, and for generations has been, recognized as a necessary public function. And many of the countries have gone much further and evolved a comprehensive unemploy- 40 mark, the hazards of non-employment are ment and social program. As long ago as 1884, Bismarck proclaimed that man has a 'right to work,' which was only another form of expressing the right to live. In a speech in the Reichstag he said, 'Give the 45 was the church in medieval times. Public working-man a right to work as long as he has health, assure him care when he is sick, assure him maintenance when he is At another time he said, 'Yes, I acknowledge unconditionally the right to 50 ism, to be protected and preserved as an work, and I will stand up for it as long as I am in this place.' Continuing, he said of the workless man that healthy workman desirous of work is entitled to say to the state, "Give me 55 in 1911, through which over 1,000,000 work."

In a similar vein Bismarck protested against the assumption that society had a

right to ignore the claims of its weaker members. He said: 'I do not think that doctrines like those of laissez faire, laissez aller, "pure Manchesterdom in politics," Labor says further: 'Capital keeps its 5" He who is not strong enough to stand must be knocked down and trodden to the ground," "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath "- that docstate, and especially in a monarchial, paternally governed state. On the other hand, I believe that those who profess horror at the intervention of the state for open to the suspicion that they are desirous of using their strength for the benefit of a portion, for the oppression of the rest, and that they will be chagrined as

action of the government.'

These statements were made thirty years ago. During the intervening years Germany has worked out a thoroughgoing ferences of social workers, and is begin- 25 program for the protection of the working-classes — a program that has since become the model of all Europe. It has been copied by Denmark, Switzerland, and Great Britain, and to a considerable policy that educates the child and cares for its health; that inspects mills, mines, factories, and conditions of employment; that protects the worker from accident to the employers, the employees, and the state the cost of accident, sickness, old age, and invalidity. In some Continental cities, and now in Great Britain and Denborne by the community through social insurance, just as are the other hazards of the working-classes. The state itself has become the guardian of the poor, just as protection has been substituted for private aid. Instead of charity, there is a beginning of justice. Human labor is recognized as part of a vast industrial organasset of the highest value to the state.

To begin with, there is a labor exchange in every city of importance in Ger-There were 323 such exchanges positions were filled. These employment agencies have largely supplanted private agencies. They are supported partly by public, partly by private, funds. Every local agency is connected with a central agency, which acts as a clearing-house for the entire state, and through periodic reports from all over the country it places 5 forward in the order of their registration, the jobless man in connection with the manless job. During the summer months seasonal employment is found upon the

Empire, and the labor exchanges are thorough. They study each individual applicant, and fit him to the job for which he is suited. In this way the agencies command the respect of the employer as 15 rapidity. Of the 323 exchanges in the well as of the employee. And the buildings in which the exchanges are housed are in keeping with the seriousness with which the problem is treated. The exchanges are not located in the basement of 20 work where no work exists. It is not a a dilapidated building, as is common in this country. They are not treated as a catch basin for the spoilsman. Rather, the employees are highly trained, socially minded men, deeply interested in the prob- 25 with the minimum loss of time to the em-The labor exchange of Berlin, the largest in the empire, occupies a handsome four-story building on Gormann-strasse, which opens upon two streets. It contains every provision for the service which 30 which are often impelled by the commisit renders. There are public baths in the basement. In another part is a medical dispensary, where the men are inspected by physicians detailed for the purpose. Food is supplied at a low cost, while cob- 35 ness, and character of the worker; they blers and tailors repair the shoes and the clothes of the waiting workmen for an insignificant charge. In the main hall, which accommodates from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred persons, men sit 40 many contributions made by Germany to at their ease, with a glass of beer before them, or play at games of checkers, dominoes, or cards. The whole institution suggests a working-men's club. It is informal, comfortable, and inviting. And 45 the advantage of industry that men should the surprising thing about the men in these exchanges is their cleanliness, dignity, and freedom from that haunting fear common among the workless men upon the streets of America. Everything possi- 50 ble is done to maintain the worker in a condition of efficiency and to protect his self-respect from impairment.

In the Berlin exchange there are separate registers for the skilled and unskilled 55 20,000 beds, of whom the majority pay workers, and another exchange for women. At one end of the great hall is a clearing-office, with complete card-in-

dexes, where the names of the men and the opportunities of employment are enrolled and classified. When a request comes for an employee, men are called and are advised of the opportunity, the wages, and the conditions of employment. Married men are given the preference over unmarried ones. No fees are re-Gründlichkeit characterizes the German 10 quired in most of the German exchanges, although in Berlin a registration fee of five cents is charged.

The number of positions filled through these exchanges has increased with great empire, 267 agencies reported 731,848 positions filled in 1909, 877,000 positions filled in 1910, and 1,000,005 in 1911.

The employment agency does not create complete solution of the unemployment problem, it cannot cope with the effects of severe industrial depressions; but it does put the jobless man in the manless job ployer and the employee. It performs a sifting process by which the right man gets into the right place. It prevents exploitation by private employment agencies, sions they receive to send to an employer men unfitted for the particular job. In addition — and this is most important the agencies preserve the health, cleanliimprove his efficiency; and in normal times materially reduce the extent of nonemployment.

But the labor exchange is only one of the solution of this problem. Cities make elaborate provision for the temporary care of the wandering or homeless worker. Germany seems to recognize that it is to be willing to go from place to place, to adjust themselves to the nation's need; that this is an advantage to the state; and that a man should not be arrested as a vagrant when in search of a job. And to meet this situation municipal lodginghouses, or *Herbergen*, are maintained by over five hundred communities. These lodge over 2,000,000 persons a year in for their lodging either in money or in work. These municipal lodging-houses are dignified, clean, and carry no suggestion of charity. Like the labor exchange, they are part of the machinery of the state for the adjustment of men to their proper They are a recognition, too, of the of the individual man to control his place of employment.

In order to secure admission to the Herbergen, the worker must produce a passport showing where he has been at 10 most part attracts the unskilled worker. work. For twelve cents he receives lodging and breakfast, or he can work four hours for them. The work is of a simple

sort, such as chopping wood.

ducted in the same building with, or closely adjacent to, the labor exchanges. They usually contain branches of the municipal savings-banks, in which the laborer can place his funds. In some cities 20 a regular registry of houses, apartments, and rooms is maintained with full descriptive matter, so that the workman can find a place of residence with the least possible delay. Through this house registry he 25 quickly finds in proximity to his work a domicile suited to his purse.

Through these various agencies trampdom has virtually disappeared in Germany. This is particularly true of the 30 south, in the industrial districts along the

Rhine.

Many cities supplement these agencies by providing distress or emergency work depression. Public improvements are projected, streets are built, parks are laid out, contracts for paving and sewering are set in motion, so as to provide emder to check men from coming to the city to secure this relief, the contracts provide that only resident citizens shall be employed. Few, if any, cities have recogman has a 'right to work.' Distress work is rather an official appreciation of the terrible waste involved in unemployment — the waste to society and the waste ment sacrifices not only the individual man, but frequently destroys the family, and throws the mother and children upon the community for relief. Considerations efficiency unite with humanity in these provisions for the care of the unemployed.

Supplementing these other agencies are

labor colonies open to those who have lost their grip through drink or other causes. There are upward of forty of these colonies in the empire. They are not penal uncertainty of industry and the inability 5 colonies, to which men are sent, but are purely voluntary. Men come and go as they will. Over 10,000 persons make use of these colonies every year. The work is exclusively agricultural, and for the The colonies are located on cheap land, which is brought under cultivation by the labor of the men, who produce potatoes, vegetables, and similar products for their These lodging-houses are usually con- 15 own consumption. A large per cent. of the men who come to the colonies have been in jail, but strangely enough, there is virtually no insubordination and no difficulty in preserving discipline.

> These are some of the means employed to prevent waste, to keep the producing power of the nation up to its highest state of efficiency, and to protect the

worker.

Of even greater service are the laws for social insurance, through which the worker is protected from accident, sickness, invalidity, and old age. These, too, are part of Bismarck's program. Insurance against sickness is provided for all industrial employees, as is insurance against accident. Even agriculture and household service are covered. Virtually all employees whose salaries exceed \$500 during the winter months or in times of 35 a year are protected by these means against the vicissitudes of industry. The employer is bound to provide insurance against accident when he opens his factory, and he pays its entire cost. The ployment when most needed. And in or- 40 sickness insurance, on the other hand, is paid for by the employees, the employer, and the state, the contribution of the employee being deducted by the employer when the wages are paid. Old-age innized the declaration of Bismarck that a 45 surance is also provided, part of the fund being contributed by the state, but the bulk of it by the employers and employees in equal parts. The benefits from these funds are paid without litigation. They to the worker as well. For unemploy- 50 are looked upon as a matter of right rather than of charity.

Colossal sums are collected every year from these sources. The total income in 1909 amounted to \$214,856,000, of which of economy as well as ultimate industrial 55 the employers contributed \$98,312,000 and the employees \$81,414,000. The disbursements for the year amounted to \$167,592,ooo. In addition to this, free medical

services, the attendance of nurses, and hospital treatment are provided. To this extent is the maintenance of the disqualified worker assumed by the state, and to being, and moral quality of the empire subserved.

This is by no means a complete enumeration of the protective measures which to European countries have adopted to shift the costs of industry from the individual to the community. Denmark and Great Britain have evolved a public insurance against unemployment, so that the costs 15 philosophers. of hard times and seasonal unemployment are shifted from the individual to the group, or from the individual to society itself. This is the most advanced legislative step taken by any country. It in-20 tific mind. Physical science is at home volves an official recognition of the fact only in the experimental, the verifiable. that the old individualism of an earlier day has passed away, and that the individual alone should not be required to suffer from social conditions which have passed 25 This is the province of philosophy. It is beyond his power to control. America remains almost the only advanced nation that continues to ignore the fact that conditions of an earlier age have long since passed away. Social thought still treats 30 held by the biogenetic law—life only the worker as a free man, able to turn his hand to employment if he wills, when in reality the land has been closed against him, the tools of employment are in other hands, and the industrial system is wholly 35 assume the potentiality of life in matter beyond his control. We have not yet be- itself, as most recent bio-physicists do, gun to organize, to provide means for clearance in industry such as the banks have maintained for a generation, we have not recognized the necessity for housing 40 table as are the mysteries that lie back of the itinerant worker, nor have we accepted the social obligation to shift to society the costs of sickness, accident, invalidity, and old age, all incidents of modern industry and all a proper charge 45 main of philosophy. against society itself.

VI

THE PROBLEM OF LIVING THINGS

JOHN BURROUGHS

[Independent, October 2, 1913. By permission.]

All living bodies, when life leaves them, go back to the earth from whence

they came. What was it in the first instance that gathered their elements from the earth and built them up into such wonderful mechanisms? If we say it was naan even greater extent than the amount 5 ture, do we mean by nature a physical of money involved are the efficiency, well-force or an immaterial principle? Did the earth itself bring forth a man, or did something breathe upon the inert clay. and it became a living spirit?

> Such inquiries bring us at once face to face with the question of the nature and origin of life - a question which is the source of a good deal of mental activity in our time, both among scientific men and

As life is a physical phenomenon, appearing in a concrete physical world, it is, to that extent, within the domain of physical science, and appeals to the scien-Its domain ends where that of philosophy It cannot go behind visible phenomena and ask 'Why?' or 'Whither?' incompetent to discuss the question of the origin of life from no life, or of something from nothing, because here its method of verification cannot be applied. Science is from antecedent life. Until it can bring about the reaction called life in its laboratories, it is tethered by this law. In order to make a start at all, it is compelled to and to regard its advent into this world as a natural and not a miraculous event as natural as the birth of a baby, inscru-

So far as life involves a psychic principle or force, it is beyond the scope of positive science, and falls within the do-

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

The question of how life arose in a universe of dead matter is just as baffling 50 a question to the ordinary mind, as how the universe itself arose. If we assume that the germs of life drifted to us from other spheres, propelled by the rays of the sun, or some other celestial agency, 55 as certain modern scientific philosophers have assumed, we have only removed the mystery farther away from us. If we assume that it came by spontaneous generation, as Haeckel and others assume, then we are only cutting a knot which we cannot untie. The god of spontaneous generation is as miraculous as any other god. We cannot break the causal se- 5 molecule to colloids, and so up to the borquence with a miracle. If something came from nothing, then there is not only the end of the problem, but also the end of our boasted science.

material manifestations of life — the parts played by colloids and ferments, by fluids and gases, and all the organic compounds, and by mechanical and chemical principles; it may analyze and tabulate all life 15 processes, and show the living body as a most wonderful and complex piece of mechanism, but before the question of the origin of life itself it stands dumb, and, when speaking through such a man as 20 of the inorganic energy types, viz., a set Tyndall, it also stands humble and rever- of discrete phenomena; and its nature is ent. After Tyndall had, to his own satisfaction, reduced all like phenomena to mechanical attraction and repulsion, he stood with uncovered head before what 25 he called the 'mystery and miracle of vitality.' The mystery and miracle lie in the fact that in the organic world the same elements combine with results so different from those of the inorganic 30 a form of energy which arises in colloidal world. Something seems to have inspired them with a new purpose. In the inorganic world, the primary elements go their ceaseless round from compound to comback again, forming the world of inert matter as we know it, but in the organic world the same elements form thousands of new combinations unknown to them before, and thus give rise to the myriad 40 Moore concedes to the vitalists about all forms of life that inhabit the earth.

The much debated question of the nature and origin of life has lately found an interesting exponent in Prof. Benjamin University Library' is very readable, and, in many respects, convincing. At least, so far as it is the word of exact science it is speculative, or philosophical, it is or is not convincing, according to the type of mind of the reader. Professor Moore is not a bald mechanist or materialist like he an idealist or spiritualist, like Henri Bergson or Sir Oliver Lodge. He may be called a scientific vitalist. He keeps

close to lines of scientific research as these lines lead him through the maze of the primordial elements of matter, from electron to atom, from atom to molecule, from der of the living world. His analysis of the processes of molecular physics as they appear in the organism, leads him to recognize and to name a new force, or a new Science is at home in discussing all the ro manifestation of force, which he hesitates to call vital, because of the associations of this term with a pre-scientific age, but which he calls 'biotic energy.'

THE ENERGY OF LIFE

Biotic energy is peculiar to living bodies, and 'there are precisely the same criteria for its existence,' says Professor Moore, 'as for the existence of any one as mysterious to us as the cause of any one of these inorganic forms about which also we know so little.

'It is biotic energy which guides the development of the ovum, which regulates the exchanges of the cell, and causes such phenomena as nerve impulse, muscular contraction, and gland secretion, and it is structures, just as magnetism appears in iron, or radio-activity in uranium or radium, and in its manifestations it undergoes exchanges with other forms of pound, from solid to fluid or gaseous, and 35 energy, in the same manner as these do

among one another.'

Like Professor Henderson, of Harvard, whose volume on The Fitness of the Environment has lately appeared, Professor they claim - namely, that there is some form of force or manifestation of energy peculiar to living bodies, and one that cannot be adequately described in terms of Moore, of the University of Liverpool. 45 physics and chemistry. Professor Moore His volume on the subject in the 'Home says this biotic energy arises in colloidal structures,' and so far as bio-chemistry can make out, arises spontaneously and gives rise to that marvelous bit of mechanon the subject it is convincing; so far as so ism, the cell. In the cell appears 'a form of energy unknown outside life processes which leads the mazy dance of life from point to point, each new development furnishing a starting point for the next one.' Professor Loeb, or Ernest Haeckel, nor is 55 It not only leads the dance along our own line of descent from our remote ancestors - it leads the dance along the long road of evolution from the first unicellular form in the dim paleozoic seas to the complex and highly specialized forms of our own

day. The secret of this life force, or biotic energy, according to Professor Moore, is in the keeping of matter itself. The steps or stages from the depths of matter by which life arose, lead up from that imaginary something, the electron to the inloids, which are the threshold of life, each stage showing some new transformation of energy. There must be an all-potent energy transformation before we can get and then biotic energy out of chemical This transformation of inorganic energy. energy into life energy cannot be traced or repeated in the laboratory, yet science hands. It is here that the materialistic philosophers, such as Professors Moore and Loeb, differ from the spiritualistic philosophers, such as Bergson, Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Thompson, and others. 25 zoa.

MORE THAN MECHANISM

Professor Moore has no sympathy with those narrow mechanistic views that see those of chemistry and physics.' 'Each link in the living chain may be physicochemical, but the chain as a whole, and its purpose, is something else.' He draws in which purely physical factors are concerned; the laws of harmonics account for all; but back of all is something that is not mechanical and chemical - there is formers, and the auditors, and something that takes cognizance of the whole effect. A complete human philosophy cannot be built upon physical science alone. He thinks the evolution of life from inert 45 assertion: matter is of the same type as the evolution of one form of matter from another, or the evolution of one form of energy from another - a mystery, to be sure, but little more startling in the one case than 50 in the other. 'The fundamental mystery lies in the existence of those entities, or things which we call matter and energy, out of the play and interaction of which all life phenomena have arisen. Organic 55 evolution is a series of energy exchanges and transformations from lower to higher, but science is powerless to go behind the

phenomena presented and name or verify the underlying mystery. Only philosophy can do this. And Professor Moore turns philosopher when he says there is beauty and design in it all, 'and an eternal purpose which is ever progressing.'

BERGSON'S CREATIVE EVOLUTION

Bergson sets forth his views of evoluorganic colloids, or to the crystallo-col- 10 tion in terms of literature and philosophy. Professor Moore embodies similar views in his volume, set forth in terms of molecular science. Both make evolution a creative and a continuous process. Bergson chemical energy out of physical energy, 15 lays the emphasis upon the cosmic spirit interacting with matter. Professor Moore lays the emphasis upon the indwelling potencies of matter itself (probably the same spirit conceived of in different terms). believes the secret will sometime be in its 20 Professor Moore philosophizes as truly as does Bergson when he says 'there must exist a whole world of living creatures which the microscope has never shown us, leading up to the bacteria and the proto-The brink of life lies not at the production of protozoa and bacteria, which are highly developed inhabitants of our world, but away down among the colloids, and the beginning of life was not a fortuin the life processes 'no problems save 30 itous event occurring millions of years ago and never again repeated, but one which in its primordial stages keeps on repeating itself all the time in our generation. So that if all intelligent creatures were by an analogy from the production of music 35 some holocaust destroyed, up out of the depths in process of millions of years, intelligent beings would once more emerge.' This passage shows what a speculative leap or a flight the scientific mind is at the mind of the composer, and the per- 40 times compelled to take when it ventures beyond the bounds of positive methods. is good philosophy, I hope, but we cannot call it science. Thrilled with cosmic emotion, Walt Whitman made a similar daring

There is no stoppage, and never can be stop-

If I, you, and the worlds, and all beneath or upon their surfaces, were this moment reduced back to a pallid float, it would not avail in the long run,

We should surely bring up again where we now stand,

And surely go as much farther, and then farther and farther.

Evolution is creative, whether it works in matter as Bergson describes,

whether its path lies up through electrons and atoms and molecules, as Professor Moore describes. There is something that creates and makes matter plastic to its will. Whether we call matter 'the living 5 sounded that as matter is allowed cagarment of God,' as Goethe did, or a reservoir of creative energy, as Tyndall and his school did, and as Professor Moore still does, we are paying homage to a perature admits of carbonates, then carpower that is super-material. Life came 10 bonates are forthwith formed. These are to our earth, says Professor Moore. through a 'well regulated orderly development,' and it 'comes to every mother earth of the universe in the maturity of her creation when the conditions arrive within 15 the evidence of geology shows us.' suitable limits.' That no intelligent beings appeared upon the earth for millions upon millions of years, that for whole geologic ages there was no creature upon the earth with more brains than a snail possesses, 20 have organic matter to feed upon. Hence shows the almost infinitely slow progress of development, and that there has been no arbitrary or high-handed exercise of creative power. The universe is not run on principles of modern business efficiency, 25 non-living meet and become one? 'Life and man is at the head of living forms, not by the fiat of some omnipotent power, some superman, but as the result of the operation of forces that balk at no delay, or waste, or failure, and that are depend- 30 the form of chlorophyll, by the aid of ent upon the infinitely slow ripening and amelioration of both cosmic and terrestrial conditions.

THE TRANSITION TO LIFE

We do not get rid of God by any such dictum, but we get rid of the anthropomorphic views which we have so long been wont to read into the processes of nature. not render it the less grand and mysterious. Professor Le Dantec says, 'Life is only a surface accident in the history of the thermic evolution of the globe,' and came to a cooling planet as soon as the temperature became low enough for certain chemical combinations to appear. There must first be oxides and saline comcium and magnesium, and the like. As the temperature falls, more and more complex compounds, such as life requires, appear; till, in due time, carbon dioxide and water the white heat of some of the fixed stars, the primary chemical elements are not yet evolved: but more and more elements appear, and more and more complex compounds are formed as the cooling process

progresses.

This note cannot be too strongly pacity for assuming complex forms, those complex forms appear. As soon as oxides can be there, oxides appear; when temexperiments which any chemist can today repeat in a crucible. And on a cooling planet, as soon as temperature will admit the presence of life, then life appears, as we speak of the beginning of life, it is not clear just what we mean. The unit of all organized bodies is the cell, but the cell is itself an organized body, and must the cell is only a more complex form of more primitive living matter. As we go down the scale toward the inorganic, can we find the point where the living and the had to surge a long way up from the depths before a green plant cell came into being. When the green plant cell was found, life was fairly launched. This plant cell, in water and the trace of carbon dioxide in the air, began to store up the solar energy in fruit and grain and woody tissue, and thus furnish power to run all forms of 35 life machinery.

The materialists or naturalists are right in urging that we live in a much more wonderful universe than we have ever imagined, and that in matter itself sleep We dehumanize the universe, but we do 40 potencies and possibilities not dreamt of in our philosophy. The world of complex though invisible activities which science reveals all about us, the solar and stellar energies raining upon us from Professor Moore points out to us how life 45 above, the terrestrial energies and influences playing through us from below, the transformations and transmutations taking place on every hand, the terrible alertness and potency of the world of inpounds, there must be carbonates of cal- 50 ert matter as revealed by a flash of lightning, the mysteries of chemical affinity, of magnetism, of radio-activity, all point to deep beneath deep in matter itself. is little wonder that men who dwell haare at hand, and life can make a start. At 55 bitually upon these things and are saturated with the spirit and traditions of laboratory investigation, should believe that in some way matter itself holds the

mystery of the origin of life. On the other hand, a different type of mind, the mere imaginative, artistic and religious type, recoils from the materialistic view.

energy, but the different forms that energy takes - in the plant, in the animal, in the brain of man — this type of mind is bound to ask questions about that. Gravity pulls matter down; life lifts it votion. Almost the only malcontent is Proup; chemical forces pull it to pieces; vital forces draw it together and organize it; the winds and the waters dissolve and scatter it; vegetation recaptures it and integrates and gives it new qualities. At 5 America, comes a new protagonist who, every turn, minds like that of Sir Oliver for all he says of them, may never have Lodge are compelled to think of life as a principle or force doing something with matter. The physico-chemical forces will not do in the hands of man what they do 20 credentials. Mr. Caspar L. Redfield's in the hands of Nature. Such minds, therefore, feel justified in thinking that something which we call 'the hands of Nature,' plays a part - some principle or force which the hands of men do not 25 have sires and dams at their highest dyhold.

VII

BEQUEATHED ENERGY

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other against which the young Darwinian is warned by his teachers, it is that of supposing for one moment that an acquired character can be inherited. Howloaves, his son will not thereby be more than normally developed. And so, when a race of pigeons produces, generation after generation, more and more expert 45 son will inherit unusual biceps. tumblers, the diligence applied by a particular bird to the art does not give an extra advance to his progeny. It is only a symptom of the progress of the tumbling habit, long ago determined by the de- so ican trotter. A hundred years ago, there parture in that direction of a germ cell. Conversely, the first dodo that neglected its flying-exercise did not thereby condemn its chicks to a weakness of wing likely to go further if it was not checked. 55 available energy?' asks Mr. Redfield. It was the environment that had affected the germ cell of the first lazy dodo. We are allowed to believe, perhaps, that ever

so many generations of special exercise or idleness added together would produce an heritable quality—as though a thousand times nothing would make something The sun is the source of all terrestrial 5 — but we must not think that somatic modifications acquired by one generation can be handed to the next.

A somewhat destructive interpretation reconciles most of us to this hard prohibifessor Henslow, who, in the realm of botany, refuses to give up the right of a parent to bequeath something of its indiexperience. And now, from heard of Weismann, Mendel, or even Darwin, but who puts in a claim for somatic inheritance, and backs it with substantial book is called Dynamic Evolution (Putnam). His message is that the breeder for specific quality, whether in a trotter, a milker, or a setter, must be careful to namic development. The surplus energy that is theirs will then pass to their progeny, and give them a better start in life than the parent had. The significance of 30 his claim does not yet appear. Some of the surplus energy of the sire comes from growth, and is racial. By all means, says every school, breed only from mature parents. That is elementary wisdom. But If there is one pitfall more than an-35 Mr. Redfield asserts that the energy that comes from work also can be inherited. Does that matter? Have we denied that the energetic blacksmith will not have an energetic son? But, says Mr. Redfield, ever lustily the blacksmith may swing his 40 you cannot have energy without location hammer, till his own muscles swell like and direction, and in whatever organ work has put the energy, in that organ will it be inherited. He could scarcely go nearer to saying that the blacksmith's

Excessive use would soon thin out the word 'energy' into an empty name. It seems apt enough, however, to explain the quality that distinguishes the Amerwas not a horse in the world that could trot a mile in three minutes. Now, the record has shrunk to two minutes. 'Whence came this increase in amount of 'You can't get something out of nothing.' The usual reply to the question is that when trotting came into fashion, enor-

mous numbers of the trotting strain were produced, and by continual selection among these great numbers, swifter and swifter animals were found. The 3.10 Not content with that, he examines the trotter was the best of, say, a hundred of 5 history of those non-record sires, and its contemporaries, the 2.30 trotter the best of a thousand, and the 2.10 trotter the best of twenty thousand. By multiplying the numbers, we have given greater scope to the tendency to vary.

Mr. Redfield seems to have a better reply than that. The method of the breeders of trotting horses has been, from one cause and another, perfectly free from the fallacy of inherited acquired 15 characters. One horse is trained and raced, and another of the same family kept for reproducing. So long as the right blood is obtained, owners prefer to send their mares, not to the champion 20 believing that the setter could bequeath himself, even if he be available, but to a brother or uncle or nephew. But line after line has falsified the hopes of its backers, and time after time the champion trotter of its day has sprung from 25 years had 'the best setters in the world.' a neglected pedigree. Whenever that has happened, it has been possible to point at one or both of the factors of superior dynamic development in the immediate ancestors of the new champion. Those two 30 perts would not believe that his methods factors are time and work. A horse may acquire his energy speedily on the racetrack, or in the course of more years of a normal, healthy life. Thus, of the fiftyeight sires of stallions able to do the mile 35 scendants of these dogs, crossed with in two minutes and ten seconds, forty-five with records averaged nearly ten years of age, and thirteen without records averaged nearly fourteen years of age.

what we have said, champions do become the sires of champions, and that in considerable numbers. That is just the point. There are twenty or thirty thousand registered trotters, and it is estimated that 45 they were, have been eliminated as ancesonly 5 per cent. of these are bred from parents with records. There are only a hundred and eighty capable of trotting a mile in two minutes and ten seconds tables, Mr. Redfield compares the respective progeny of full brothers. It can, perhaps, be understood that a non-record brother. Those that reach the class of performers are compared, with the result that eighty-eight horses with records sired

thirty-three performers apiece, and ninetysix full brothers of the same horses without records sired ten performers apiece. finds that some of them were trained though not raced, and that these had a better average of performer progeny than the others. In other words, he shows by 10 individual cases, and from large masses

of fact, that a horse that has been practised for speed is more likely to have speedy offspring than another horse of the selfsame blood that has not been practised. The energy it has acquired by work is handed on, and endows the foal in the organs that acquired it in the parent.

In a recent book, Professor Arthur Thompson especially warned us against the skill it had itself acquired. The setter is one of Mr. Redfield's object lessons. Laverack began with a 'stray pair he purchased from a neighbor,' and in forty He simply bred in and in, working one pair of dogs in the field till they were old, then breeding another pair from them.

The results were so astonishing that exwere correctly stated, the age at which his dogs bred (six, seven, or eight years) being as great a stumbling-block as the fact that he never took in new blood. Dethose of Llewellin, founded the American strain about 1870, and an examination of the pedigrees of the six champion Amerged nearly fourteen years of age. ican setters of to-day proves that their. The reader will see that, in spite of 40 lines of descent are 'through the dogs which were trained and ran for prizes in. field trials,' and the average time between the generations is over six years. Younger sires than that, however good tors, except one which was trained for field trials 'at a very early age.'
That is, in part, the case presented by

this searcher of pedigrees. It may be that or under, and of these, 67 per cent. 50 its hostility to the doctrine of somatic were by sires with records. In one of his unteachableness is modified by the statement that this dynamic inheritance mainly follows the same line as does secondary sexual character. Thus, the energy of the horse will sire more foals than his record 55 dam does not go as available energy to her son, but reappears in the daughters of the next generation. In its simplest terms, it means that the young but thor-

oughly adult father gives to his son no more than the racial inheritance and possibilities that he himself received. In a few years' time he is another being, and therefore another father. Circumstances 5 younger. It was strange, indeed, to listen have led to the greater exercise of some set of muscles, some function of the brain, or to responsiveness of the nerves to some certain stimulus. These exercises have induced an accretion of energy some- to evening last. where, and something passes in the same direction to the son. Perhaps this is a very volatile part of one's inheritance. If not closely followed up, perhaps it soon vanishes. In a state of nature, whatever is bors of himself and his co-workers in isoone receives is usually made the most of. It may be that a woodpecker that has dealt with particularly hard trees cannot hand on his acquired skill. But it may be that he can hand on the increase of dy- 20 Dr. Plotz and his co-workers recommend namic power stored in his neck muscles, and that may make an unusual woodpecker of his son.

VIII

TYPHUS, WAR'S DREAD ALLY, BEATEN

VAN BUREN THORNE, M.D.

[New York Times, April 18, 1915. By permission,]

a protective vaccine against typhus fever, the dreadful scourge that dogs the heels of war, following closely upon the confirmation of the germ origin of the disease by repeated demonstrations of a distinct 40 Sinai bacteriologist. causative agent visible under the microscope, is but another instance of the accuracy of modern laboratory methods and the continual progress of medical science.

ments is that they could not have occurred at a more opportune moment in the history of the world. The stricken countries of Europe, already devastated neath the brooding shadow of disease; and science, represented by the best and bravest of its exponents, is rushing from the four quarters of the earth the cumutories to wage a war with Death.

The marvel of these two laboratory achievements is that they are the products of the labor of one so young. Dr. Harry Plotz of the Pathological Laboratory of Mount Sinai Hospital in this city is not yet twenty-five years old. He looks to a youth unravel intricate problems of bacteriology in the presence of a gathering of distinguished pathologists at the Academy of Medicine on Wednesday

The discovery of the protective vaccine against typhus was made public at the same meeting at which the young bacteriologist told of the experimental lalating the bacillus of typhus fever.

While there has been no opportunity to demonstrate the efficiency of the vaccine in the presence of the disease itself, its employment. And, in this connection, a high compliment already has been paid to the young discoverer: Dr. Hans Zinsser, the eminent professor of bac-25 teriology of Columbia University, had himself inoculated with the protective vaccine before sailing on April 3 on his perilous mission as a member of the American Red Cross Sanitary Commis-30 sion to cope with the epidemics of typhus in Serbia and Austria-Hungary.

The devotion of an entire evening by the New York Pathological Society (of which Professor Zinsser, by the way, is The announcement of the discovery of 35 president) to the consideration of typhus fever, and particularly as to its origin, with Dr. Plotz as the central figure, cannot be regarded in any other light than as a distinct triumph for the Mount

The first announcement of his discovery of the causative agent of typhus appeared in the New York Times on May 12, 1914. It was stated in the article that The concrete view of these achieve- 45 he would make public his discovery on the following day in a paper he was to read before the Association of American Physicians at Atlantic City. It was further made known in the Times that Dr. by the wrath of man, are cowering be- 50 Plotz had determined as the result of the isolation of the germ that it was also the causative factor of the acute infectious ailment known as Brill's disease, which Dr. Nathan E. Brill of this city had lative resources of a thousand labora-55 classed as a distinctive malady. Dr. Plotz maintained that Brill's disease was in reality typhus fever of a mild type.

Dr. Plotz was present at the Atlantic

City meeting, but his paper was not incorporated in the program. Neither was he called upon to address the gathering. No public reference was made by any physician present to typhus fever or its 5 among them two heroic American physiorigin. When the writer of this article, who was present at the meeting, inquired of one of the officers of the association whether or not Dr. Plotz was to be inin the most emphatic manner:

'No such subject as the discovery of the typhus germ is to be discussed here.'

Privately, the writer was informed by bacteriologist, just a year out of college, was not to read his paper for the simple reason that the news of his discovery had first been announced in a lay journal, namely, the New York Times.

It is fitting to emphasize here, however, the fact that Dr. Plotz did not furnish the news of his discovery to the Times, nor was he aware that this newspaper was in possession of the news un- 25

til he saw it in print.

The meeting at the academy on Wednesday evening was the first public occasion, therefore, on which Dr. Plotz had an opportunity to discuss his work in the 30 investigation into the origin of the dispresence of a body of physicians best calculated to appraise its value. He was acclaimed by them as a scientific investi-

gator of the first order.

at Atlantic City, Dr. Plotz prepared a brief preliminary paper, written in technical terms, in which he announced the isolation of an organism which occurred mitting the blood of typhus patients to in typhus fever patients and which he 40 laboratory tests. This opinion was based believed to be the causative factor of the disease. He also obtained the same organism from patients suffering from Brill's disease. This paper appeared in the issue of the Journal of the Ameri- 45 as the causative agent of the acute infeccan Medical Association, published on May 16, 1914.

The young scientist's paper of Wednesday proved to be an elaboration of his of highly technical detail embodying the precise methods of isolating and culti-

vating pathogenic bacteria.

After identifying the typhus germ as the agent of Brill's disease, he discarded 55 amining the blood of six cases of Brill's the term 'Brill's disease,' referring to it thereafter as endemic typhus as distinguished (and distinguishable by its milder

clinical course) from the virulent and dreaded malady known as 'European epidemic typhus,' which already is said to have claimed 65,000 victims in Serbia, cians, and threatens to overrun the warring nations on the Continent, as well as their neutral neighbors.

If Dr. Plotz's findings relative to the vited to read his paper, the officer replied to identity of European epidemic typhus and Brill's disease are correct, and this is now vouched for by high authority, then we have typhus fever right here in New York, and have had sporadic cases for various physicians present that the young 15 years. But the hygienic excellence of the systems of sanitation devised by the local health officers have ever prevented it from becoming a menace to the community. And it is now some twenty-six or twenty-20 eight years since a case of European typhus has had an opportunity to spread contagion in this city, thanks to the watchfulness of the health officers of the port of New York.

It is true, however, that this ominous infection does sometimes reach our outposts at quarantine, as Dr. Plotz related in his paper, for it was this very circumstance that enabled him to start an ease. He learned of the presence of typhus patients removed from ships to the isolation hospitals in the lower bay from Dr. Joseph O'Connell, health officer of Following his failure to be called upon 35 the port, who permitted him to obtain blood specimens from these patients.

Dr. Plotz had formed an opinion as to the probable cause of typhus before subon various theoretical considerations and previous investigations. He sidered it advisable to begin his search by looking for a so-called anaerobic organism tious disease of unknown origin known as Brill's disease, and which owed its differentiation from other fevers, especially short-term typhoid fevers, to the keen preliminary report, and contained a wealth 50 clinical insight of Dr. Brill. An anaerobic organism is one which thrives best or thrives only when deprived of oxygen or air.

He used the anaerobic methods in exdisease, and isolated the same kind of bacillus from five of the six. He ascribes his failure in the sixth instance to the

fact that the blood was not taken from the patient until after the crisis of the disease had passed. Subsequent investigation disclosed the fact that the bacillus is at its height, but disappears after the crisis.

Other investigators have isolated various micro-organisms from cases of typhus and Brill's disease, but none of them to obically, or without air or oxygen, but resembled that obtained by Dr. Plotz nor were they constantly present. The Plotz bacillus is constant both in its presence

and appearance.

other investigators have declared that Brill's disease is probably a mild or modified typhus. Some two or three years ago a discussion was carried on between two or three medical officers of the extimes, yielded the bacillus in 53 per cent, United States Government and Dr. Brill relative to the nature of the disease, the Federal physicians maintaining that it was

typhus fever.

after having isolated the bacillus from the cases of Brill's disease, Dr. Plotz took specimens of blood from half a dozen patients suffering from European epidemic typhus in the hospitals at quarantine, the 30 rapidly by crisis. patients having been removed from transatlantic vessels, and subjected the blood to bacteriological tests in the Mount Sinai laboratories. His co-workers were Dr. George Baehr, like himself a graduate of 35 that the incubation period is shorter. the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, and Dr. Peter K. Olitzky, a graduate of the Medical College of Cornell University.

From all of the typhus cases Dr. Plotz 40 European epidemic typhus. was able to recover a micro-organism apparently identical with that isolated from

the cases of Brill's disease.

In order to check up or verify this discovery, the blood of 198 control cases 45 istics of the organism, its agglutination (that is, cases in which typhus fever or Brill's disease were not present, but in which other diseases such as influenza were diagnosed) was treated and examined in exactly the same manner, but 50 prophylaxis and comparative studies of the bacillus was not found in any specimen.

The evidence indicated that the virus was present in the blood during the febrile period of the disease, that it was 55 in detail on Wednesday evening, and the non-filterable and hence most likely of microscopic size, and that it was of bacterial rather than of protozoal origin.

Subjected to microscopical examination, the agent was seen to be a small bacillus; pleomorphic, or occurring in more than one form, varying from nine-tenths to is present in the blood when the fever 5 1.93 microns in length, the breadth being from one-fifth to three-fifths of the length.

When first isolated, Dr. Plotz says in his paper, the organism grows only anaerafter a time it can be grown aerobically,

or in the presence of air.

During the febrile period of the disease, the organism was yielded from the It is also true that in recent years 15 blood in 100 per cent. of typhus fever cases. The blood of thirty-seven patients suffering from the endemic type, heretofore known as Brill's disease, the cultures of which were examined at various of cases.

From a pure culture of the bacillus. inoculations were made into the peritoneal cavities of two guinea pigs. The in-In accordance with the same belief and 25 cubation period of the infection proved to be from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, for within that period there was a rise of temperature, which remained high for four or five days, and which dropped

> This clinical picture corresponded exactly with the result obtained in guinea pigs inoculated with the blood of typhus fever patients, with the single exception

It was proved also that serum from a convalescing typhus fever patient had bactericidal action against the organism obtained from both Brill's disease and

This paragraph ended Dr. Plotz's pre-

liminary report:

'In a later communication it is proposed to consider the cultural characterreactions, the further results of animal experiments, and cross-immunity tests. At the same time the results of studies forming a basis for a possible vaccine other organisms described by various authors as being found in typhus fever will be reported.'

This promised elaboration was given vaccine prophylaxis hinted at in the earlier communication resulted in the journey of Professor Zinsser and his fellow-scientists to the stricken fields of Europe after inoculation with an agent which it is hoped will prove effective against the acquisition of the infection.

Those who sailed with Professor Zins- 5 ser on the expedition, financed by the Red Cross and the Rockefeller Foundation, are Dr. Thomas W. Jackson of Philadelphia, Dr. Andrew W. Sellarde, Dr. George C. the Harvard Medical School; Dr. F. W. Caldwell, Hobart D. Brink, W. S. Standifer, and Luis de la Pena.

The two latter were members of the staff of General William C. Gorgas in the 15 about two weeks. There are no specific sanitary campaign in the Panama Canal Zone. Dr. Nicolle, the French expert on typhus, has been invited to cooperate with the commission.

The members of the expedition will 20 meet in Saloniki, and proceed to the districts of Austria-Hungary which are stricken with epidemics of typhus, cholera,

and other contagious diseases.

projected Dr. Richard P. Strong, Professor of Tropical Diseases at the Harvard Medical School, was appointed leader. He is already in Europe. More recently, Among those present were some of the however, announcement has been made 30 world's foremost medical investigators, that General Gorgas, Surgeon General of the United States Army, the world's foremost sanitarian, is to proceed to Serbia to assume charge of the commission.

posal to have General Gorgas take charge of the work, he stated that he believed the commission would win the fight against disease in Serbia. He characterized the expedition as the most efficient 40 search. ever organized in the history of modern

sanitation.

Dr. Samuel Taylor Darling, the bacteriologist who was associated with General Gorgas in the Canal Zone, arrived 45 lem of the cause of one of the most myshere from Colon on Tuesday. It is reported that he will accompany his former chief to Serbia. He went to South Africa in 1913 with General Gorgas when the latter was invited to go there by the Rand 50 logical department of the board of health mine owners to see what could be done to lessen the mortality among miners.

Now, as to the disease typhus fever The fact has been established that the infection is communicated from one to 55 another by a carrier, namely, the body louse. Hence it is that the disease becomes epidemic in places where large

numbers are crowded together under insanitary conditions. It is the invariable sequel of prolonged warfare where large numbers are wounded.

The disease has broken out under various conditions other than warfare as an epidemic - for example, in prisons, on shipboard, and in hospitals. Hence it has been called prison or jail fever, hospital Shattuck, and Dr. Francis B. Grinnell of w fever, and ship's fever. It has also been known as spotted fever.

> Clinically, typhus is marked by a high temperature, great mental and physical depression, and skin eruptions. It lasts for lesions, except enlargement of the spleen. It seems to be disappearing in those centers where municipal hygiene is making

steady advances.

Dr. Plotz received a real ovation at the conclusion of his paper on Wednesday evening from the 250 or more physicians assembled. He ended by announcing that Dr. William H. Welch, the distinguished When the Rockefeller expedition was 25 head of the medical department of Johns Hopkins University, had christened the newly discovered germ of typhus. called bacillus typhii exanthematici.

and following the reading of two papers bearing on Dr. Plotz's discoveries by his co-workers, Dr. Olitzky and Dr. Baehr, he was the recipient of public congratu-Prior to the announcement of the pro- 35 lations from them. The first one called upon to express his opinion of the work was Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, a famous laboratory worker, attached to the staff of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Re-

> 'I believe it must now appear to any person,' said Dr. Noguchi, 'that the organism has been isolated. I congratulate the three physicians on solving the probterious diseases of which we know anything.

Dr. William Hallock Park, noted as a bacteriologist, and head of the bacterio-

of this city, said:

Dr. Plotz had the mind and the will to do this work, and he has carried it to a

successful conclusion.

Dr. Nathan E. Brill, the discoverer of Brill's disease, ungrudgingly admitted that at last it had been demonstrated beyond question that Brill's disease and typhus are identical, differing only in degree of

'This discovery is a particular gratification to me,' said he warmly. 'This is the first work which has established the 5 absolute identity of the two types of the disease.

'I long ago admitted that they were related, but I contended that this had not been established by the work of Anderson 10 and Goldberger. I admitted the relation-ship, but denied the identity — which is now established beyond dispute. I doubt, however, the statement that the louse is

'I congratulate these gentlemen,' said Dr. Samuel J. Meltzer of the Rockefeller Institute, famous in many fields of medical research, 'not only on the way in 20 tional societies; school journals, univerwhich they carried on their investigations, but on the manner in which they have presented them to us.

'Mention has been made of the fact that a vaccine has been made,' said Dr. 25 educational essays one had to look until F. S. Mandelbaum of the Mount Sinai Hospital staff. 'Some of the members of the commission on the way to fight typhus in Serbia, and others who intend to go, and spirit the most admirably popular of have already been inoculated with the vac- 30 all his writings, is, I think, still lost in an cine — of course, without any guarantee of its efficacy. They came to us and asked to be inoculated."

Dr. E. Libman, also of the Mount Sinai staff, interjected a touch of the romance 35 one away with its infantile cover and its of science into his remarks.

'This discovery was no chance observation,' he said. 'Plotz was worried about Brill's disease when a student. He took the position at Mount Sinai after gradua- o that scientific method is simply a subtion on purpose to find out the cause of Brill's disease. He found the organism the first time he tried for it.'

Dr. Plotz, whose discoveries may mitigate the menace of typhus, was born in 45 such universally important things to say Paterson, New Jersey, in 1890. He attended the schools in Newark, and for a time was a pupil at the Boys' High School in Brooklyn. Later he entered Columbia University and took a combination course 50 public. which gave him his academic degree from Columbia College and his medical degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was graduated in 1913, at the head of his class. Upon his graduation 55 of extravagance. In all his psychology he took a competitive examination for pathological interne at Mount Sinai Hospital, and was first among 200 contestants.

IX

JOHN DEWEY'S PHILOSOPHY

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

[New Republic, March 13, 1915. By permission of author and publisher.]

Nothing is more symbolic of Professor Dewey's democratic attitude towards life than the disintegrated array of his published writings. Where the neatly uniform works of William James are to be the only means of communicating the dis- 15 found in every public library, you must ease from one to another.' hunt long and far for the best things of the man who, since the other's death, is the most significant thinker in America. Pamphlets and reports of obscure educasity monographs and philosophical journals, limited to the pedant few; these are the burial-places of much of this intensely alive, futuristic philosophy. For the best very recently to a little compilation made by an unknown London house. The 'Educational Creed,' in style and conciseness out-of-print cheap bulletin in some innocuous series for elementary teachers. 'School and Society,' with some of the wisest words ever set to paper, frightens university chaperonage. Only some heterogeneous essays, brilliant but not holding the exact kernel of his thought, and his 'How We Think,' in which is shown limely well-ordered copy of our own best and most fruitful habits of thought, have been launched in forms that would reach a wide public. No man, I think, with on almost every social and intellectual activity of the day, was ever published in forms more ingeniously contrived to thwart the interest of the prospective

Professor Dewey's thought is inaccessible because he has always carried his simplicity of manner, his dread of show or self-advertisement, almost to the point there is no place for the psychology of prestige. His democracy seems almost to take that extreme form of refusing to bring one's self or one's ideas to the attention of others. On the college campus or in the lecture-room he seems positively to efface himself. The uncertainty of his silver-gray hair and drooping mustache, 5 of his voice, of his clothes, suggests that he has almost studied the technique of protective coloration. It will do you no good to hear him lecture. His sentences, you will find strung in long festoons of obscurity between pauses for the awaited right word. The whole business of impressing yourself on other people, of getto and ought to have you, has simply never come into his ultra-democratic mind.

This incapacity of imagining his own distinction has put him in the paradoxical contempt for propaganda. His philosophy of 'instrumentalism' has an edge on it that would slash up the habits of thought, the customs and institutions in turies. He allies himself personally with every democratic movement, yet will not preach. As we discover in the essay on Maeterlinck, where he shows himself poet racy loves all human values, and finds nothing so intolerable as artificial inequality. He hates nothing so much as form. Yet his philosophy is a great sermon, challenging in every line, in spite of his discreet style, our mechanical habits of thought, our mechanical habits of education, our mechanical morality. A 40 pily, it is not necessary that we should prophet dressed in the clothes of a profes- 'be' anything or 'know' anything, so sor of logic, he seems almost to feel shame that he has seen the implications of democracy more clearly than anybody else in the great would-be democratic so- 45 our activity. Our social problem as well ciety about him, and so been forced into the unwelcome task of teaching it.

Orthodox philosophical thinking has usually gone along on the comfortable same meaning, and that they stand for real things, that logic is the science of thinking correctly, that reason is eternal, that if you can only get your ideas conwhat you are trying to interpret. We have taken for granted the old view, which goes back to Aristotle's logic, that

our mental life was a receiving and combining and storing of certain dead inert sensations and ideas of which words were

the true symbols.

Professor Dewey's fundamental thesis has been that thinking is not like this. The mind is not a looking-glass, reflecting the world for its private contemplation, nor a logic-machine for building up flowing and exact and lucid when read, to truth, but a tool by which we adjust ourselves to the situations in which life puts us. Reason is not a divinely appointed guide to eternal truth, but a practical in-strument by which we solve problems. ting yourself over to the people who want 15 Words are not invariable symbols for invariable things, but clues to meanings. We think in meanings, not in words, and a meaning is simply a sign-post pointing towards our doing something or feeling situation of a revolutionist with an innate 20 something or both. The words are the handles by which we take hold of these meanings which our intercourse with people and things presents to us. Our life is a constant reaction to a world which is which our society has been living for cen- 25 constantly stimulating us. We are in situations where we must do something, and it is for the purpose of guiding this doing from the point of view of what has happened or what is likely to happen, that as well as philosopher, his tolerant democ- 30 we think. We are not bundles of thoughts and feelings so much as bundles of attitudes or tendencies. We act usually before we 'perceive'; the perception is only the preacher who tells others how bad important as it enables us to act again. they are and what they must do to re-35 We remember what we use, and we learn what we occupy ourselves with. Our minds are simply the tools with which we forge out our life.

If we are to live worthily and hapmuch as that we should be able to meet the situation in which developing life places us, and express our capacities in as our personal problem is to understand what we are doing. This is almost the whole law and the prophets. In the ideal home we should have learned as chilassumption that words always have the 50 dren, through social converse and the household occupations and solution of the problems which our curiosity and our work brought us, how to adjust ourselves to the demands of life. But the home can sistent you have then a true picture of 55 no longer effect this and the school must step in. But the school is only really educative if it is helping the child to understand the social situations in which he finds and is to find himself, and to regulate his impulses so that he can control these situations. The ideal school would be an embryonic community life, where interests of the larger society into which he is to enter and so have his curiosity and practical skill awakened to meet and

conquer them. fessor Dewey's philosophy challenges the whole machinery of our world of right and wrong, law and order, property and religion, the old techniques by which society is still being managed and regu- 15 the old lazy channels, I feel a savage inlated. Our institutions have been made as scales and measures to which we bring our actions, rigid standards by whose codes we are judged, frameworks to whose lines we strive to mould ourselves. the revolutionary strivings of the past have been away from these institutional authorities towards greater freedom. But in spite of all the freedom we have won, society was probably never more deeply 25 even the most dynamic ideas into dogmas. unhappy than it is today. For freedom is not happiness; it is merely the first negative step towards happiness. Happiness is control, and society, now intensely self-conscious of its imperfections, is still 30 very helpless towards controlling its destiny. Life, Professor Dewey says, is a modification of the present with reference to the conditions of the future, a conflict between the habits engendered in the past 35 and the new aims and purposes, clearly envisaged, to be worked for.

It is in showing the unity of all the democratic strivings, the social movement, the new educational ideals, the freer 40 ethics, the popular revolt in politics, of all the aspects of the modern restless, forward-looking personal and social life, and the applicability to all of them of scientific method, with its hypotheses and bold 45 tainly none looks for sermons in a one-cent experimentation, that Professor Dewey has been the first thinker to put the moral and social goal a notch ahead. His philosophy has the great advantage of making nonsensical most of the writing and 50 thinking that has been done in the old See how much of this can be truthfully called anything else than a 'juggling with the symbols of learning.' See how much of the energy of the 55 moulders of opinion in politics, industry, education, religion, morality, goes to the squaring up of the activity of individuals

and groups with certain principles which, however much they may once have been solutions of genuine problems and interpretations of genuine situations, are now the child would sense the occupations and 5 mere caked and frozen barricades to ac-

tivity and understanding.

Professor Dewey has given us a whole new language of meanings. After reading him, you can see nothing again in the In its larger social implications, Pro- 10 old terms. And when I see college presidents and publicists who have cultivated the arts of prestige, expressing their views on every question of the day in the old caked and frozen language, thinking along dignation that Professor Dewey should not be out in the arena of the concrete, himself interpreting current life. I am conscious of his horror of having his ideas All 20 petrified into a system. He knows that it will do no good to have his philosophy intellectually believed unless it is also thought and lived. And he knows the uncanny propensity of stupid men to turn He has seen that in his school world. Meanwhile his influence goes on increasing to an extent of which he is almost innocently unconscious.

 \mathbf{X}

WHAT SHOULD BE A MAN'S OBJECT IN LIFE?

[ARTHUR BRISBANE]

[New York Evening Journal. Reprinted in Editorials from the Hearst Newspapers, 1906. By permission.]

Sermons in stones are familiar, but few take the trouble to dig them out. Cerevening newspaper.

At the same time, will you kindly think over and answer the question that heads

this column?

Here we are, marooned for a few days on a flying ball of earth. We don't know how we got here. We don't know where we are going. We are full of beautiful and satisfying faith. But we don't know.

Into this Universe, and why not knowing, Nor whence, like Water, willy-nilly flowing; And out of it as Wind along the Waste, I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.

That's the way Omar, the old tentmaker, puts it.

We drift from dinner to the theater, thence to bed, thence to breakfast, thence to work, and so on. Or, if in hard luck, we struggle and wail, 'cursing our day,' or more frequently cursing society.

We rarely stop to think what it is all

about, or what we are here for.

We know the pig's object in life. It has been beautifully and permanently outlined in Carlyle's 'pig catechism.' pig's life object is to get fat and keep 15 gone, and whose lives inspire us. fat - to get his full share of swill and as much more as he can manage to secure. And his life object is worthy. By sticking at it he develops fat hams inside his bristles, and we know, though he does not, 20 that the production of fat hams is his destinv.

But our human destiny is *not* to produce fat hams. Why do so many of us live 25 every man whose life history is worth earnestly on the pig basis? Why do we struggle savagely for money to buy our kind of swill - luxury, food, etc. - and cease all struggling when that money is obtained?

Is fear of poverty and dependence the only emotion that should move us?

Are we here merely to stay here and eat here?

and about as imaginative as a wart hog, declares that the human face is merely an extension and elaboration of the alimentary canal — that the beauty of expression, face, are merely indirect results of the alimentary canal's strivings to satisfy its

That is a hideous conception, is it not? But it is no more unworthy than the aver- 45 age human life, and the average existence has much to justify the German's specu-

come, and in due course the graveyard rat will gnaw as calmly at your bump of acquisitiveness as at the mean coat of the pauper.

Then, shall we strive for power?

The names of the first great kings of the world are forgotten, and the names of all those whose power we envy will drift

to forgetfulness soon. What does the most powerful man in the world amount to standing at the brink of Niagara, with his solar plexus trembling? What is his 5 power compared with the force of the wind or the energy of one small wave sweeping along the shore?

The power which man can build up within himself, for himself, is nothing. 10 Only the dull reasoning of gratified egotism can make it seem worth while.

Then what is worth while? Let us look at some of the men who have come and a few at random:

Columbus, Michelangelo, Wilberforce, Shakespeare, Galileo, Fulton, Watt, Har-

greaves — these will do.

Let us ask ourselves this question: 'Was there any one thing that distinguished all their lives, that united all these men, active in fields so different?'

Yes. Every man among them, and the telling, did something for the good of

other men.

Hargreaves, the weaver, invented the spinning-jenny, and his invention clothes

30 and employs hundreds of millions.

Galileo perfected the telescope, spread out before man's intellect the grandeur of the universe. Wilberforce helped to awaken man's conscience. He freed mil-A great German scientist, very learned 35 lions of slaves. Columbus gave a home to great nations. We thrive today because of his noble courage. Michelangelo and Shakespeare stirred human genius to new efforts, and fed the human mind — a task the marvelous qualities of a noble human 40 more worthy than the feeding of the human stomach. We ride in Fulton's steamboats, and Watt's engine pulls us along.

Men who are truly great have done good to their fellow-man. And the greatest Soul ever born on earth came to urge but one thing upon humanity, 'Love

one another.

What shall we strive for? Money? Get money if you can. Get power if Get a thousand millions. Your day will 50 you can. Then, if you want to be more than the ten thousand million unknown mingled in the dust beneath you, see what good you can do with your money and your power.

55 If you are one of the many millions who have not and can't get money or power, see what good you can do without

either.

You can help carry a load for an old You can encourage and help a poor devil trying to reform. You can set a good example to children. You can stick ing honestly for their welfare.

Time was when the ablest man would rather kill ten men than feed a thousand children. That time has gone. We do but we care less about killing the men. To that extent we have improved already.

The day will come when we shall prefer helping our neighbor to robbing him —

legally — of a million dollars.

Do what good you can now, while it is unusual, and have the satisfaction of being a pioneer and an eccentric.

XI

THE ANTARCTIC DISASTER

[Times (London, England), February 11, 1913.

By permission.]

Never since the loss of Sir John Franklin and his whole expedition sixty-six years ago has such a disaster befallen British Polar explorers as that which it is our sad 30 object of settling some unsolved probduty to record today. For a time after the arrival of the news yesterday afternoon, people hoped against hope, wondering whether the information which reached New Zealand had not been mis- 35 been circulated about 'a race' between understood, since Arctic and Antarctic news at first is largely impregnated with rumor. Unhappily the confirmation which has since come in is such as leaves no ground for hope. A despatch of Com- 40 so was the almost simultaneous arrival of mander Evans puts the terrible facts beyond doubt. He states, very simply and directly, that Captain Scott reached the South Pole on January 18, 1912 - which after Captain Amundsen had reached it and that on his return towards his base he and his four companions were overwhelmed in a blizzard, and all perished. who died from concussion of the brain how caused none can say at present - on February 17; then, on March 17, Captain maining three, Dr. Wilson, Lieutenant Bowers, and Captain Scott himself, died of want and exposure. They were eleven

miles from a place which the company had named One Ton Depot, and 155 miles from the base of the expedition. possible for us in this temperate clime to to the men with whom you work, fight- 5 realize something of the horror, the terror, the irresistible vehemence of an Antarctic blizzard if we recall the description which we gave on November 19 last from the pen of Dr. Simpson, who was for a not care much about feeding the children, to time lent by the Indian Government to be chief physicist of the expedition. He tells of a gale which blew continuously for six. days 'at over gale strength'- more than thirty-eight miles an hour, rising at dif-15 ferent times to fifty-two, to sixty-six, and once to eighty miles an hour; the temperature marking between thirty-one and thirty-five degrees below zero. We shall never know what degree of violence was 20 attained by the blizzard which was fatal to Captain Scott, but it may be assumed that it was as bad as this, or worse; and the grim word 'want' used by Commander Evans implies that supplies had run 25 out, and that the unhappy men were in no condition to resist the appalling storm.

Thus ends a great and truly heroic adventure, undertaken quite voluntarily by these officers and their followers, with the lems of geography, natural history, and other sciences. In judging Captain Scott and his friends, let us put out of our minds all the gossip which from time to time has him and his friendly rival, the Danish Captain Amundsen. That this explorer should have diverted his course from the North to the South Pole was an accident, and the Danish vessel and of the Terra Nova in those Southern waters. As was long since pointed out in these columns by one of Captain Scott's companions, Mr. Herit will be remembered was about a month 45 bert Ponting, he never raced and never headed 'a mere dash to the Pole.' He went steadily forward with his scientific exploration, and if he had not had the misfortune to lose nine of his nineteen in-The first to fall was Seaman Edgar Evans, 50 valuable ponies, he might very probably have arrived first, and, what is of much more importance, might not have found it necessary to send that memorable de-Oates died of exposure; and some twelve spatch, when the Terra Nova first came to days later, on or about March 29, the re- 55 fetch him away, 'I am staying in the Antarctic another year in order to continue and complete my work.' But this was not to be. The small disaster happened and it was the prelude to the greater — to that shocking catastrophe which the English race and the whole scientific world are lamenting today. We will not at this moment raise the question whether the 5 agination than did the destruction of the scientific results of these arduous Polar expeditions are, or are henceforth likely to be, adequate to the cost — to the cost of valuable lives which may always have to be paid. It is more consonant with 10 do not yet know. But it is no fault of the the universal feeling of the moment simply to add our tribute to the courage, the perseverance in the face of enormous difficulties, which every member of the expedition has shown since the beginning, 15 bottom of the sea. two and a half years ago. Their country will ever pay honor to Captain Scott, who, after a fine career as a naval officer, devoted himself with single-minded heroism to the realization of a great ideal; to Dr. 20 torpedoed. Murder does not become in-Wilson, surgeon, zoölogist, and artist; to Captain Oates, of the Inniskillings; to Lieutenant Bowers, of the Indian Navy; and to Seaman Edgar Evans. For their friends we feel the keenest sympathy, and 25 especially for Captain Scott's young wife, the distinguished sculptress, now on the high sea in the hope -- how vain! -- of meeting her husband in New Zealand. To we can but recall the famous lines of Tennyson on Franklin, so exactly applicable if we change one single word:

and thou Heroic sailor-soul. Art passing on thine happier voyage now

Toward no earthly pole!'

XII

THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA

[World (New York), May 8, 1915. By permission.]

The circumstances and the consequences of the destruction of the Lusitania by a German submarine call for all the self- 50 losses are incalculable. restraint and self-possession that the American people can command.

Morally, the sinking of the Lusitania was no worse than the sinking of the

Falaba.

In each case a passenger ship carrying neutrals and non-combatants was destroyed by a German submarine, and hun-

dreds of helpless men, women and children left to survive or drown, as luck decreed. The destruction of the Lusitania makes a more dramatic appeal to the human im-Falaba, but both were crimes against civilization in equal degree.

How many American lives have been snuffed out in the loss of the Lusitania we German Government that anybody escaped from either ship. It is no fault of the German Government that every American on board the Lusitania is not lying at the

The German authorities claim in extenuation that fair warning was given to Americans by the German Embassy in Washington that the Lusitania was to be nocent and innocuous because the victim has been warned in advance that the blow would be struck if he persisted in the exercise of his lawful rights.

It may be said in respect to this warning that nobody believed the Germans could or would carry out their threat. People thought better of them than they thought of themselves. And why they should have her, and to all who admired Captain Scott, 30 carried out the threat, abetted by the complaisant indifference of the British Gov-

ernment, is still a mystery.

What military advantage was gained by such a procedure comparable to the moral 'Not here! The white South has thy bones; 35 revulsion against Germany that it is certain to produce? Wars are not won by drowning neutrals or non-combatants. We venture to say that no single act of this conflict has so outraged American 40 opinion or so riddled German prestige in this country as the destruction of the Lusitania. The Germans have sunk the largest British ship in active mercantile service. They have destroyed a small 45 quantity of munitions of war. They have evidently killed a large number of Americans and non-combatants. In the long run they might better have lost a battle. The military gains are trifling. The moral

The whole German submarine policy in its campaign, not against British ships of war but against merchantmen on the high seas, is a revival of piracy - piracy or-55 ganized, systematized and nationalized. is piracy against neutrals as well as against enemies. One day it is a British passenger ship that is torpedoed. Another

day it is an American merchant ship flying the American flag which is destroyed without a word of warning. And still another day it is a defenseless Swedish or a from the face of the waters by a German tornedo.

Modern history affords no other such example of a great nation running amuck

and calling it military necessity.

During the last century the United States has had more years of warfare than Germany. The life of this nation has hung in the balance too. But we never found it necessary to make war upon neu- 15 the American who frankly admitted it to trals, or upon non-combatants, or upon women and children. We never found it necessary to ignore or flout all the established rules of civilized warfare. We never found it necessary to outrage the 20 terial setting of the new German kultur, moral sentiment of mankind or to defy the public opinion of civilization.

What Germany expects to gain by her policy is something we cannot guess. What advantage will it be to her to be left 25 entifically expended, has impressed not without a friend or a well-wisher in the world? The war cannot last forever. Peace will eventually come, if only through exhaustion. What will be the attitude of States have long been a staple for illusthe other nations toward Germany when 30 trated articles. Still more could Amerithe conflict is finished? How many decades must pass before Germany can live down the criminal record that she is writing for herself in the annals of history?

desperation have become outlaws. But we recall no other instance in which a great nation has deliberately elected to become an outlaw. That is the tragedy of ernment is pursuing, and eventually the German people will pay a staggering price for their Government's folly - a price that cannot be measured even in treasure or blood.

XIII

GERMAN FEELING TOWARD AMERICA

[Springfield Daily Republican, May 17, 1915.

By permission.]

ditional friendships between countries are subjected to severe tension, and a standing grudge or even a habit of contemptuous

dislike is a misfortune. How does the case stand between the people of the United States and the people of Germany? So far as our side is concerned the popular Norwegian or a Dutch ship that is blown 5 feeling has at all times been one of entire friendliness, mixed with a great deal of admiration in recent years for German efficiency and a sense of rivalry in which there was no jealousy or disquietude.

With much of Germany's culture, the American of the practical sort was unfamiliar. German music was taken for granted and its recognized excellence and pervasiveness commanded the respect of be over his head. German literature has made no great impression outside of a very small circle in which its greatness has been fully recognized. But the mathe model cities, the theaters and concert halls, the striking novelties in architecture. beautiful parks and suburbs, the whole imposing display of new wealth scionly the multitude of travelers, but the great reading public, to which the progress of Germany and its lessons for the United cans appreciate the wonderful development of Germany in a specialty of our own like machinery. America long ago formed a genuine respect for the Germans It has often happened that men in their 35 as people who 'do things,' and America's own confidence in its boundless resources is too complete for the slightest envy over this truly remarkable development.

Such has been the ordinary and therethe insensate policy that the German Gov- 40 fore the significant American attitude toward Germany, the attitude of the business man, the 'man in the street,' the 'plain American' in varying degrees of plainness. As for academic circles and the larger 45 circles which are concerned with education and kindred matters, the influence of Germany has of course been immense, and for a generation paramount. To thousands of educated Americans, as to 50 Lord Haldane, Germany has been their 'spiritual home.' German ideas have affected American education from the kindergarten to the university, and our intellectual workers, like our machinists, In a time of strained relations even tra-55 have paid homage to German thoroughness and German genius.

What is the reverse of the picture? That an eager and friendly interest in America as the land of new hopes and new possibilities was long traditional in Germany is well known. That the mass of the German people, leaving out of acfriction, entertain a kindly feeling toward America and Americans there is reason to believe from the testimony of many observers who have known the country well. has been done in Germany than in this country to mar this friendliness of spirit.

For many years systematic disparagement of American ways and ideals has characterized a large part of the German 15 are doubts they come from a sense of press. Many papers have conducted a special department devoted to ridiculous and silly news or anecdotes intended to show the crudity and backwardness of the United States. ters in which this country is frankly disliked, and for the propagation of such views Germany has machinery the possibilities of which the outside world has lately had cause to realize. The outburst 25 tional character. On the plane of 'huof feeling during the Spanish War, which Americans then visiting in Germany have cause to remember, was not wholly a spontaneous outpouring of sympathy for Spain.

It must be remembered that bureaucratic 30 Germany has no special reason to love a republic; for its detestation of French democracy and English liberal institutions one need only turn to the life of Bismarck. Nor is the intellectual interest of 35 America in Germany fully reciprocated; from the German point of view we have almost no scholarship worthy of the name, and very little culture. When practical German school system fifteen years ago they were denounced as 'American' education; the conception of the United States as a land of sordid money grubbers is not carefully cultivated in Germany than elsewhere. In the present heat of feeling we should not forget the real and valuable service of Professor Muensterburg in setting forth American ideals and idealism.

Americans are reproached, and with some justice, for their ignorance of foreign affairs and foreign peoples, an ignoto dispel. Yet there is reason to think that in its appraisal of the true character of the German people, including even the

dogged energy and the dour stubbornness shown in this war, the American people have had a truer and fuller conception than the German people have had of us. count the present and let us hope passing 5 Even in the most bitter and in some cases unjustified protests against Germany's part in the war there has been an underlying recognition of the great qualities of the German people, and a feeling that not But it must regretfully be said that more to they but the system should be held responsible. In the present crisis it would greatly ease matters if the Germans equally appreciated America. Do they? It would be a relief to think so. If there the long and systematic disparagement of America and Americans in the German press. If Professor Muensterburg's friendly account of us had been given There are influential quar- 20 equal publicity, Germany could not fail to comprehend that America is not merely the land of the almighty dollar, and that the idealism of Woodrow Wilson represents a real and important side of the namanity first,' Germans and Americans should be able to stand together.

XIV

A SOLDIER AND A BULLET

[Life, May 13, 1915. By permission.]

A German-born American letter-writer to the Evening Post says that he has heard from his mother that his brother, killed in France in February, 'died with an Amerstudies were forcing themselves into the 40 ican bullet in his heart.' He complains, not of his brother's death, but about the American bullet. 'I have another brother,' he says, 'fighting for his country's cause, a father of three little ones uncommon in Europe, but it has been more 45 waiting for his return; is he, too, going to be killed by a United-States-made bullet?'

It is quite possible. The Germans came self-invited into France, and it is not for writing in German for Germans a book so them to be critical about the details of the hospitalities offered them. It strained French resources to receive and entertain so many visitors. The French had to get supplies where they could, and it was quite rance which the past year has done much 55 a scramble to get enough. They bought bullets, no doubt, in the open market, and if they got some American bullets, why not?

Let us hope there will always be American bullets available for countries fighting against invasion and subjection by

their powerful neighbors.

ter-writer's brother is dead is that he was a German invader fighting in France. His errand was so to crush France that she could never again get in Germany's The philosophical may say that it was way. No doubt it was not his fault that mature responding to a sudden and savage he was on that errand, but it was the German mind that sent him that is guilty of his death, not the American bullet that killed him.

XV

WAR BABIES

War, in itself an elemental expression of human emotions, has caused a reversion to hetairism which the philosophical find easy to understand but which society is 25 charity, church, and nation are now conperplexed to make room for in an ordered state of morals. The consequences of the reversion are babies without names. nations at war need the babies and want them and realize that neither the mother 30 of thought and kept out of conversation who has borne the child nor the child itself can be permitted to suffer what in ordinary times would be the punishment imposed for irregularity.

state of promiscuous concubinage, but the disposition to 'breed before you die' has followed some stronger urge than that of ecclesiastical exhortation and has embraced more opportunities than were of-40 ice to the state. The fact that she has fered by the specially simplified marriage procedure arranged for those about to go

into battle.

The Church of England has been criticized for adapting itself to a situation 45 shame and disgrace that would have been which threatened to withdraw the youth of the country from matrimonial possibilities and consequently to have a depressing effect upon the vital statistics of the nation. It was accused of provoking a 50 disregard of moral restraints and of causing a lapse into promiscuity by throwing aside delicacy and coming out plump with the declaration that England was going to lose men and would need babies.

It is fairer to say that the church was working as energetically as it could to regularize relations which the authorities knew were being formed irregularly as the The reason why the good German let- 5 result of the tremendous upheaval in human conditions. Considerations which were important in ordinary times disappeared in extraordinary times.

attack upon her most essential process. She made a readjustment in anticipation of interference with her orderly methods. She quickened the will to live and put it 15 in the form of the will to breed. Of that impulse even the philosophical would concede that the unmarried fathers and mothers would be unconscious. Their consciousness would be restricted within [Chicago Tribune, April 30, 1915. By permission.] 20 simpler emotional bounds, but that would not eliminate the possibility of the greater plan. Nature was not thrown off her balance, but made readjustments and with the consequences public policy, morals, cerned.

Hitherto Great Britain has regarded such a subject as one far below the line. It was to be denied of experience, put out and counsel. Even now the English will not even approximate Magyar candor or the policy of Maria Theresa and her regiments of hussars, but reticence has been Europe has not returned generally to a 35 broken down. Facts are facts and it is impossible and impolitic to pass on the other side of the highway with averted eves.

The unmarried mother has done a servoutweighs the fact that she did not intend to, and the state is concerned to see that her position is regularized, that she and her child are protected from the the punishment in ordinary times, and that they are given protection and made what they ought to be, valuable to the

state.

If nature readjusted herself to meet a danger, society will have to readjust itself to accept the consequences, and then, with the normal restored, both may proceed in approved and sanctioned 55 ways.

XVI

WHY AMERICA DOES N'T MAKE DYES

[A. B. MACDONALD]

[Kansas City Star, April 27, 1915. By permission.]

The European War brought to this whole country the revelation that we were getting nearly all our dyes from Germany. For the last thirty years the dye country to duplicate it, and a tremendous industry in this country has been pro- 15 investment and loss before the success tected by a 30 per cent. tariff, and yet there is made in this country only 15 per cent, of the ten million dollars' worth of dyes used here, and we made only have been unable during thirty years of seventeen of the 912 dyes used. The rest 20 tariff protection to develop a coal-tar of our dyes come from Germany.

Then the public began asking: don't we make our own dyes and save all this money?'

chemical process, out of coal tar,' was the answer.

'Coal tar? Why, the United States produces 125 million gallons of coal tar annually. Why don't we use it in making 30 based.'
our own dyes?' And

That question has been going the rounds of the newspapers for months, and some have answered it one way, and swers has just been made by Arthur D. Little of Boston, a chemist, and one of the greatest experts in dyestuffs in this

country.

and explosives industry, as developed in Germany, is the most highly organized of any industry in the world. Starting with fewer than a dozen crude raw materials derived from coal tar, it builds 45 line. up by chemical processes, requiring elaborate and expensive plants and the most rigid scientific control of operating conditions, twelve hundred products. The correlation and interdependence of these many products. The industry is self-contained. It makes its own crudes and converts its own wastes into raw material for 55 in any proper sense. new processes. The adjustment of the economic balance is so close that even a slight change in the value of some one

product may disarrange whole processes and affect disastrously many products.

There are twenty-two factories in the business in Germany and the industry 5 is bound together by trade agreements and cooperative arrangements. Germany dves to thirty-three countries. ships China takes four times as much German indigo as the United States consumes.

This great industry has been fortyfive years in building up in Germany, and in finding its world markets. It would require, probably, nearly as long for this was realized, if it ever should be real-

'The plain underlying reason why we color industry, while during the same period the Germans have magnificently succeeded, is to be found in the failure of our manufacturers and capitalists to real-'They are made by a very complex 25 ize the creative power and earning capacity of industrial research,' says Mr. Little. 'This power and this capacity have been recognized by Germany, and on them as corner stones her industries are

And then he goes on to ask why we should try to duplicate the German dyeplants which are already capable of meeting the demands of the whole world as some another, but one of the best an-35 soon as peace is restored. That would only plunge us into a commercial warfare against the most strongly intrenched industrial position in the world.

Rather, he suggests, we should leave He points out that the coal-tar color to the dye business to the Germans, and explosives industry, as developed in consider some of the other things we might do with the vast expenditure of effort, money and research that would be necessary to rival the Germans in that

We waste 150 million tons of wood a year, a billion feet of natural gas a day, millions of tons of flax, wheat and oat straw at every harvest. Coke ovens whole system of production depends for 50 flame for miles in Pennsylvania and Colits commercial efficiency upon the close orado, wasting precious ammonia. Unorado, wasting precious ammonia. Un-touched peat deposits fringe our entire Atlantic seaboard. The whole South is a reservoir of industrial wealth, untapped

> One-tenth of the research, energy and skill which would be required to rival the German dye industry, if applied to the

lumber industry of the South would result in the creation of a whole series of great interlocking industries, each more profit-

able than lumbering.

dominate the paper market of the world. he says. 'It would transport denatured alcohol by pipe line and tank steamer. make thousands of tons a day of carbohydrate cattle feeds, reorganize and de- to us is dangerous. If the impression is crevelop along new lines and to far better purpose its languishing naval stores industry, and find new opportunity on every hand. To do these things in one industry, and many things as good in other 15 scant respect; and it was eminently desirindustries, requires only a little faith, sustained, courageous effort, and the appreciation by American financiers of the earning power of research.'

XVII

A BULLDOG, NOT A PUG

[Charleston News and Courier, May 19, 1915.]

Secretary Daniels's speech in New York at the banquet given in honor of the officers of the Atlantic fleet is for several 30 ought to be is well known and is adreasons a notable utterance. In a sense, it may be said to have given the country the best assurance which it has yet had that the administration is not in the camp of those who scoff at the idea that pre- 35 far from being what it ought to be, it is a paredness is a safeguard against war. The country has never been able to determine to what extent Mr. Bryan's pacifist and disarmament ideas held sway at Washington, and it has been feared that 40 fection for the navy, does not deny the they exerted an influence so strong as to be dangerous. Certainly Mr. Daniels's speech is reassuring on this score. When he says that the country is entering upon an era in which the navy is going to be 45 Security League and his concise setting expanded and strengthened 'in order that by our very strength we may be able to demand the right to live at peace with all the world,' one is justified in assuming that the Wilson administration has not so it. been infected with the Bryan nonsense which holds that preparedness is productive of war instead of being a safeguard - though of course not an infallible one – against war.

That Mr. Daniels should at this time be at pains to proclaim the present high ef-

ficiency of the navy may also be signifi-Just now it is especially important that certain people across the water should be under no delusions about the 'The South would be in a position to 5 physical ability of this nation to take care of itself. We are more likely to be permitted to tread the path of peace that we would fain follow, if it be well known and thoroughly understood that to attack ated that we are no better able to defend ourselves and our rights than China - an impression which, there is reason to fear, already prevails — we are apt to be shown able that something should be said or done to offset the recent utterances of the National Security League, which, however well intended and however sincere 20 they might have been, were certainly most inopportune. This is no time to tell the American people and the world in general, as the National Security League has been telling them, that the United States 25 navy is practically worthless.

It is nothing of the kind. Mr. Daniels could not make out such a good case for the navy if he did not have truth on his side. That the navy is not all it mitted by nobody more frankly than by Mr. Daniels. It needs more ships, it needs faster ships, it needs more men, it needs more auxiliaries; but though it is very respectable navy nevertheless and it would give a very good account of itself if it were called upon to stand the test of battle. Mr. Daniels does not claim perexistence of certain serious weaknesses; but nothing could be more effective, as far as it goes, than his categorical answer to the specific allegations of the National forth of the facts which show that the navy, though not as large as it should be, is in good trim for the performance of any service that may be required of

It is very well that these facts should be set forth just at this time. The householder who has a fairly large and thoroughly capable bulldog gains noth-55 ing by assuring possible trespassers that the bulldog is really nothing but a pug and, besides, has no teeth.

XVIII

THE END OF AN ODYSSEY

[Manchester Guardian (England), April 26, 1915.]

The news from Berlin of the arrival in Arabia of the remnants of the Emden's crew is the finishing touch to an adventure well in keeping with the general his- 10 and so we come definitely to the 'last of tory of the famous German commerce raider. When the Emden was caught by the Sydney off Cocos Island on November o she put out to meet the Sydney without taking on board again the landing party 15 which had been put ashore to wreck the cable station.

By the time the *Emden* had formally surrendered and several rescues had been made of isolated members of her crew 20 who had taken to the water, night was falling, and it was too late for the Svdney to get into communication with the cable station.

captain learned that the Emden's landing party of forty men and three officers had made vigorous use of the delay. had seized and provisioned a seventy-ton The population of Japan is 370 to the schooner, the Ayesha, and escaped in her 30 square mile—about four times that of the previous evening with four Maxims and a modest but useful amount of ammunition for them.

There was material here for a fine adnovelist, and it has been pretty well fulfilled in fact. The cable operators vowed that it would be a short one, asserting that the Ayesha was leaking when she was

But she did not sink — perhaps the resourceful crew repaired her on their voymiles away, on the coast of Sumatra. This was on November 28, and since then, from the details given in the Berlin message, the Ayesha has made her way in the Indian Ocean, reaching the Arabian coast at the bottom of the Red Sea on March 27.

Presumably the intention of her crew center of their allies, the Turkish army. But their adventures were by no means over, for on their way they were attacked

by the Arabs of the Yemen, who have no great love for Turkish rule. The Arabs clung to the party for three days, and left their mark on it in the shape of several 5 casualities.

The wounded, says the Berlin message, are now in hospital at Jeddah, which presumably means that the rest have got into touch with some sort of Turkish forces; the Emden,' as an individual fighting unit.

XIX

SWARMING OF THE JAPANESE HIVE

[Los Angeles Times, May 7, 1915.]

Japan has nearly six tenths as great a population as the United States, with an area only one twenty-fourth as large. It has twenty two times as great a popula-When she did so on the next day her 25 tion as the State of California, with an area not quite as large, and it has four times the population of Mexico, with an area less than one fifth of that country.

> China — while that of the United States is 85, Mexico 18 and of California 15 to

the square mile.

Great Britain solved the problem of a venture after the heart of a sea-faring 35 congested population by a system of colonization beyond seas. There are eight British colonies in Asia, twelve in Africa, seventeen in America and nine in Australia. France has colonies in Algeria. seized and would take her captors to the 40 Senegal, Tunis, Cayenne, Cambodia, Co-bottom with her before they got very far. chin China, Tonquin, New Caledonia, Tahiti, Sahara and Madagascar, and Germany has her colonies of Eastern and age—and in three weeks she was lay- Western Africa. The Netherlands have ing in stores at Padang, a straight 830 45 Borneo, Celebes, Java, New Guinea, Sumatra, Surinam and the Moluccas. Portugal has a larger population in Africa than in Europe. Italy has Eritrea, Tripoli and the Somali coast. With European four months across at least 4100 miles of 50 nations colonization is a convenience, with Japan it is an immediate and vital necessity. Her people are not welcome in any Latin-American country except possibly Mexico. There is a large tract of counwas then to march inland to the nearest 55 try in northern China not so thickly settled but that it could accommodate more people, but if Japan gets a foothold there she will have to fight for it.

On the whole the most available outlet for Japan seems to be in West Mexico. That portion of our sister republic is more sparsely populated than any other part and freer from the ravages of banditti because 5 earnings, and at a premium of about 1 there is not much of anything portable to steal. Japanese are welcome there and, if they go there, not to establish a Japanese colony or to retain their allegiance to Japan, but to become Mexican citizens in 10 insurance, and if they are thrown out of accordance with Mexican laws, such action would not be an infraction of the Monroe Doctrine. We could n't prevent it even if we wanted to, and it is by no means certain that we would want to.

XX

INSURANCE FOR EVERYBODY 20

[Saturday Evening Post, May 1, 1915. By permission.]

Within three or four years group insurance of lives has become an im-25 portant factor in the business of life insurance, many companies now engaging in Say a plant employs a thousand men. The company will insure all of them under one blanket policy, without any individual 30 are printed. These constitute a valuable application or medical examination. Generally the amount payable at death is one year's wage or salary, whatever that may have been; and the premium paid by the employer runs from I to 11/2 per cent.

No physical examinations are necessary, because the mere fact that the men are at work is sufficient proof that, as a rule, they are in good bodily condition; and by insuring a thousand employed men in a 40 practical sides of the problem is the paper lump the company gets the average risk, which is all it needs. It could afford to insure the whole adult population of a city en bloc, because then also it would get the average risk, on which its premium 45 in 1800, when a French physician tried charges are based; in fact, experience indicates that group insurance risks run above the average. The insurance applies, of course, only to men on the pay roll. If a man's employment ceases his so feeble-minded children were there trained insurance automatically ceases with it. Presumably if he becomes decrepit his employment will cease or his wages will decline; so the company at his death will be required to pay less than if he had been 55

The striking thing is the demonstrated practicability of insuring every employed

It would be entirely féasible, that is, for a city, a state or a nation to insure every employed man within its borders in an amount equal to his yearly per cent. of the total yearly pay roll.

An objection raised to group insurance is that it causes men to rely on that expedient instead of taking out individual work their insurance ceases. But it is answered that the group scheme, by demonstrating the advantages of insurance to many men who might otherwise ignore 15 it, has just the opposite effect.

We hope the latter argument is true, for every man with dependents and without a fortune ought to insure his life.

XXI

THE FEEBLE-MINDED

[Indianapolis News, April 30, 1915. By permission.]

In the last issue of the Indiana Bulletin of Charities and Corrections papers read before the Indiana Academy of Science addition to the purpose of the Bulletin. They concern themselves chiefly with discussion, from various points of view, of feeble-mindedness and the problem it pre-35 sents to the state in the care that must inevitably be exercised over those so conditioned, and as to what shall be done to restrict the ravages of the affliction. In the nature of a brief résumé of the read by Dr. Bliss, superintendent of the state school for feeble-minded youth at Ft. Wayne. Incidentally, he recounted the history of the subject, which began unsuccessfully to educate a 'wild boy' found in the woods. The first successful attempt was made in our own country at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1836. Several to some degree. A dozen years later Massachusetts started the first state school. Other States followed, and Indiana came into line in 1879.

These schools were all started with the idea that mental defect was curable. But it is now known that it is not. It is a condition, not a disease. Feeble-mindedness is a defective brain and can never be cured, but may be relieved. There are between 5000 and 6000 such persons in our State needing institutional care, and The remainder are at large producing their kind, and if we are to protect the future generations of our people from this growing burden something must be

What to do, Dr. Bliss says, is a perplexing question. The best thing, he thinks, for some years at least, is segregation, to be applied not to those already approves the commission recommended by Amos Butler for investigation and report to the next legislature. He recommends also a farm of 2000 acres for boys and suitable occupations can be provided. Better marriage laws also would be a great help. All this would be followed by registration of diseases that produce the farm is the thing and the doctor urges that the State should realize the momentousness of the problem that it faces and undertake measures to prevent the reprothe way of getting the better of a condition that now is allowed to go on developing. Certainly, there is here a condition that should be met. The State can tion as Secretary Butler recommended would be a long step in the right direction both as to state economy and humanity.

XXII

STONEHENGE IN THE MARKET

[Manchester Guardian, England, May 29, 1915.]

Between now and September next, when the Amesbury Abbey estate is to be sold, there is plenty of time for the nation to make up its mind to rescue from private ownership the oldest and most debated of 50 with regard to its purchase.

its national monuments, and, even though we are at war, to secure, if necessary by public subscription, the money needed for its rescue. On the rolling chalk of 'the only about one fourth are getting it. 5 Great Plain' of Mr. Hardy's novels, skirted by two of those white ribbons over which the military transport wagons will have gone crunching so very noisily in the blazing sunshine of the past week - in no more normal Whit-weeks they would, as like as not, have been the wagons of the Lancashire Territorials - stands Stonehenge, and Stonehenge is part of the Amesbury Abbey estate. Perhaps in institutions, but to those at large. He 15 'rescue' is a rather invidious term to apply to its purchase on behalf of the nation; for if the great monument had to be in private hands it could hardly have been in better ones than those of the late Sir men, and a smaller one for women, where 20 Edmund Antrobus. If he did startle the stranger who sought it out for the first time by the spectacle of a wire fence, a turnstile and a policeman, those unromantic adjuncts were provided with the best feeble-mindedness. But, for the present, 25 intentions and with the sanction of three eminent antiquarian associations. (Though apparently necessary to the safety of the stones, they were not happy additions. They took from one forever a little of the duction of defectives and so set out on 30 strange, hopeless beauty which Mr. Hardy had lent to the uninclosed Stonehenge in the closing chapters of Tess of the \bar{D} 'Urbervilles; they went ill with the taut, doomed happiness which Tess snatched not ignore it and its thorough investiga- 35 from her reconciliation with Angel Clare, an awed idyll which ended below the great stones when the dawn showed the hunters, who 'walked as if trained,' closing round the sleeping girl from the shadows 40 of the trilithons.) But for such a relic national ownership is better than the most considerate private hands. The great numbers of our New Army who must have made pilgrimage to the famous stones dur-45 ing the past nine months will have done something to increase public interest in their fate. One hopes that before the sun rises on Midsummer Day in line with the avenue' some steps will have been taken

HUMOROUS AND OCCASIONAL E., ARTICLES

Humorous writing is much more the result of natural disposition and of point of view than of specific training and rule. The fact, however, that every newspaper devotes space ranging in extent from a corner to a column to writing that is occasional and humorous in character, and that there are numerous weekly periodicals devoted solely to this form of writing, is sufficient evidence of a popularity as widespread as it has been perennial. Some American writers of national repute, such as Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and O. Henry, began their literary careers with obscure newspaper contributions of a humorous character. The daily paper or the monthly magazine of the majority of American colleges affords the student who has any ability or desire for humorous writing abundant opportunity to try his hand and to develop his skill.

A rough distinction between Humor and Wit is perhaps desirable, though these two phases of the Comic may often be found together in the same piece of writing. Humor is largely a matter of point of view; it is an outlook on life largely determined by temperament. Wit is manifested by a fine facility for apt speech, by the unexpected, quick-turned and appropriate remark, by the sparkling, keen-cut saying. The former calls for broad emotional sym-

pathy; the latter, for quick intellectual perception.

The writer-in-training will have to be on constant guard against an insidious temptation to cheapness, coarseness, and exaggeration. Crude vulgarity of conception and tiresome repetition of superficial mannerisms he will have continually to strive against. Genuine humor is not a literary trick, nor is it a matter that can be reduced to a formula or recipe. It implies freshness and sincerity in point of view, and should demand real and conscious literary skill in expression, so long as this effort does not deaden that spontaneity which is one of the greatest charms of humor.

For obvious reasons examples of the ubiquitous 'joke' or humorous paragraph and the interesting but disjointed 'column' are omitted from this section. The examples here included range from the somewhat lengthy treatment of a serious subject with a light and humorous touch, as in 'The Devil and the Deep Sea' or 'System versus Slippers,' to the comparatively brief paragraph about so trivial a subject as 'Hairpins' or 'The Improved Baby.' The occasional article, often humorous in character, is suggested, like the informal essay which in many respects it resembles, by some topic of passing interest, or by some sporadic idea capable of brief development. It is interesting, informal, light, and provocative of thought by suggestion rather than by explicit didactic method.

Ι

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

STEPHEN B. LEACOCK

[University Magazine, December, 1910. By permission of author and publisher.]

fallen into an ungrateful oblivion. His

three-pronged oyster fork and looking into the ashes of his smothered fire. Theology will have none of him. Genial clergy of ample girth, stuffed with the buttered 5 toast of a rectory tea, are preaching him out of existence. The fires of his material hell are replaced by the steam heat of moral torture. This even the most sensitive of sinners faces with equanimity. So The Devil is passing out of fashion. 10 the Devil's old dwelling is dismantled and After a long and honorable career he has stands by the roadside with a sign-board bearing the legend, 'Museum of Moral existence has become snauowy, and the line attenuated, and his personality displeasing to a complacent generation. So is of earlier ages, is a poor, make-believe thing, a jack-o'-lantern on a stick, with a Torment, These Premises to Let.' In

turnip head and candle eyes, labeled 'Demon of Moral Repentance, Guaranteed Worse than Actual Fire.' The poor thing

grins in its very harmlessness.

unappreciative generation fails to realize the high social function that he once performed. There he stood for ages a simple and workable basis of human morality; an admirable first-hand reason for be- to ing good, which needed no ulterior explanation. The rude peasant of the Middle Ages, the illiterate artisan of the shop, and the long-haired hind of the fields, had no need to speculate upon the 15 cut into a multitude of little professorial problem of existence and the tangled skein of moral enquiry. The Devil took all that off their hands. He had either to 'be good' or else he 'got the fork,' just as in our time the unsuccessful comedian of 20 locutor at a grotesque conversational disamateur night in the vaudeville houses 'gets the hook.' Humanity, with the Devil to prod it from behind, moved steadily upwards on the path of moral development. Then having attained a certain 25 bfloading house where I spent a portion of elevation, it turned upon its tracks, denied that there had been any Devil, rubbed itself for a moment by way of investigation, said that there had been no prodding, and then fell to wandering about on the 30 nature and of its beauties, of the stars and hilltops without any fixed idea of goal or direction.

In other words, with the disappearance of the Devil there still remains unsolved the problem of conduct, and behind it the 35 double-shotted riddle of the universe. How are we getting along without the Devil? How are we managing to be good without the fork? What is happening to our conception of

goodness itself?

To begin with, let me disclaim any intention of writing of morality from the point of view of the technical, or professional, moral philosopher. Such a person references to pragmatism, transcendentalism, and esoteric synthesis — leaving his auditors angry but unable to retaliate. This attitude, I am happy to say, I am pragmatism is, and I do not care. I know the word transcendental only in connection with advertisements for 'gents' furnishings.' If Kant, or Schopenhauer, or Anheuser Busch have already settled these 55 ways come out on top. 'Ah,' said the questions, I cannot help it.

In any case, it is my opinion that nowa-days we are overridden in the specialties,

each in his own department of learning, with his tags, and label, and his pigeonhole category of proper names, precluding all discussion by ordinary people. No man Now that the Devil is passing away, an 5 may speak fittingly of the soul without spending at least six weeks in a theological college; morality is the province of the moral philosopher who is prepared to pelt the intruder back over the fence with a shower of German commentaries. Ignorance, in its wooden shoes, shuffles around the portico of the temple of learning, stumbling among the litter of terminology. The broad field of human wisdom has been rabbit warrens. In each of these a specialist burrows deep, scratching out a shower of terminology, head down in an unlovely attitude which places an interadvantage.

May I digress a minute to show what I mean by the inconvenience of modern learning? This happened at a summer the season of rest, in company with a certain number of ordinary, ignorant people like myself. We got on well together. In the evenings on the veranda we talked of why they were so far away— we did n't know their names, thank God — and such

like simple topics of conversation.

Sometimes under the influence of a sentimentalism from huckleberry pie and doughnuts, we even spoke of the larger issues of life, and exchanged opinions on immortality. used no technical terms. We knew none. The talk was harmless and happy. Then there came among us a faded man in a coat that had been black before it turned green, who was a Ph.D. of Oberlin Col-The first night he sat on the vewould settle the whole question by a few 45 randa, somebody said how beautiful the sunset was. Then the man from Oberlin spoke up and said: 'Yes, one could almost fancy it a pre-Raphaelite conception with the same chiaroscuro in the atmoquite unable to adopt. I do not know what 50 sphere.' There was a pause. That ended all nature study for almost an hour. Later in the evening, some one who had been reading a novel said in simple language that he was sick of having the hero alman from Oberlin, 'but does n't that precisely correspond with Nitch's idea' (he meant, I suppose, Nietzsche, but he pronounced it to rime with 'bitch') 'of the dominance of man over fate?' Mr. Hezekiah Smith who kept the resort looked round admiringly and said, 'Ain't he a round admiringly and said, 'Ain't he a from the Devil; but are we after all so terr?' He certainly was. While the man 5 much better off? Or do we, in respect of from Oberlin stayed with us, elevating conversation was at an end, and a selfconscious ignorance hung upon the veranda like a fog.

Let us notice in the first place that because we have kicked out the Devil as an absurd and ridiculous superstition, unworthy of a scientific age, we have by no means eliminated the supernatural and the super-ra- 15 writhing about his post, frenzied and hystional from the current thought of our time. I suppose there never was an age more riddled with superstition, more credulous, more drunkenly addicted to thaumaturgy than the present. The Devil in 20 its gibbering occupants converted into a his palmiest days was nothing to it. In despite of our vaunted material commonsense, there is a perfect craving abroad for belief in something beyond the compass of the believable.

It shows itself in every age and class. Simpering Seventeen gets its fortune told on a weighing machine, and shudders with luxurious horror at the prospective vil-Senile Seventy gravely sits on a wooden bench at a wonder-working meeting, waiting for a gentleman in a 'Tuxedo' jacket to call up the soul of Napoleon Here you have a small tenement, let us say, on South Clark Street, Chicago. What is it? It is the home of Nadir the Nameless, the great Hindoo astrologer. ing for a revelation of the future. Where is Nadir? He is behind a heavily draped curtain, worked with Indian serpents. By the waiting clients Nadir is understood to and Osiris. In reality Nadir is frying potatoes. Presently he will come out from behind the curtain and announce that Osiris has spoken (that is, the potatoes are and that he is prepared to reveal hidden treasure at forty cents a revelation. Marvelous, is it not, this Hindoo astrology business? And any one can be a Nadir blue with thimbleberry juice, wrap a red turban round his forehead, and cut the rate of revelation to thirty-five cents. Such is

the credulity of the age which has repudiated the Devil as too difficult of belief.

We have, it is true, moved far away the future, contain within ourselves the promise of better things? I suppose that most of us would have the general idea that there never was an age which dis-However, let us get back to the Devil. 10 played so high a standard of morality, or at least of ordinary human decency, as our We look back with a shudder to the blood-stained history of our ancestors; the fires of Smithfield with the poor martyr terical in the flames; the underground cell where the poor remnant of humanity turned its haggard face to the torch of the entering gaoler; the madhouse itself with show for the idle fools of London. We may well look back on it all and say that, at least, we are better than we were. The history of our little human race would 25 make but sorry reading were not its every page imprinted with the fact that human ingenuity has invented no torment too great for human fortitude to bear.

In general decency — sympathy — we lainy of the Dark Man who is to cross her 30 have undoubtedly progressed. Our courts of law have forgotten the use of the thumbkins and boot; we do not press a criminal under 'weights greater than he can bear' in order to induce him to plead; Bonaparte, and ask its opinion of Mr. Taft. 35 nor flog to ribbands the bleeding back of the malefactor dragged at the cart's tail through the thoroughfares of a crowded city. Our public, objectionable though it is, as it fights its way to its ball games, Who are in the front room? Clients wait- 40 breathes peanuts and peppermint upon the offended atmosphere, and shrieks aloud its chronic and collective hysteria, is at all events better than the leering oafs of the Elizabethan century, who put hard-boiled be in consultation with the twin fates, Isis 45 eggs in their pockets and sat around upon the grass waiting for the 'burning' to be-

But when we have admitted that we are better than we were as far as the facts of now finished and on the back of the stove) 50 our moral conduct go, we may well ask as to the principles upon which our conduct is based. In past ages there was the authoritative moral code as a guide - thou shalt and thou shalt not — and behind it the Nameless, who cares to stain his face 55 the pains, and the penalties, and the threepronged oyster fork. Under that influence, humanity, or a large part of it, slowly and painfully acquired the moral habit. At present it goes on, as far as its actions are concerned, with the momentum of the old beliefs.

But when we turn from the actions on the surface to the ideas underneath, we 5 itself. find in our time a strange confusion of beliefs out of which is presently to be made the New Morality. Let us look at some of the varied ideas manifested in the cross time.

Here we have first of all the creed and cult of self-development. It arrogates to itself the title of New Thought, but con-According to this particular outlook the goal of morality is found in fully developing one's self. Be large, says the votary of this creed, be high, be broad. He the man may be fed but that he himself may be a shilling-giver. He cultivates sympathy with the destitute for the sake of being sympathetic. The whole of his vircheap and easy egomania in which his blind passion for himself causes him to use external people and things as mere reactions upon his own personality. ing point in its desire to be a moral ox.

In its more ecstatic form, this creed expresses itself in a sort of general feeling of 'uplift,' or the desire for internal moral expansion. The votary is haunted by the 35 the sense of being a corpse. idea of his own elevation. He wants to get into touch with nature, to swim in the Greater Being, 'to tune himself,' harmonize himself, and generally to perform He gets himself somehow mixed up with natural objects, with the sadness of autumn, falls with the leaves and drips with the dew. Were it not for the complacent self-sufficiency which he induces, his re-45 fined morality might easily verge into simple idiocy. Yet, odd though it may seem, this creed of self-development struts about with its head high as one of the chief thoritative dogma of the older time.

The vague and hysterical desire to 'uplift' one's self merely for exaltation's sake is about as effective an engine of moral the air by a terrific hitching up of the

The same creed has its physical side.

It parades the Body, with a capital B, as also a thing that must be developed; and this, not for any ulterior thing that may be effected by it but presumably as an end in The Monk or the Good Man of the older day despised the body as a thing that must learn to know its betters. He spiked it down with a hair shirt to teach it the virtue of submission. He was of course sections of the moral tendencies of our 10 very wrong and very objectionable. But one doubts if he was much worse than his modern successor who joys consciously in the operation of his pores and his glands, and the correct rhythmical contraction of tains in reality nothing but the Old Selfish- 15 his abdominal muscles, as if he constituted simply a sort of superior sewerage system.

I once knew a man called Juggins who exemplified this point of view. He used gives a shilling to a starving man, not that 20 to ride a bicycle every day to train his muscles and to clear his brain. He looked at all the scenery that he passed to develop his taste for scenery. He gave to the poor to develop his sympathy with poverty. He tue and his creed of conduct runs to a 25 read the Bible regularly in order to cultivate the faculty of reading the Bible, and visited picture galleries with painful assiduity in order to give himself a feeling for art. He passed through life with a moral little toad swells itself to the burst-30 strained and haunted expression waiting for clarity of intellect, greatness of soul, and a passion for art to descend upon him like a flock of doves. He is now dead. He died presumably in order to cultivate

No doubt, in the general scheme or purpose of things the cult of self-development and the botheration about the Body may, through the actions which it induces, be on himself as on a sort of moral accordion. 40 working for a good end. It plays a part, no doubt, in whatever is to be the general evolution of morality.

And there, in that very word evolution, we are brought face to face with another of the wide-spread creeds of our day, which seek to replace the older. This one is not so much a guide to conduct as a theory, and a particularly cheap and easy one, of a general meaning and movement moral factors which have replaced the au-50 of morality. The person of this persuasion is willing to explain everything in terms of its having been once something else and being about to pass into something further still. Evolution, as the natural progress as the effort to lift one's self in 55 scientists know it, is a plain and straightforward matter, not so much a theory as a view of a succession of facts taken in organic relation. It assumes no purposes whatever. It is not - if I may be allowed a professor's luxury of using a word which will not be understood — in any de-

gree teleological.

evolutionary theory of morals is generally one who is quite in the dark as to the true conception of evolution itself. He understands from Darwin, Huxley, and other great writers whom he has not read, that to ology the test of fitness to survive is the the animals have been fashioned into their present shape by a long process of twisting, contortion, and selection, at once la-The and deserving. giraffe lengthened its neck by conscientious is with a nickle-plated 'jimmy,' and the stretching; the frog webbed its feet by perpetual swimming; and the bird broke out in feathers by unremitting flying. 'Nature' by weeding out the short giraffe, the inadequate frog, and the top-heavy 20 thing which is, is right; everything which bird encouraged by selection the ones most 'fit to survive.' Hence the origin of species, the differentiation of organs - hence, in fact, everything.

and mis-translated from pure science to the humanities, is found the explanation of all our social and moral growth. Each of our religious customs is like the giraffe's neck. A manifestation such as the 30 inculcate was essentially altruistic. Things growth of Christianity is regarded as if humanity broke out into a new social organism, in the same way as the ascending amœba breaks out into a stomach. With this view of human relations, noth- 35 cess — weigh on the other side of the ing in the past is said to be either good or bad. Everything is a movement. balism is a sort of apprenticeship in meat-The institution of slavery is seen as an evolutionary stage towards free cit- 40 Hence we find saturating our contempo-izenship, and 'Uncle Tom's' overseer is rary literature the new worship of the no longer a nigger-driver but a social force tending towards the survival of the Booker Washington type of negro.

chloroform of this social dogma, the moral philosopher ceases to be able to condemn anything at all, measures all things with a centimeter scale of his little doctrine, and upon he presently desists from thought altogether, calls everything bad or good an evolution, and falls asleep with his hands folded upon his stomach murmuring 'sur-

vival of the fittest.'

Anybody who will look at the thing candidly, will see that the evolutionary explanation of morals is meaningless, and

presupposes the existence of the very thing it ought to prove. It starts from a misconception of the biological doctrine. Biology has nothing to say as to what The social philosopher who adopts the 5 ought to survive and what ought not to survive, it merely speaks of what does survive. The burdock easily kills the violet, and the Canadian skunk lingers where the humming-bird has died. In bifact of survival itself - nothing else. To apply this doctrine to the moral field brings out grotesque results. The successful burglar ought to be presented by society starving cripple left to die in the ditch. Everything - any phase of movement or religion - which succeeds, is right. Anything which does not is wrong. Everywas, is right; everything which will be, is right. All we have to do is to sit still and watch it come. This is moral evolution.

On such a basis, we might expect to find, Here, too, when the theory is taken over 25 as the general outcome of the new moral code now in the making, the simple worship of success. This is exactly what is happening. The morality which the Devil with his oyster fork was commissioned to were to be done for other people. The new ideas, if you combine them in a sort of moral amalgam — to develop one's self, to evolve, to measure things by their sucscale. So it comes about that the scale begins to turn and the new morality shows signs of exalting the old-fashioned Badness in place of the discredited Goodness. Strong Man, the easy pardon of the Unscrupulous, the Apotheosis of the Jungle, and the Deification of the Detective. With his brain saturated with the 45 Force, brute force, is what we now turn to as the moral ideal, and Mastery and Success as the sole tests of excellence. The nation cuddles its multi-millionaires, cinematographs itself silly with the picfinds them all of the same length. Where- so tures of its prize fighters, and even casts an eye of slantwise admiration through the bars of its penitentiaries. Beside these things the simple Good Man of the older. dispensation, with his worn alpaca coat 55 and his obvious inefficiency, is nowhere.

Truly, if we go far enough with it, the Devil may come to his own again, and more than his own, not merely as Head Stoker but as what is called an End in Himself.

I knew a little man called Bliggs. He worked in a railroad office, a simple, dusty, little man, harmless at home and out of it 5 all parts of our outspread domain, the men till he read of Napoleon and heard of the thing called a Superman. Then somebody told him of Nitch, and he read as much Nitch as he could understand. The thing went to his head. Morals were no 10 longer for him. He used to go home from the office and be a Superman by the hour, curse if his dinner was late, and strut the length of his little home with a silly irritation which he mistook for moral enfran- 15 indifferent to the favor of the plain multichisement. Presently he took to being a Superman in business hours, and the railroad dismissed him. They know nothing of Nitch in such crude places. It has cheered at railway stations and have often seemed to me that Bliggs typified 20 Chautauquas send for him. He did not much of the present moral movement.

Our poor Devil then is gone. We cannot have him back for the whistling. For generations, as yet unlearned in social philosophy, he played a useful part - a 25 American could have lived abroad for so dual part in a way, for it was his function to illustrate at once the pleasures and the penalties of life. Merriment in scheme of things was his, and for those

retribution and the oyster fork.

I can see him before me now, his long, eager face and deep-set, brown eyes, pathetic with the failure of ages — carrying with him his pack of cards, his amber 35 would have a good time and learn the Gerflask, and his little fiddle. Let but the door of the cottage stand open upon a winter night, and the Devil would blow in, offering his flask and fiddle, or rattling his box of dice.

So with his twin incentives of pain and pleasure he coaxed and prodded humanity on its path, till it reached the point where it repudiated him, called itself a Superwhich is the deep sea. Quo vadimus?

II

MARK TWAIN AS OUR EMISSARY

GEORGE ADE

Mark Twain had a large following of admirers who came to regard themselves

as his personal friends. Many of them he never met. Most of them never saw him. All of them felt a certain relationship and were flattered by it. Men and women in especially, cherished a private affection for him. They called him by his first name, which is the surest proof of abiding fondness. Andrew Jackson was known as Andy'; Abraham Lincoln was simply Abe' to every soldier boy; and, as a later instance, we have 'Teddy.' Some men settle down to a kinship with the shirtsleeve contingent, even when they seem tude.

Mark Twain never practised any of the wiles of the politician in order to be seem over-anxious to meet the reporters, and he had a fine contempt for most of the orthodox traditions cherished by the people who loved him. Probably no other many years without being editorially branded as an expatriate. In some sections of our country it is safer to be an accomplice in homicide, or a stand-patter in drawn too far in pleasure and merriment, 30 politics, than it is to be an 'expatriate.' When Mr. Clemens chose to take up his residence in Vienna he incurred none of the criticism visited upon Mr. William Waldorf Astor. Every one hoped he man language. Then when the word came back that he made his loafing headquarters in a place up an alley known as a stube, or a rathskeller, or something like that, all the women of the literary clubs, who kept his picture on the high pedestal with the candles burning in front of it, decided that stube meant 'shrine.' You may be sure that if they can find the place they will man, and headed straight for the cliff over 45 sink a bronze memorial tablet immediately above the main faucet.

Of course, the early books, such as Innocents Abroad, Roughing It, and The Gilded Age gave him an enormous vogue 50 in every remote community visited by book-agents. The fact that people enjoyed reading these cheering volumes and preserved them in the bookcase and moved out some of the classics by E. P. Roe and [Century Magazine, December, 1910. By permission.] 55 Mrs. Southworth in order to make room for Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, does not fully account for the evident and accepted popularity of Mark Twain. Other men wrote books that went into the bookcase but what one of them ever earned the special privilege of being hailed by

his first name?

many years more or less under the supervising eye of the public, the public learns a good many facts about him that are in no way associated with his set and regular duties as a servant of the public. Out of 10 house undoubtedly helped to strengthen the the thousand-and-one newspaper mentions and private bits of gossip and whispered words of inside information, even the busy man in the street comes to put an estimate on the real human qualities of each per- 15 of the drawl, waiting to be chirked up on sonage, and sometimes these estimates are surprisingly accurate, just as they are often sadly out of focus.

Joseph Jefferson had a place in the public esteem quite apart from that demanded 20 by his skill as an actor. Players and readers of newspapers came to know in time that he was a kind and cheery old gentleman of blameless life, charitable in his estimates of professional associates, a 25 modest devotee of the fine arts, an outdoor sportsman with the enthusiasm of a boy, and the chosen associate of a good many eminent citizens. When they spoke of 'Joe' Jefferson in warmth and kindness, 30 who knew more about roughing it than it was not because he played Rip Van Winkle so beautifully, but because the light of his private goodness had filtered through the mystery surrounding every popular actor. William H. Crane is an-35 if there was any real corned beef and cabother veteran of the stage who holds the regard of the public. It knows him as a comedian, and also it knows him as the kind of man we should like to invite up to our house to meet the 'folks.' The so- 40 improve the flavor of an angel!' rorities throb with a feeling of sisterhood for Miss Maude Adams because the girls feel sure that she is gracious and charming and altogether 'nice.'

well with the assorted grades making up what is generally known as the 'great public' even if he had done his work in a box and passed it out through a knothole. Any one who knew our homely neighbors so ryat lacerated our feelings long ago. as he knew them and could tell about them in loving candor, so that we laughed at them and warmed up to them at the same time, simply had to be 'all right.' Being prejudiced in his favor, we knew that if 55 us, and for years after that we trembled at he wanted to wear his hair in a mop and adopt white clothing and talk with a drawl, no one would dare to suggest that

he was affecting the picturesque. He was big enough to be different. Any special privilege was his without the asking. Having earned 100 per cent. of our hom-When a man has done his work for 5 age he did n't have to strain for new effects.

> His devotion to the members of his family and the heroic performance in connection with the debts of the publishing general regard for him. Also, the older generation, having heard him lecture. could say that they had 'met' him. Every one who sat within the soothing presence every second sentence with a half-concealed stroke of drollery, was for all time a witness to the inimitable charm of the

man and the story-teller.

The knowledge of his unaffected democracy became general. No doubt the housewives loved him for his outspoken devotion to home-cooking. Has any one told in public the anecdote of his tribute to an humble item in the bill of fare? It was at a dinner party in Washington. Senator Hearst was giving the dinner, and Mark Twain was the guest of honor. Here were two transplanted Westerners ever appeared in a book. As the highpriced food was being served to them, they talked longingly of the old-fashioned cookery of Missouri. The Senator wondered bage left in the world. Mark Twain spoke up in praise of the many old-time dishes, reaching his climax when he declared that, in his opinion, 'Bacon would

Furthermore is it not possible that much of the tremendous liking for Mark Twain grew out of his success in establishing our credit abroad? Any American who can Mark Twain' would have stood very 45 invade Europe and command respectful attention is entitled to triumphal arches when he arrives home. Our dread and fear of foreign criticism are still most acute. Mrs. Trollope and Captain Mar-Dickens came over to have our choicest wild flowers strewn in his pathway and then went home to scourge us until we shrieked with pain. Kipling had fun with his approach. George Bernard Shaw peppers away at long range and the London Spectator grows peevish every time it looks out of the window and sees a drove of Cook tourists madly spending money.

It is a terrible shock to the simple inlander, who has fed upon Congressional 5 ties. oratory and provincial editorials, when he discovers that in certain European capitals the name 'American' is almost a term of reproach. The first-time-over citdicates his protest by wearing a flag on his coat and inviting those who sit in darkness to come over and see what kind of trams are run on the Burlington. rectly between the eyes, seeks to correct all erroneous impressions by going to the table d'hôte with fewer clothes and more jewels than any one had reason to expect. as they were twenty years ago but they are still gleefully held up by our critics as being 'typical.'

Probably they are outnumbered nowapproach the English accent with trembling determination and who, after ordering in French, put a finger on the printed line so that the waiter may be in on the

secret.

There are Americans who live abroad and speak of their native land in shameful whispers. Another kind is an explainer. He becomes fretful and involved Englishman with a cold and fish-like eye that, as a matter of fact, the lynchings are scattered over a large territory, and Tammany has nothing whatever to do with the United States Senate, and the million- 40 aire does not crawl into the presence of his wife and daughters, and Morgan never can be king, and citizens of St. Louis are not in danger of being hooked by moose. After he gets through the Englishman 45 says 'Really?' and the painful incident is closed.

Every man is handicapped and hobbled when he gets out of his own bailiwick. The American is at a special disadvantage 50 drawled my neighbor. in Europe. If he cannot adapt himself to strange customs and social regulations, he thinks that he will be set down as an ignoramus. If he tries to nullify or override them he may be regarded as a boor or a 55 barbarian. Once in a while an American, finding himself beset by unfamiliar conditions, follows the simple policy of not

trying to assimilate new rules or oppose them, and merely goes ahead in his own way, conducting himself as a human being possessed of the usual number of facul-This odd performance may counted upon to excite wonder and admiration. Benjamin Franklin tried it out long ago and became the sensation of Europe. General Grant and Colonel Rooseizen from Spudville or Alfalfa Center in- 10 velt got along comfortably in all sorts of foreign complications merely by refusing to put on disguises and to be play-actors. But Mark Twain was probably the best of emissaries. He never waved the lady, whose voice comes from a point di- 15 starry banner and at the same time he never went around begging forgiveness. He knew the faults of his home people and he understood intimately and with a family knowledge all of their good qualities These two are not as frequently to be seen 20 and groping intentions and half-formed plans for big things in the future; but apparently he did not think it necessary to justify all of his private beliefs to men who lived five thousand miles away from adays by the apologetic kind - those who 25 Hannibal, Missouri. He had been in all parts of the world and had made a calm and unbiased estimate of the relative values of men and institutions. Probably he came to know that all had been cut from 30 one piece and then trimmed variously. He carried with him the same placid habits of life that sufficed him in Connecticut and because he was what he pretended to be, the hypercritical foreigners doted in the attempt to make it clear to some 35 upon him and the Americans at home, glad to flatter themselves, said, 'Why, certainly, he's one of us.'

III

SYSTEM VERSUS SLIPPERS

[GEORGE BURWELL DUTTON]

[Unpopular Review, April, 1915. By permission of author and publisher.]

'The doctrine of efficiency is a modern offshoot of the doctrine of total depravity,'

I looked incredulous. I knew that was the way he wanted me to look. But I did n't have any difficulty in conforming to his desires.

'Ye-es,' he continued, 'it all goes back to the doctrine of total depravity. Man is born to sin, as - as the sparks fly upward,' he concluded triumphantly.

'Trouble, not sin, is, I think, the Biblical

phrasing,' I interposed mildly.

'All amounts to the same thing. Man is born to trouble. Trouble is the result of sin. If there were no sin there would 5 Now, all this may be desirable and necbe no trouble. Ergo, man is born to sin, - and so forth.'

He stopped to puff at his pipe.

'But the doctrine of efficiency? -

How —'

'I was coming to that. What does the doctrine of efficiency mean? Only this: Just naturally you do a thing the wrong way. You have to struggle, to discipline yourself, to overcome your natural tenden- 15 straint. Perhaps I ought not to feel this cies, in order to do a thing the right way: that is, with the smallest expenditure of energy. You are naturally perverse, wasteful - which is, economically speaking, sinful. You are born in economic sin, 20 object to learning the least exhausting and you live in economic sin, till 'long comes the doctrine of efficiency and teaches you system, and so plucks you, a brand from the burning. It corrects your wasteful ways, it teaches you how to con- 25 serve your energies, it makes you live an economically righteous life. The doctrine of efficiency is based upon an economic statement of the doctrine of total depraymen are by nature sinners; the economic says, all men are by nature inefficient that is, are economic sinners. Even sin is economic in this age. All men by nature do their tasks wastefully, unsyste- 35 it was necessary to go through to connect matically; but they may be saved by adopting the methods of efficiency. that's modern theology for you.'

And he knocked the ashes out of his

pipe and went home.

I am not certain about my neighbor's view of the doctrine of efficiency. He may be right, and then again he may not. But this I do know, that the preachers of the doctrine of efficiency are many - 45 I have many themes to correct. I had and efficient. Plan and system are extended to all things. One cannot take up a magazine without being confronted by reproachful directions for increasing one's vulgarly called it. But this was not sysefficiency. Busy-bodies' Magazine tells 50 tematic; it was not efficient; it was too you of the tremendous waste of time involved in the present methods of peanutroasting. Dunce's Monthly proclaims loudly the benefits to humanity that will infallibly result from adopting more effi-55 rewrote many times daily. So I purchased cient methods of operating a hurdy-gurdy. rubber stamps. Then I found that I Diagrams and pictures stare at us from every page. We learn the waste of energy

and the number of useless motions involved in the ordinary way of getting on a street-car. We find out how to carve a turkey with the fewest possible slashes. essary. We may be so 'rushed for time, to use the expressive colloquialism, that every energy must be conserved. Nevertheless, I object; I am economically de-10 praved. I long for the looser ways of my forebears. System chafes me. It is unyielding. Like a dress shirt, it holds me clamped. I prefer a dressing-gown and slippers - blessed symbols of mild unreway. Perhaps I ought not to object to learning the proper method of filling my fountain-pen — that is a task, the sooner over, the better. Perhaps I ought not to way of buttoning my collar — though every right-minded man prizes the privilege of indignation at a recalcitrant button - and what button is recalcitrant once the appropriate system is mastered? But, be all this as it may, I do protest seriously against having to learn the most efficient way of filling my pipe!

I was not always of this mind. Like The theological doctrine says, all 30 other misguided mortals of limited vision, I was disposed to welcome the new doctrines. I read with avidity the proper method of shoveling snow. I rejoiced at finding out just what and how few motions a water-pipe. I was filled with indignation when I observed how wasteful of his energy was my plumber — and I paying for it! The prodigality of the man who 40 carried in my coal filled me with despair.

Nay, more, I made some small effort to apply the doctrine of efficiency to my own pursuits. I am a humble teacher of English in a small New England college. contented myself with taking up a pen and indicating errors and corrections with red ink - 'squirting the red ink,' my students natural. So I became self-conscious in my work. I studied it. I analyzed it. Soon I found that there were certain criticisms and directions that I wrote and wasted much valuable time in laying hold of the right rubber stamp; so I purchased little hooks, and hung the rubber stamps in a row, and assigned a definite hook to each stamp, and memorized the positions of the stamps on the hooks, and looked involved the expenditure of much time and energy, but I was introducing system, I

was becoming efficient.

Turning my attention to other details, I found that I wasted much time - often to house, of which I am decidedly fond. two minutes — in looking for papers. So I had the college carpenter construct a case of pigeon-holes and place it beside my desk. I devoted an afternoon to label-Then I spent fifteen minutes a day - by this time I had a clock in my little office and timed my every action - fifteen minutes a day in filing new letters and documinutes, roughly speaking. But I did not begrudge this time, for it meant that I was taking another step toward efficiency.

What need to relate in detail all of the administration of my duties? I installed files for all of the themes. I moved my books from my home into my little office, lining the walls with shelves — where they I had a swinging shelf constructed for my typewriter, and attached it to my desk. I bought a machine for sharpening pencils. I introduced the latest approved a place for everything, and everything in its place - though it took most of my time to put it there. But I was introducing efficiency into my work; system and order spared no labor in putting them into effect.

Recently, however, a slave of efficiency visited me, and I have received a rude awakening. I have discovered that I am

not really efficient.

My friend is a man with surprised hair and peering eyes. He has the appearance of seeing everything - and he does. He came with me to my recitation room one morning, and looked around in seeming 50 tion of praise. idleness while I was busy planning the seating list for the new term. Then he began to talk. His comments irritated me, I must admit. I am rather proud of wall blink in the electric light, and scenes significant in literary history confront the wandering eyes of the restless present.

However, my friend received no imaginative stimulus. He was blind to all that. But Spenser's ruff and Johnson's wig these called forth his scorn. How could upon my work, and thought it good. This 5 a man work, handicapped by such frills? I mildly pointed out that the gentlemen concerned did accomplish something of importance, but he ignored me. He went up to an old print of 'The Fortune Playthe foreground two men are loading a cart with kegs. Did my friend admire the ancient architecture of the building? Did he appreciate the quaint garb of the ing the pigeon-holes and filing my papers. 15 men? Did it all serve to make the past more intimate, to bring it a little nearer? Not at all. His indignation was aroused. The cart was parallel with the walk. Why was n't it backed up to the walk? ments - sometimes it was only thirteen 20 Think of how much effort was wasted in rolling those kegs around in the street to the end of the cart! He could not see the theater for the cart!

I was somewhat impatient at his attiother measures that I took for the efficient 25 tude. But after all, could he be blamed? He thought in terms of efficiency, because efficiency was his business. Others could admire quaintness, others could dream themselves into the past, but he was an were not already lined with pigeon-holes. 30 apostle with a flaming mission: to see and to correct all waste of energy. And indeed I had that which he could appreci-I ushered him into my little office. There it was, in immaculate order. The pattern of a card-index file. There was 35 fresh April sunshine gleamed from the polished handles of the rows of rubber stamps. The pigeon-holes gaped, ready to devour their prey in orderly fashion. Variegated inks and pencils lay on the are the first laws of efficiency; and I 40 desk ready for use at a moment's notice. It all looked so business-like! To be sure, for a moment I recalled uneasily my neighbor's remark, 'You can't always tell from a cat's looks how far it will jump.' 45 this 'cat' did have such an impressive appearance. I felt sure it could jump far and efficiently. Everything had an air of preparedness, like that of a fire-engine in an engine-house. I expanded in anticipa-

My friend snorted. 'Huh! What old fossils you teachers are! You would n't last a day in an efficiency shop!' Then he showed me why. The row of stamps my recitation room. Past worthies on the 55 was not properly placed; I had to turn around to reach some of them. My theme files were so shallow that the projecting themes drooped and obscured the labels.

My clock was behind me, and I had to crane my neck to see it. My desk was not in the best light. I was dumbfounded.

He continued relentlessly. My pigeon-holes were placed too high. They were 5 indeed beside my desk, but I had to rise to reach them. That meant a loss, on an average, of two and three-fifths seconds. There were sixteen pigeon-holes. Perhaps I had to use each an average of three 10 'And — and — let's go for a walk! times in the course of a day's work. My friend is what he would term 'a handy man' with figures. He reckoned for a few moments.— That meant a loss of one hundred and twenty-five seconds a day!

'Think of it!' he cried. 'One hundred and twenty-five seconds! In less than one-tenth of the time you waste here a man could run a hundred yards, and --

yards,' I interposed, somewhat resentfully, and if I did, I could n't run it in that time.'

'Never mind.' He brushed aside my objections, and continued his calculations, 25 I think that was a somewhat undeserved There are six days in a working week — I refuse to work Sundays, although some teachers have to - and thirty-six working weeks in a year — and how many years one might use in the reckoning, who can 30 quite the same tension prevalent in what tell? Why, by properly placing those a visiting President of the United States tell? Why, by properly placing those pigeon-holes, I might save enough time to take a trip to Europe, according to this efficiency agent.—Of course, I have n't money enough, and if I had, how to com- 35 debate. Consequently I had hoped that bine these scattered moments into a unified whole would offer another problem but that is all beside the question. The moments were there, in potential emptiness. One does n't refuse a cup because 40 could n't. That terrible doctrine of effione lacks the wine to fill it.

'Let me see you at work,' commanded he of the peering eyes. Meekly I sat down at my desk. Where were my themes? Oh, yes, they were up there on 45 a shelf, across the room. Abjectly I arose. My friend looked at me reproachfully. I reached up for the themes. Why had n't that shelf been placed lower? How many tenths of a second had I lost 50 a slouching, be-slippered, relaxing game, by that upward reach? I shivered, and clumsily knocked down a book. I had to stoop to pick it up. More time lost! I took up the themes again, savagely. rubber band was old. It broke under the 55 don't mind, and I don't want others to care. unwonted strain of my fervor. There was a flutter of white papers. Blunderingly I bent forward to gather them up.

Why was n't the floor built higher? Stupid piece of inefficient planning.— Why was I so high above it? Why was n't I built more efficiently?

Red-faced and scant-breathed I arose and threw the themes on my desk. My friend had considerately turned his back: but even that was eloquent.

'Oh, hang the themes!' I burst out.

That episode was bad enough, but it was n't the worst. My friend stayed with me several days, and they were stirring days for me. Ostensibly he had come for 15 a rest - nerves all frayed - wanted to vegetate for a while - thought he'd come to a quiet place. Now our college community is quiet, in all conscience. They tell the story of one man who once cut 'But I don't want to run a hundred 20 some figure in the world of affairs, who was prevailed upon to accept a professorship and live among us, that he announced that he was going to 'give up active life and "retire" to teach at — College.' slur on our faculty. I know I have to work, and I know my colleagues do. We don't feel that we have retired from active life. Still. I must admit that there is n't tritely termed 'these academic shades,' as there is, say, in the Stock Exchange, or in Congress at the culmination of a tariff my friend would be soothed, and would relax and yield himself to passive enjoyment. He did n't have to correct themes. Why should n't he enjoy himself? But he ciency was with him all the time, and gave him — and us — no rest. System, system — the word was constantly on his lips and, what was worse, in his heart.

He carried it into all his pleasures and mine. I like to play cards. That is, I like to use a game of cards as an excuse for idle revery or gossip. I play a leisurely game, a comfortable sort of a game, restful beyond words. If I happen to forget that my partner played a jack of clubs three tricks previous, and consequently neglect to take the proper measures, I But my friend would have none of this. He had complicated 'leads' and elaborate systems. He played feverishly and snapped at me constantly for my neglectfulness. Cards were real, cards were earnest, and there was no idle dreaming permitted. I gasped a sigh of relief when a game was ended. He played, as he 5 And every godfather can give a name. worked, relentlessly.

One day we went on a tramp in the hills. I am not systematic on a tramp. I don't like to plan my route in advance; I prefer to follow the unexpected allure- 10 and beneficial. I merely sympathize with ment of shady by-paths, the invitation of an unknown winding road, the beckoning of unexplored fields. To be sure, I usually get lost, and frequently get bedraggled by some unforeseen stream or slough; but I is see in it a garden of beauty and a place like to get lost; it has such inviting possibilities. Not so my friend. He demanded maps, a definite objective point, a clear itinerary, and no side-trips. I my heart.

Now I suppose I shall lay myself open to the reproaches of a multitude of very worthy persons when I confess that my dislike of system and rigidity is not con- 25 their charm. For my part, I refuse to fined to my choice of routes. Far from it. I abhor system in appreciation. I can enjoy the contour of a hill without knowing its geological formation. The soft brings me pleasure which would be contaminated by conscientious attempts to recall the scientific explanation of the function of chlorophyl in bud and blade. I love to watch the great clouds drifting 35 I lazily through a blue sea of air; but I don't care to master the nomenclature of meteorology. Nay, worst of all in these days of widespread 'bird-lore,' I can enjoy am only irked by classified lists of names and descriptions; and I am infuriated by the attitude of those who make of every walk a contest to see how many new varieties of birds may be identified and 45 classified — as if the great Kingdom of Out-of-Doors were a mere museum of specimens and curiosities, to be grouped and labeled by every observer! Out upon nomenclature for knowledge and classification for understanding; who through a starry evening, proud because they can clap Arcturus on the back and call him familiarly by name.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights. That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights Than those that walk and wot not what they

Too much to know is to know nought but

Of course I do not scorn the labors of my scientific colleagues; their work, which goes far deeper than names, is necessary them because to them so much of the universe is a symbol of labor. And I fail to see the necessity of making it a symbol of labor for myself, when I may rather of contemplation and rest. In all this I suppose I am an ignoramus blindly stumbling through unsuspected riches of wisdom. I suppose I am a sinner turning my vielded, but with rebellion smoldering in 20 back upon the road of repentance. But I am perverse. I abominate those busybodies who would filch from us our few remaining careless hours and would rob them of the wayward prodigality that is card-catalog my pleasures.

Needless to say, my friend was disgusted with me. He was as innocent of classified knowledge of the countryside as I, but he glow of green in the April landscape 30 felt that he was excusable. He had spent his life in the city, and there he had observed with care the phenomena that had fallen under his gaze. I had not made similar good use of my opportunities. admired the delicate tracery of a silhouetted tree, he wanted to know its name and use. If I paused to hear the music of a tumbling brook, he wanted to estimate its volume and bemoaned the the dark flash of a bluebird's flight, but 40 waste of power. To the spiritual significance, the soothing influence, of rural sights and sounds, he was insensible. At my lack of systematized knowledge he was disgusted. That walk was not a success.

Well, my friend has left me. I can't say I'm sorry. I like him, of course but at a distance. A great peace has fallen upon me. I can correct my themes in my office without nervously counting those misguided creatures who mistake 50 my every motion. I can relax once more. cast aside the rigid garb of systematic activity, and once more don smoking-jacket and slippers, down-at-the-heel preferably. I can sit down in the evening and listen 55 to the gobbling croak of a frog without being reproached for my inability to classify it accurately in the animal kingdom.

My next-door neighbor is a great com-

fort to me. He 'came over' last night. and while we sat before the open fire that robbed the sharp evening air of its chill, we discussed the whole matter comfort-

'System in recreation!' he exclaimed disgustedly when we had talked a while. 'To play by plan! Why, your friend would destroy all the spontaneity of life, its fine, careless rapture.

'Do you recall what Dr. Johnson said of such a man?' I queried. ""Sir, he is an enthusiast by rule." I despise enthusi-

asts by rule.

to your experience,' my neighbor remarked presently. 'Your visitor, after all, was more concerned with work than play. And in work, method and system have

their place.'

'More place than they deserve,' I grumbled. 'Enthusiasts by rule infest all our Systematization has become activities. over-systematization. Too often we can't see the product for the machinery. We 25 he is satisfied if he is speeding on his way. are victims to a pseudo-efficiency that merely clogs and retards achievement; that defeats its own ends.'

'On the other hand,' replied my friend mildly, 'I suppose that system, rightly 30 zically. used, does save time. I suppose that genuine efficiency does permit of greater production. However, its advocates don't consider all sides of the question. In some pursuits increase of production 35 tantes are beneath defense. But my plea would be a calamity. Shall our factories, by increased efficiency, be enabled to produce more phonographs? Heaven forbid! Their efficiency is already terrible.'

broke in, 'in which the time saved to the workman by system would be useless, because it comes in titbits. It can't be massed. And it must be massed, to be most effective. Suppose,' I added petu- 45 play to personality may well be worth the lantly, 'that I could go to Europe in the time I might save by correcting themes efficiently; I can't go to Europe for ten minutes a day. And I've got to use my ten minutes on the day I save them. They 50 can't be stored up each day, till a respectable quantity accumulates.

'No, of course. Yet, my friend, one might pick holes in your argument. The [The letters of Professors Encken, Haeckel, and minutes may not be valueless, even though 55 in the following section, F. VII and F. VIII.]

they can't be spent in Europe.'

'Oh, there are some good things about efficiency,' I hastened to interpose.

presume I might add the ten minutes to my daily game of golf.'

Still, you object?'

'I object to excess of efficiency. Ulti-5 mately, the time saved by introducing more system into work is to be used in recreation. Why not strain less at our work, and make recreation of it?'

My friend nodded thoughtfully.

'At any rate,' I continued, 'if I want to do my allotted task in leisurely fashion, occasionally lingering over it to enjoy the fine flavor of achievement, I claim the right to do so. I take the time from mv 'But of course that is n't all there was 15 golf, but after six hours of work I go to my golf with steadier nerves than the man who has worked five hours at high tension. Your five-hour man with his superficial efficiency is victim of an obsession: 20 speed. He spends himself in his work in order that he may gain time for — a sanatorium. He loses sight of his goal. To change a little the somewhat antiquated refrain, he does n't care where he 's going;

> I stopped, a bit out of breath with my earnestness. My friend was silently staring into the heart of the leisurely fire. After a moment he turned to me quiz-

'Is this to be a defense of dilettante-

'Not at all,' I exclaimed with some heat. Then I smiled at my own fervor. 'Diletis for moderation; for a truer sense of values. I protest against a misplaced emphasis upon output, a feverish demand for results, at no matter what expenditure of 'And there are many occupations,' I to nervous energy. I protest, too, against a systematization that would reduce individuals to automatons; a mechanical efficiency that stereotypes the workman and standardizes his product. To offer freer sacrifice of a little efficiency.'

īν

THE HUMANIZED PROFESSOR

[New York Times, September 22, 1914. By permission.]

One benefit the war has conferred upon the ordinary citizen is to diminish his terror of professors. Their utterances have startled the ordinary citizen, but they have reassured him and given him a better opinion of himself. He has discovered that, after all, there is nothing supernatu- 5 ral about a professor; that the professor is a man like himself, with like passions, and even — this he has discovered with a great secret joy - of like foolishness. Haeckel demonstrate that they can be just as furious, bigoted, and illogical as the ordinary citizen, the ordinary citizen should feel saddened, but instead he feels when a demigod loses his temper,

There is nothing intemperate about the remarks of Professor Ostwald, published yesterday, but they enlarge this joy of the ordinary citizen. They bring professors 20 lives in Waterbury, where they make the closer to him, make him less afraid. watches. May these be wound up for When Jupiter gives voice to the opinions of Bottom, Jupiter becomes human, democratic, likable. When we find this professor sketching the outcome of the war 25 but a boy. After waiting seventy odd and depicting, in an off-hand way, the annexation of Canada to the United States as a result of it, he does not terrify us any more. Anybody in Celtic Park could have evolved that prophecy without even 30 ninety and ninety-one who want his job. a degree of A.B., let alone a professor-

ship. We can love our professors, but we cannot feel afraid of them when one of them says that 'the violation of Belgian neu-35 Time, as Beranger said: trality was an act of military necessity, since it is now proved that Belgian neutrality was to be violated by France and England.' No, nor when he gives us to struggle between Austria and Italy, were all caused by 'the English policy of world dominion.' His vision of Russia resolvnations and his announcement that 'the principle of the absolute sovereignty of the individual nations' must be destroyed, complete a picture gratifying to the selfcitizen.

Welcome, gods and demigods, to your seats among the human race. The only reason we did n't invite you before was come. Check your halos at the door. Be seated, gentlemen; and make yourselves at home.

THE OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE

[Sun, New York, January 30, 1901. Reprinted in Casual Essays of the Sun, 1905. By permission.]

The King has no solitary preëminence When great professors like Eucken and to in never dying. He shares his mortal immortality with another potentate and great public character, the Oldest Graduate. There is always an Oldest Graduate; and always there are heirs waiting for the sucelated. The heavens seem nearer to him is cession. Mr. Benjamin D. Silliman, distinguished and fortunate in so many other regards, was also for some time the Oldest Living Graduate of Yale; and now that honor belongs to Judge Cutler of '29, who many a day before he yields his crown to the heir apparent. At ninety-three the Oldest Living Graduate is or should be years for his title, he will be in no hurry to give it up. He should enjoy it to the full, be merciful in his reminiscences, and look with an indulgent pity on the lads of

> For, flower unloved of Amaryllis though it be, this honor is greatly prized. The survivor in this Tontine has beaten all his contemporaries at college. He can say to

> > 'Old Postilion, hold up, hold up; Let us drink a stirrup cup.

It is too much for this glory to go to a understand that the Napoleonic wars, the 40 man otherwise famous, as Mr. Silliman wars of Frederick the Great, and the was or as Horace Binney was. The latter, an illustrious lawyer whose fame is perhaps as dim now as that of most great lawyers who have not held high political ing itself into a number of independent 45 office, was graduated at Harvard in 1797, if we remember well, and he was the oldest living Harvard man for some time before he was cut off in '95. An Oldest Living Graduate who has no other fame esteem of the humble, unlearned, ordinary 50 than that is to be preferred. Such was Joseph Head of Harvard, of 1804. He lived in some little town. With his bent form, his Van Winkle beard, his long staff, he looked what he was as he marched because we were afraid you would n't 55 among the younger generations in the yard on Commencement Day, 'the oldest living grad-oo-ate,' as he pronounced it after the fashion of his rural youth. Good old Jo-

seph Head, if that was his name! One thinks with kindness of him, and all his predecessors; and of his successors in the

procession.

of affection attaches to the college elder and leader of the line. Of ordinary distinction the graduate may grow tired, be it his or that of a classmate. Of the monumental pomp of age. He wears, for class of 1825 at Bowdoin, of 1829 at Har- 10 effect, a tall hat of the fashion of fifty vard, of 1853 at Yale, it has been possible to hear too much. At Brunswick, in 1875, Mr. Blaine happily expressed the weariness which the constant celebration of the celebrated brings. 'I am glad to hear,' is the Oldest Living Graduate, 'I ascribe my he said, 'that those members of the class of 1825 who are illustrious on earth are happy in heaven.'

all loud and easier fames. In seclusion and with perfect modesty of spirit, he sets before himself early the high goal. He accepts philosophically all detriments which Fate and Fortune send. 'I am no 25 longer young,' he says to himself, 'but why should I wish to be? Everybody who stays in the game must get old, and how few can become the Oldest Living Graduate! I am not handsome, witty, eloquent, 30 is born, not made by training. Only a or even popular. I don't have to be, in my business, which is that of living to be the O. L. G. My classmate, Hooker Haynes, has made most of the money there is in the world. My classmate, Brattle 35 Holyoke, has married most of the rest. I don't need money in my business. Byles is a bishop, Dwight is a senator. Bill leetle peaked,' John would say; 'I'm Trumbull is a trust. I have n't any office. afraid he won't live through the winter.' I don't direct anything. I have little prop- 40 'John's failin',' William would say; 'he erty and less hair. But I think I can outlive every man in my class and I mean to do it. Let them last into the nineties if they can. I'll take an even hundred, and one to carry, if necessary.'

The young chaps just out of college may not know this harmless ambition at first. They are too young — confound 'em! remember hearing George Bancroft, sixty years after his graduation, imparting the 50 fact to a freshman. The freshman gaped and gasped in wonder. How was it possible for a man to have been graduated sixty years ago? If Nebuchadnezzar had come into the room and tried to sell a book 55 [Century Magazine, November, 1913. By permission.] on vegetarianism, that freshman could not have been more surprised. But youth's the stuff will not endure. It does n't

take the truly wise graduate long to find the most reasonable object of desire. He nourishes the gentle vision in his heart. He sees himself a well-preserved ancient In every college from A to Z something 5 of ninety-eight, with a face like a Baldwin affection attaches to the college elder apple and still tolerable legs. His goldheaded cane is less a staff than a part of his make-up; 't is a representative of the years before. He prides himself on the cut of his frock coat. His surviving hair is soft and white. A perfect gentleman of the old school. 'Young gentlemen,' says remarkable health and long life to the fact that for seventy-five years I have never smoked nor drank. Boys,' he says to a The graduate whose ambition it is to few striplings of ninety odd assembled become the Oldest Living Graduate scorns 20 around the punch bowl, 'I attribute my good health and looks to the fact that for eighty years I have taken a nip of good stuff regularly every day. But I never overdid it as you do.'

We once knew an Oldest Living Graduate who would walk on the railroad track, although he was nearly a hundred and deaf as a post. This is encouraging for beginners, as it seems to show that the O. L. G. very few years ago there happened to live in the same town the Oldest Living Graduate and the next-to-the-oldest living graduate. They were great cronies and as lively as crickets. But each watched the distressingly robust health of the other with some alarm. 'William is looking a ought n't be out in the cold so much at his age.' And both lived in health to the very edge of the hundred. The man who will devote himself with a single mind to be-45 coming the Oldest Living Graduate deserves to be happy.

VΙ

SLEEPING OUTDOORS

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

The most overrated summer sport in the world is outdoor sleeping.

I speak on this subject with some feel-

ing, as, in August last, I tested it on a week-end visit with my friend Jones at his little mosquito ranch in the White Mountains. I can now understand why sleeping under a roof, in a real bed, is insuf- 5 'I had no idea it was so late.' ferable to a man who has been camping all summer: what he misses is the keen excitement, the constant entertainment, the suspense, of a night in the woods. As soon as he lies down in a real bed he be- to hostess good night. The time had come. comes so utterly bored that he promptly falls asleep, only to wake up in the morning and find that he has missed the whole night.

on Saturday afternoon I realized that he was the victim of the outdoor-sleeping fad. He was so under its spell that he immediately took me out to show me my cot. screamed and creaked protests whenever it was moved or sat upon. It stood on a roofless sleeping-porch. Over it was the branch of a tender tree and over that was

the open sky.

'Here,' said Jones, expansively, This region is the where you 're to sleep. most wonderful place for sleeping in all the world. I get actually to look forward to the nights; I tumble in eagerly at ten 30 o'clock, and don't know another thing till morning.'

'You never know very much,' I medithings?' It took a vast amount of imagination to think of blankets, for the thermometer showed several degrees of fever.

'Oh, I'll give you all you want, and 'You can make your bed just as you like; that's half the fun of the thing.

'Ah, yes.'

Way down in my heart I had a forehalf the fun. 'Wonderful!' I simulated. 'I have n't slept outdoors for years.' 1

'Good!' said Jones.

Through the long evening I kept a stout lously about the coming night, just as men sometimes joke about death and insanity and the dentist. I ate a heavy dinner, for breakfast looked very, very far away. Iones and his wife. I was as merry as

ever. No one should say that I had blanched with fear. At nine-forty, Jones vawned.

'Why, it's nearly ten,' said Mrs. Jones.

'I was just going to suggest turning in,' Jones observed. 'I'll get your blankets and netting, if you like.

I rose, and with a steady voice bade my

Jones got the things, and we went out on the sleeping-porch, where he dumped them on my cot. The temperature had gone down a degree or two, but the air The moment I arrived at Jones's camp 15 was still a long way from cool. The winds were still slumbering. A mosquito was meditatively volplaning about.

'Is there anything else you want?' said Jones as he left me in what, in reasonable It was a frail, anemic, canvas thing that circumstances, would have been my bedroom, but was now merely the world at

large.

'Nothing,' Ι said, with fortitude.

'Good night.'

I went into the house and ten minutes later I emerged, attired in a neat, but gaudy, pair of pajamas. A lamp lighted my labors. The game was on; the mos-

quitoes and I were alone.

I shall withhold the tedious details of bed-making. Suffice it to say that I followed the golden rule of the art: don't let the feet escape; sacrifice everything else. tated inwardly, picking a yellow caterpillar If a single toe projects, the blankets will off my cot. 'How about blankets and 35 be up and about your neck before you know it. Then I folded a spare blanket into a pillow. Next came the magnum opus - hanging the mosquito-netting.

Here I confronted several alternatives. lots of mosquito-netting, too,' Jones said. 40 First, there is the Romanesque style, in which one hangs the netting on a hoop and then projects the face precisely under the hoop, keeping it there all night. style is somewhat like sleeping with an inboding that it would be rather more than 45 verted waste-basket on the face, and is based on the fallacious notion that insects bite only the head. Now I could show you — but never mind.

Then there is the Renaissance style. heart and a cheery face; I even joked cal- 50 You suspend the netting gracefully by one or two points from a branch or some such supposed fixture, and let it depend in elegant festoons to the floor, securing the corners by lamps, vases, pitchers, or shoes. Then I played three-handed auction with 55 This method adequately answers the question, 'What shall we do with the wedding present Aunt Alice gave us?'

There is also the Perpendicular Gothic

¹ Strictly true, though I had spent several nights

style — four posts erected at the corners of the cot, with netting draped over them. This, I decided, required too much construction, and I swung back to the Renaisshort, dark, and eventful journey in the house, I hitched the string to the netting, tied it to a branch, made a beautiful pyramidal tent, and squirmed inside with all the delicate deliberation of a jackstraw-player, to the loser. I blame only myself. At last I was on the creaking cot, and my tent still stood!

The laws of physics tell us that breezes pass through netting. This merely goes to were making a dreadful din above me in show that physics has a big future. I had 15 the trees. I found that four mosquitoes distinctly felt a slight zephyr outside; but now, as I balanced on my shoulder-blades on a Spartan blanket, I thought that the heat had become even more breathless; I felt that I was being suffocated.

Is n't there some wild animal that builds itself a house and then crawls in to die?

But I was not going to give up; I forced myself to draw a long sigh of relief, and 25 kills. said to myself: 'Oh, what wonderful air! How I shall sleep!' Yes, how?

I humped about a few times — creaking as I have never creaked before — till I thought I was more comfortable, pulled up 30 sleep - but he was unabashed. I even a blanket cautiously, kicked it off warmly, rolled back into my original position, moved down six inches, so that my head just reached the pillow, thought about mosquitoes awhile, moved up four inches, 35 Macbeth's only reply was to crawl insothought about pillows, and then suddenly, with a great start, realized that I was n't asleep. The fact stood out in my brain in huge, staring capitals: YOU ARE WIDE AWAKE; YOU ARE NOT EVEN SLEEPY. It 40 to kill him, even at the risk of disfiguring was clear that my nerves needed soothing if I was to get any sleep at all.

People recommend many ways of soothing the nerves, but at times they are all disappointing. I thought of sheep jump- 45 to be pinned under so much wreckage ing over a fence until all the sheep in my head had gone lame. I counted up to three hundred and seventy-four, which must be pretty nearly the world's record, but I noted no good results. At the end of an 50 kles), sneaked in under the edge again, hour I was wider awake than ever and considerably more uncomfortable.

About this time I began discovering

laws of physics.

cot, his weight is evenly distributed between his ear and his hip-bone.

II. For every dead mosquito in the

hand there are two live ones in the bush that will be along presently.

The use of netting rests on the theory that it offers an obstruction to sance. Securing some string, after a 5 mosquitoes. This was first proved false in 1066, but people still —

Well, to tell the truth, that 's as far as I got. I inadvertently fell asleep in the middle of law number three. Physics is

At dawn, which in summer occurs shortly after bedtime and lasts for several hours. I was awakened by the birds, which were perched on the netting about fourteen inches from my face — great, hungry fellows, regular eagles. They stared at me till I could have hidden myself for em-20 barrassment. Presently a friend of theirs. bloated with drink, sailed down and sat beside them, singing a triumphant blood-lust song in a harsh, drunken tenor. He was plainly a degenerate going the pace that

They say that if you look a wild animal in the eye he will turn away uneasily. I tried this on Macbeth, the new arrival — I called him Macbeth because he murdered spoke to him sternly, told him to go home and take his friends away with him, asked him what sort of place this was for a chan with a family; I appealed to his better self. lently through a tear in the netting and come straight at me. His song of triumph rose in sharp crescendo till he struck my nose; then it ceased. I was just reaching myself for life, when suddenly and without warning the netting gave way completely and fell about my ears. you imagine a worse predicament than with a mosquito that you personally dis-

Well, I climbed out, rearranged my tent (while Macbeth's friends got at my anlay down once more, and looked about warily for Macbeth. He was nowhere to be seen. I suspected some treachery, and on the off chance slapped the back of my When a man lies on his side on a 55 neck quickly and with tremendous force, but with no corpse to show for it.

From that moment to this I have never seen Macbeth. It is all very sad. I al-

most wish now that I had n't been so harsh with him.

After I had given him up for lost, I took count of the insect life about me, and discovered a delightful game, called Insides versus Outsides. At 4 A.M. the score stood as follows: Insides, three mosquitoes, one spider; Outsides, one ant, one daddy-long-legs, two mosquitoes. A vigtrying to get out, and the Outsides trying to get in.

At 4:30 A.M., owing largely to my efforts, the aspect of things was somewhat mosquito; Outsides, one wasp, six mosquitoes, two unclassified. (Mind you, I'm no etymologist; I don't pretend to know these eight-legged, hairy lads by name.)

ply appalling.

After awhile I tired of this game, but the mosquitoes were all for keeping it up indefinitely. Only when a breeze sprang up did they begin to reel home in twos and 25 threes to sleep off their jag. Then, once again, I shut my eyes in the hope that sleep would knit the 'ravell'd sleave of care.' It seemed, however, that the elements were all against knitting. at that moment came up through the trees and shone straight into my eyes.

This worried me not so much on my own account as on Jones's; I hated the breakfast-time and finding me dead of a

sunstroke on his porch.

Then I remembered that people don't die of sunstroke. They only fainted and lost their minds.

Shortly after this I must have fainted, for I woke up to find I had been unconscious for at least two hours!

The last thing I remembered, before the coma set in, was killing a spider on my 45 houses of more than one story.

stomach at five forty-five.

It was now eight o'clock. The sun had moved round and I could hear the kitchenpump going, and see the housemaid, indoors, hiding matches, and sweeping the 50 dust under the rugs.

I felt sleepy, but otherwise moderately

well.1

Presently Jones came out in his bathrobe, and asked me how I had slept. told him that that was just what I'd been

1 Law of physics: sunstrokes are not necessarily fatal.

wondering myself, and he wanted to know whether the mosquitoes had been thick.

I said no, not too thick to get through the netting, and we both laughed and joked 5 about the night as though it were the funniest thing in the world.

That 's the way in such crises, when the

terrible strain is over.

I avoided another night's excitement by orous campaign then began, the Insides to telegraphing myself to come home at once

on the most urgent business.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were awfully cordial, and laid emphasis on the fact that in the future my cot would always be waitchanged, the score standing: Insides, one 15 ing for me on the porch. I explained that my business would be very exacting for a few years, and I doubted if I would ever be able to get away again.

I still cling to the old-fashioned idea The list of dead and injured was sim- 20 that night is the time for sleeping, and not

for hunting and recreation.

.VII

THE SERVANTLESS COTTAGE [RALPH BERGENGREN]

The sun 30 [Atlantic Monthly, June, 1914. By permission of author and publisher.]

Stairs are done for. Observe the growing popularity of bungalows. Observe the multiplication of apartment houses. Listhought of his coming out with his wife at 35 ten to the words of the man who has lately built, and written about, what he calls a servantless cottage:

> 'Climbing is ofttimes all too strenuous for a happy housewife, so there must be

40 no stairs.

For a few more decades, miserable women, unhappy housewives, and, by inference, undesirable mothers, will continue to drag out painful existences in

'No stairs! No stairs!' the young wife cried.

And clapped her hands to see A house as like a little flat As any house could be!

And observe also the end of the servantproblem. For in the servantless cottage, says the satisfied designer, 'milady need I 55 fear no drudgery. A very few hours will suffice for housekeeping and cookery. Work becomes a pleasure and a maid becomes undesirable.

Well, well! there are solutions and solutions of this servant-problem, and of the always interesting question of how other people ought to live. The question being somewhat personal to myself, I have exam- 5 ined a good many of these solutions without finding that any of them solved it to

my personal satisfaction.

There is, of course, much to be said for the servantless cottage, although to solve to pained sensation at the care-free way in a problem by giving it up is no very startling triumph of domestic mathematics. The experience of innumerable couples with kitchenettes proves that life is possible under this solution, but the frank ad- 15 that it is the value of good domestic servmission of discontent among these experimenters indicates that it leaves much to be desired. My own domesticity is of the kitchenette kind in winter, but expands in summer to a modest establishment in the 20 when her personal attention to them is country with real stairs and a real cook in a real kitchen. I can see therefore - so at least I believe - not only the possibilities of the servantless cottage, its economy of effort in the details of housework, and 25 up with all the latest improvements its excellent adaptability to a small family unaccustomed to any other standard of living, but also its complete, unwitting abnegation of some of the finer things in human existence.

Now, if this man, in describing his servantless cottage, had contented himself with a plain and simple statement of its advantages, I dare say I should have read imaginable; and certainly with no desire to criticize his results. It was that silly remark about milady that aroused opposi-We live in a republic and we are most of us reasonably self-respecting men 40 and women, not a milady among us, unless she happens to be making a visit - in which case, one place she is not visiting is a servantless cottage. And so, in a word, honest, more or less successful effort to provide a home in which the housewife can most conveniently do her own work, and becomes a neat little example of snobto the happy housewife for whom climbing a flight of stairs is ofttimes all too strenuous — so keen and persistent a pleasure that domestic service becomes 'undesirable!' Is anybody really expected to be- 55 ity. It is the flatness of the flat, its very lieve it? Or is domestic service itself a phase of domesticity that can be so cheerfully eliminated? Has the servant — and,

bless you! the word has often enough been a term of honor - no really fine and en-, during place in the scheme of gracious and

cultivated domestic management?

For many generations, stairs and service have been inseparable from the amenities of domestic living. One has only to imagine these two essentials suddenly eliminated from literature to experience a which the man of the servantless cottage gets rid of them. And one has only to look about the world as it stands at present, servant-problem and all, to realize ice which actually creates and keeps alive the problem itself. For even if the happy housewife enjoys every single item of housekeeping and cookery, there are times obviously undesirable.

Imagine our servantless cottage as an example. Milady sings at her work. The portable vacuum cleaner — milord keeps gratefully eats up its daily dust. The fireless cooker prepares the meals 'with a perfection and deliciousness unrealized in the old days.' A bas mother and the way 30 she used to cook! But in serving these meals of a hitherto unrealized perfection and deliciousness, milord and milady must needs chase each other between kitchen and dining-room. The guest at dinner, if his description in the most friendly spirit 35 he is luckily accustomed to picnics, carries his own plate and washes it afterward. I have myself entertained many a guest in this fashion, and he has carried his own plate, and, being that kind of a guest or I would n't have invited him, he has cheerfully helped wash the dishes, wearing a borrowed apron. But it would be absurd to claim that this performance, indefinitely repeated, is an improvement upon an the servantless cottage ceases to be an 45 orderly, efficiently served dinner-party. Conversation at dinner is more desirable than a foot-race between the courses; nor do I believe that life under such conditions can possibly 'become so alluring that bish absurdity. Work becomes a pleasure 50 one day the great majority of us will choose it first of all.'

Concerning stairs: I perhaps have more feeling for them than most; but I am quite sure that I speak at least for a large minorcondensed and restricted coziness, its very lack of upstairs and downstairs, which prevents it from ever attaining completely the atmosphere of a home. The feet which cross the floor above my head are those of another family; the sounds which reach me from below are the noises of serves its convenient use but only emphasizes the independence and self-respect of the life vertical, master of the floor above. master likewise of the basement. I feel constructed doll, when I can take my candle in hand and go upstairs to sleep. I want no bungalow. There is something fine in going to sleep even one flight nearer

And observe further, if you please: this servantless cottage necessarily has no attic. Has the man no feeling whatever for the joys of his possible grandchildren? Or 20 'Have small families or perish as individuis the stairless, servantless cottage — 'truly the little house is the house of the future'—meant also to be childless? An examination of the plan shows a so-called bedroom marked which indicates that the happy housewife must exercise her own judgment. are accommodations for one guest or two Milord and milady must decide between hospitality and race-suicide, or two children and no week-end visitor. Some will choose guest; some will choose children. dren, for, even without an attic, there is plenty of playground. 'People with tiny incomes' must always be careful not to purchase too small a lot; and so we find a lawn, and flowers, and shrubbery, and a sun-dial, and an American elm, and a 'toad-stool canopy' between the poplars and the white birches, and an ivy-covered there is going to be such a domestic convenience as a sun-dial; and perhaps, when there is a guest, the trunks can be taken out on the lawn and the children put to bed in the 'cache.'

But I guess that, after all, stairs will survive, and attics, and the servant-problem. Innumerable families are already living in servantless houses, with stairs, they are solving any problem whatsoever. Innumerable housewives are about as happy under these conditions as most of us

get to be under any conditions. ant-problem itself is not the young and tender problem that many of us imagine. An examination of old newspapers will strangers; the life horizontal of the flat 5 show anybody who is sufficiently patient and curious that a hundred years ago there was much indignant wonder that young women, visibly suited for domestic service, preferred to be seamstresses! What is more human, less like some ingeniously to more modern is the grave enthusiasm with which so many persons are trying to decide how the rest of us shall live with the maximum amount of comfort and culture for the minimum expenditure. And one the stars — and away from the dining-15 interesting similarity between many of these suggestions is their passive opposition to another important group of critics.

'Have large families or perish as a nation!' shriek our advisers on one hand. als!' proclaim our advisers on the other.

For this servantless cottage is typical of a good many other housing suggestions in which the essential element is the small "guest or children,' 25 family; and even the possibility that the children may live to grow up seems to have been left out of consideration. Milord and milady, I imagine, have chosen chilchildren, but it seems fairly evident that dren instead of a guest. These children guest and children exclude each other. 30 (a boy and girl, as I like to picture them) grow up; marry; settle in their own servantless cottages, and have two children apiece. There are now a grandfather and a grandmother, a son and a Personally I hope they will all choose chil- 35 daughter, a son-in-law and a daughter-inlaw, and four grandchildren. In each servantless cottage there is that one bedroom marked 'guest or children.' Granting all the possibilities of the ivy-covered that the servantless cottage has paths, and 40 cache, and now the trunks will simply have to be taken out and stood on the lawn even if the snow does fall on them - milord and milady, come Christmas or other anniversary, can entertain a visit from two 'cache' to store the trunks in. I am glad 45 grandchildren and their father and mother. And by utilizing the 'cache' a son or daughter can receive a short visit from the aged parents, not too long, of course, or it would ruin the trunks. As for any of 50 the hearty, old-fashioned, up-and-downstairs hospitality — I may be an old fogey myself, but the servantless cottage shocks

'Our bedroom resembles a cozy stateand it does n't even occur to them that 55 room on board ship.' Oh! la-la-la-la-la! Why does n't somebody solve the problem of domestic living by suggesting that we all live in house-boats?

VIII

ON KEEPING A BAROMETER

[Independent, October 19, 1914. By permission.]

The Irishman 'keeps a pig.' The old maid 'keeps a cat.' It is much more fun to keep a barometer. That is to say, it is more fun if you are interested in the 10 the embers in the fireplace, and are all weather. And you are. If you will not admit it, you are either an untrustworthy witness or a lusus naturæ, a jest of nature.

versal experiences of mankind. All men are born, all men die, all men are 'weathered.' The rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust, or would if it were not that the unjust have the umbrellas of 20 the just. In winter we all shiver, in summer we all sweat. And all the time we all talk about the weather. There is no other perfectly common topic of conversation: because there is no other perfectly com- 25 mon experience. Men talk to their fellows about the weather not because they cannot think of anything else to talk about, but because it is the one thing about which they know that their fellows have thoughts 30 cial value in surgery is asserted by a ready for exchange.

Since you will talk about the weather. you should keep a barometer. It is better than a pig, in that it produces nothing that you can sell, and you may therefore know 35 compress blood vessels, use it 'to remove that your motives in keeping it are unsullied by greed. It is better than a cat in that it drinks no milk, yowls no yowls, sheds no hair. It is better than a dog in that — but no, we cannot admit it. Noth- 40 most gifted and versatile of human imple-

ing is better than a dog.

Keeping a barometer is a peaceful occupation. It hangs silent on the wall, demanding nothing, asserting nothing, merely recording an impalpable fact — 45 sword or, for that matter, the plow.

the pressure of the air.

But keeping a barometer is an exciting occupation. When you come down to breakfast to find its needle hovering through a narrow are away up in the fair so scratch the ground successfully now. In region above the thirty mark, a gentle thrill runs through you at the thought that the wonderful weather we have been having is to continue. When the needle executes a two-inch swoop in a few hours, 55 are n't so inventive as men, don't take out as it did one day last winter, you tingle with the expectation of the 'big wind' that is surely coming, and hurry down to

stoke up the furnace. And when the storm is still roaring and the cheerful little needle begins to climb, you know with a rebound of the spirit that the worst is 5 over. An exciting occupation in its own quiet way.

An absorbing occupation no less. The last thing at night when you have locked up, put out the cat, set the screen before ready for the ascent to bed, you turn to the faithful disc on the wall and set the index finger fair over the needle. when morning comes and you stop on the Weather is one of the three great uni- 15 way to the front porch for the morning paper to see what the elements have prepared over night for you, the discrepancy between finger and needle tells the tale, An absorbing occupation indeed.

IX

HAIRPINS

[Sun, New York, May 19, 1902. Reprinted in Casual Essays of the Sun, 1905. By permission.]

The comprehensive merits of the hairpin are known to all observant men. Its spewriter in American Medicine. It seems that a surgeon can do almost anything with a hairpin. He can wire bones with it, probe and close wounds, pin bandages, foreign bodies from any natural passage, and as a curette for scraping away soft material. And no doubt the women doctors can do a great deal more with that ments. Anthropologists have never done justice to the hairpin. It keeps civilization together. In the hands of girls entirely great it is much mightier than the What is the plow but a development of the forked stick, and what is the forked stick but a modification of the hairpin? there was any necessity, a woman could fact, there is no work or play in which something may not be accomplished by means of it.

Dullards will tell you that women so many patents. They don't have to. With the hairpin all that is doable can be done. With a hairpin a woman can pick a lock, pull a cork, peel an apple, draw out a nail, beat an egg, see if a joint of meat is done, do up a baby, sharpen a pencil, dig out a sliver, fasten a door, hang up a plate or a picture, open a can, take up a 5 is far from well taken care of. Mothers carpet, repair a baby carriage, clean a lamp chimney, put up a curtain, rake a grate fire, cut a pie, make a fork, a fishhook, an awl, a gimlet, or a chisel, a papercutter, a clothespin, regulate a range, to customary entertainments with which fond tinker a sewing machine, stop a leak in the roof, turn over a flapjack, caulk a hole in a pair of trousers, stir batter, whip cream, reduce the pressure in the gas meter, keep bills and receipts on file, spread butter, cut is shrick of apparent delight, that it is being patterns, tighten windows, clean a watch. untie a knot, varnish floors, do practical plumbing, reduce the asthma of tobacco pipes, pry shirt studs into buttonholes too small for them, fix a horse's harness, re- 20 store damaged mechanical toys, wrestle with refractory beer stoppers, improvise suspenders, shovel bonbons, inspect gas burners, saw cake, jab tramps, produce artificial buttons, hooks and eyes, sew, knit, 25 and darn, button gloves and shoes, put up awnings, doctor an automobile. In short, she can do what she wants to; she needs no other instrument.

Crusoe line she would build a hut and make her a coat of the skin of a goat by means of the hairpin. She will revolutionize surgery with it in time. Meanwhile the male chirurgeons are doing the best they 35 warp his nature from its solemn bent. can; but it is not to be believed that they have mastered the full mystery of the hairpin.

X

THE IMPROVED BABY

[Sun, New York, September 2, 1903. Reprinted in Casual Essays of the Sun, 1905. By permission.]

The chief experts in child study and infant psychology are men. The amount of valuable advice and directions given to mothers by good, motherly men is surprising. Whenever there is a Congress of 50 subject of the Conservation of Energy.' Mothers, Dr. Granville Stanley Hall and Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie are sure to unload stores of mother lore upon their listeners. Such is the unfailing wisdom of men. The infants of today must be old 55 engage your attention. before their time. Much is expected of babes to whose welfare so many great masculine minds are contributing.

Dr. H. C. Carpenter lectured at a meeting of Philadelphia mothers the other day. He told them 'How to Take Care of the Baby,' and he showed that usually the baby

are not serious enough:

"Don't play with the baby." Nothing could be more injurious to the infant's nervous system than to excite it with the mothers and admiring friends bore the helpless victim. It is a common error to imagine that because the child responds with a wonderlook, a laugh, or even a amused. Quite the contrary—it is not only being plagued, but is sustaining, in nine cases out of ten, an irreparable iniurv.'

Why are there not more Shakespeares, Bacons, Mabies, and Carpenters? Because most babies are irreparably injured. Baby's intellectuals are not properly and systematically developed. He may seem to be enjoying himself when he coos and crows and shrieks with apparent delight, but he is not. He is pained. In isolation and aloofness he is trying to study his surroundings and the psychology of his nurse If a woman went into the Robinson 30 and relations. They will not let him They interfere with the growth of think. his mental processes. They turn him away from his lofty cogitations by their impertinent and trivial endearments. They They kill his mind. Let him grow and meditate. He has the floor. Give him the opportunity to develop himself.

> 'Don't talk baby talk,' says Dr. Carpen-40 ter. Certainly not. Why should a baby understand broken, any better than whole. English? Why will mothers use that strange nursery Chinook, 'Did um shakum dady,' and so on? The man's vocabulary 45 is shrunken on account of this habit. His bump of language is flattened. Long words for Little Ones; that's the talk. 'John Henry, my valued progeny, I shall discourse to you for a few moments on the

'Marthy Ann, let me dissuade you from your fruitless conation to ingurgitate your rattle. The impenetrability of matter is one of the earliest subjects which should

One should avoid telling young children such exciting stories as "Jack the Giant Killer."' Explain, if you choose.

that it is absurd to suppose that Jack or anybody else would kill giants. Giants get large salaries. They are too valuable to kill. Don't tell stories of any kind. his nervous system and give him much statistical and geographical information.

XI

THE PORTER'S TIP

[Chicago Tribune, May 9, 1915. By permission.]

Probably the two bits which the spendthrift American traveler, having luxuriated under blankets of a peculiar rigidity, the composition of which is known only to the Pullman company, and having 20 has spent a \$20 bill and had his egotism dressed without fracturing his skull, bestows upon the porter who tendered such creature comforts as may exist in a sleeping car, hits at some important props in our economic welfare.

Chairman Walsh and the committee on industrial relations evidently suspect that an evil hides behind this quarter which the average traveler deposits with the person who dusted him thus effectively. It may 30 be making the Pullman company rich by making possible an avoidance of paying proper wages. It may be destroying the self-respect of the porter, but we doubt it, experience never having discovered one 35 in addition to being useful for sucking who did not look as if he had all the selfrespect of a person with a bank account.

We suspect that the first sleeping car porter who got the first two bits from a traveler nearly fell over in astonishment 40 of sorts. It has in it potash, or some other and was unable to express himself adequately. We suspect that the whole system was originated by the travelers themselves and that they will continue to hand out two bits in the morning regardless of 45 waves to tempt the coy appetites of those what changes are made in the wage scale.

Naturally we want the money to go to the porters and not to the Pullman company, and for that reason we might insist that the company pay wages that would be 50 concentrated food from straw. It is to be adequate if there were no gratuities or would refund the latter to the passenger in the form of lower rates.

But we also suspect that the habit of tipping the porter is something not to be 55 eating it, no doubt, a bale of straw swells explained by any orthodox economic theory; that it inheres in the grandiloquence of the average traveler who wishes to con-

sider himself a person important enough, in the peculiarly important circumstances of his travel, to hand out two bits to an obliging gentleman of color and that he Read the Gazetteer to Baby. It will calm 5 would resent any legislative fussiness which deprived him of this expression of his own generosity and solvency. As to the colored person who takes the tip, we suspect that his self-respect is proof to against this subtle suggestion. Anyway he earns the fee and it makes gracious the person who gives it.

There are very few remnants of the feudal system. Why destroy the one convenient method by which a person of modest income and small authority can, for a moment, attain and realize the subtleties of the grand estate? Purchasable at two bits the sensation is cheap. Many a man

flattered less.

XII

THE STRAW BREAKFAST

[Courier-Journal (Louisville), May 2, 1915. By permission.]

From Germany comes news that a learned man, a German professor of chemistry, has asserted that he can make a firstrate food of common wheat straw.

Wheat straw, or oats straw or rye straw, cider or lemonade from a receptacle, bedding horses, exercising the leg muscles of hens when grain is concealed in it, fooling lean kine and making hats, is a fertilizer chemical constituent of good soil. It possibly is quite as valuable as a given quantity of shavings ironed out into batter cake formation and then made into marcel to whom conformation by honest ham and eggs causes a shudder of horror at breakfast time.

The German savant proposes to make a a lozenge or cube something like those which you drop into hot water and make a sort of sterilized dishwater which is called by a French name for soup. After up in the inner being, and a fountain of strength wells up simultaneously in the same place. Each digit itches for the throat of the enemy, or longs, in the case of a civilian, to take a day's work by the scruff of the neck and cast it into the limbo of things that were. Full of potash and hope, the straw eater is a match for any 5 man. And he can get outside of his concentrated bale of straw in less time than it takes a couple of roan steers to munch down one bale under the lee of a straw stack when driven by winter hunger.

The Herr Professor has, no doubt, hit upon an important discovery. The time may come when it will be said that making bricks without straw is a simple matter (4) State who persuaded you to take compared with making Prussian grena- 15 up literature, and give height and chest diers without it. But, unfortunately for America, there is already in the market, for soda fountain and circus lemonade booth use, an artificial straw made of paper treated with paraffin. When Americans 20 begin to fill up on the concentrated straw lozenges, Richmond Pearson Hobson and a brace of retired admirals will be sure to go about foretelling a German invasion, and assuring us that every mother's son of 25 tion, and state your reasons for supposing us is wadded and packed with paper straw, while the Germans, who have been eating the regular kind, are adequately prepared to strew American giblets all over the United States map, or the Japanese, bred 30 for battle on genuine rice straw, can swim the Pacific and arrive in California with sufficient remaining strength to hammer the anti-alienism out of everybody west of the Rocky Mountains.

XIII

WHAT TO TELL AN EDITOR

(Punch, January 14, 1914. By special permission of the proprietors.)

In view of the *Daily Mail's* praiseworthy efforts to instruct applicants for situations 45 business, but —' in the correct phrasing of letters to prospective employers, we propose to supply a similar long-felt want, and give a little advice as to the kind of letter it is desirable to enclose with contributions to peri- 50 odicals.

Begin your letter in a friendly vein, hoping the editor and his people are pretty well. Remember also that editors like to know something of the characters and his- 55 tories of their contributors. So let your

communication include a résumé of your personal and literary career. Don't fall into the error of making your letter too concise.

The following suggestions may serve to indicate some of the lines of thought you might follow:

(1) State where you sent your first manuscript.

(2) What you thought of it, and of the editor who returned it.

(3) Your height and chest measurement (an editor likes to be on the safe side).

measurement of same.

(5) Give a short but optimistic description of your contribution, not to exceed in

length the contribution itself.

(6) State whether literary genius is rife in your family or has been rife at any time since 1066.

(7) Give a list of journals to which you have already sent the enclosed contributhat the editors were misguided. Hint that perhaps, after all, their lack of enterprise was fortunate for the present recipient.

(8) Mention your hobbies and the different appointments you have held since the age of twelve, with names and addresses of employers. Also give your reasons for remaining as long as you did in 35 each situation.

(9) State how long you have been a subscriber to the journal you are electing to honor, and whether you think it's worth the money. Point out any little im-40 provements you consider desirable in its compilation, and mention other periodicals as perfect examples. Preface these remarks with some such phrase as this: ' Pray don't think I want to teach you your

(10) Give full list (names and addresses) of friends who have promised to buy the paper if your contribution appears.

(11) Give a brief outline, in faultless English, of your religious, political and police court convictions, your views on Mr. Lloyd-George, and any ideas you may have about the Law of Copyright.

Finally, enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for the return of your article.

CONTROVERSIAL ARTICLES AND LETTERS

This section, like the preceding one, is really a branch of exposition. Many editorial articles are obviously controversial, though the tendency is for them to become less so except in occasional accesses of party strife. The difference between the purely expository article and the expository-controversial seems to lie in this—that while the writer of the former has a single eye to the reader, the writer of the latter has in view also sometimes 'a shadowy third,' sometimes a declared opponent. The controversial writer's constant endeavor is to pierce the joints of his opponent's armor, - less metaphorically, to point out the weaknesses of the opposing case or the fallacies involved in its arguments or assumptions. The controversialist naturally sets forth his own case too as strongly and cogently as he can, but he must have in mind, not merely the immediate effect upon his reader, but the possible openings he may leave for the adversary's counter-attack; he breathes the atmosphere of battle.

The articles in this section divide themselves into three groups: the first (I to III) centers round what is somewhat vaguely called socialism; the second (IV and V) treats two phases of what is no less vaguely called the woman question; and the third (including all the rest), deals with various issues arising in connection with the Great War. Whatever, in each case, may be the reader's sympathies, he should not fail to note the skill with which each writer states his own view, and scores at the expense of his imagined or realized antagonist. It is possible to admire and enjoy the brilliant sword-play of a controversial writer without sympathizing with the cause for which he fights. Indeed, it is only after observing the shrewd devices of the tried champions of debate that the young aspirant to the honors of the lists can venture into them without certainty of discomfiture. The first thing, undoubtedly, is to have a good cause to fight for, or at least one that commends itself to the writer's inmost conviction; but he must also know how to defend his cause according to the art of war.

I.

THE CASE FOR EQUALITY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

[Metropolitan, December, 1913. Reprinted by courtesy of the publishers.]

When I speak of The Case for Equality I mean human equality; and that, of course, wais of no use at all to the beggar. The fact can only mean one thing: it means equality of income. It means that if one person is to have half a crown, the other is to have two and sixpence. It means that precisely. You, Mr. Chairman, have spoken 15 you a very great deal of trouble in the of equality of opportunity. The difficulty about that is that it is entirely and completely and eternally impossible. How are you going to give everybody in this room equal opportunities with me of writing 20 time using the power of Parliament to replays? The thing is, I say, a ghastly mockery. In one sense it might be said:

'Well, any of us are welcome to try our hands at play-writing.' I might say that and smile. But I am quite safe in saying that to the majority of you it is just exsactly like saying to a beggar: 'Well, my friend, Mr. Barnato made a large fortune; you have the same opportunities as Mr. Barnato; go and make that fortune,' at which Mr. Barnato would smile; but it is that you cannot equalize anything about human beings except their incomes. If in dealing with the subject you would only begin by facing that fact, it would save form of useless speculation. I have chosen this subject for to-night because it is an extremely practical and important political subject. You have been for a long distribute income in this country more or less. The very moment the Income Tax was introduced by Sir Robert Peel, somewhere in the 'forties - 1842, I think from that moment you were beginning to effect a redistribution of income. If you of Chancellors of the Exchequer, you will find them all redistributing income unconsciously, until you come to Sir William Harcourt with his death duties, Mr. Asquith with his discrimination between 10 earned and unearned income, and Mr. Lloyd-George with his Supertax, all doing it consciously. The object of supertaxation, and the object of the threatened land tion of income in this country. There is another point which has not been quite so closely observed as that. The working classes have been using their power, at through the Labor Party in Parliament, to effect a redistribution. This used to be a redistribution in kind. Instead of getting money, the working classes got mugot sanitation; they got the clearing away of slum areas; and this mass of municipal work was largely paid for by rating richer people than themselves, and by grants-inaid, which came from the Income Tax, 30 from which the working classes were exempt themselves. Thus they were deliberately transferring wealth from one class to another by Parliamentary power. They were redistributing part of the national in- 35 come, and diverting it in their own direc-This went on for many years; but a few years ago they took an entirely new more houses out of you; we will get more plumber's work out of you,' they suddenly took the step which was sooner or later inevitable, and said: 'We will have some money out of you. We will have some 45 process; because if you are not like the money straight out of your pockets into our pockets to do what we like with.' There was an apparent precedent for this in Poor Law outdoor relief, or the giving of public money to poor persons on the 50 ground that they are poor. But when you passed Old Age Pensions, then, for the first time, you had money paid down without regard to the differences between one person and another. It was not given ex-55 to-night to say that I have quite made up clusively to the people who were poor, except that there was a certain limit of income, which was really rather a concession

to the snobbery of the people who did not like to take it than a real essential difference of principle. The fact remains that a few years ago the Chancellor of the Exjust glance over the subsequent succession 5 chequer began to put his hand into the national pocket, and to give every person aged seventy of the working class, without reference to his ability or sex, if he claimed it and had not a certain income at the time he claimed it, the sum of 5s. a week. The recipients of that 5s. a week included among them every possible variety of character. They all have exactly the sum of 5s. a week, no more and no less. Here taxation, is to effect a further redistribu- 15 is a process which has begun, and a process which we all know is going to go on. We know that that 5s. a week will not remain at 5s. a week. We know that it will be presently 10s. a week. (Dissent.) I first indirectly, and of late years directly 20 should have thought that everybody here present would know that in New Zealand at the present time it is 10s. a week; and that the Labor Party know it; and that it is 10s, a week at an earlier age than the nicipal dwellings; they got education; they 25 age of seventy. If any man present is simple enough to believe that it is going to stay at 5s. a week, I ask him to retire to the smoking-room downstairs, because he is congenitally (I must say it, though I say it without malice) incapable of understanding any address that I possibly can give. I take it now you are all convinced that it will not stay at 5s. a week; and I hope there will be no hesitation about this also; that the Supertax is not going to remain at what it is at present. I think you must all admit, though some of you may deplore it, that the Supertax is going to departure. Instead of saying, 'We will go up, which means a further redistribuget more schools out of you; we will get 40 tion of income in this country. Having put the matter on a thoroughly

practical basis, I now want to ask you whether you have made up your mind what is going to be the final result of this mere opportunists who are outside the Political and Economic Circle and in the smoking-room downstairs — if you really are serious in your pretensions as members of this Circle, you must either have made up your minds already on that point, or you must be in the process of making up your minds; you must be asking yourselves what is the final level to be? I am here my mind as to the only possible solution of the question. I am going to show you that my solution, which is the solution of an

equal distribution, is one which has overwhelming practical arguments in its favor.

Perhaps the strongest argument to people who are not very fond of abstract only plan that has ever been successful, the only plan that has ever been possible. It is the plan that has always prevailed; and it is prevalent at the present time to a tribution. The moment you begin to try and think of any other, you are met with such difficulties and such absurdities that. however reluctant you may be to come to the solution of equality, you are finally 15 perhaps, ought to have fifty times as big driven to it by the elimination of every other solution, except, of course, the solution of the mere brute scramble that we have at the present time. If you take our you find that equal pay is the rule. If you take our trades, you find in every class of society a certain conception of what constitutes a becoming livelihood in that class of society; and everybody in it aims at 25 tury which began with: 'The career open and claims an income representing that standard. Nobody seriously asks to have more than the other persons of his class. Every soldier of the same rank gets practically the same pay; every policeman of 30 the same rank gets the same pay; every colonel gets the same pay; every general gets the same pay; and every judge gets You do not find Mr. Justice £5000 a year. Darling getting up and saying: 'I really 35 as an excuse for giving somebody less than think that because I have put a little humor into the proceedings, I ought to have an extra allowance.' Nor do you find that the judges who put a little extra stupidity and cruelty into the proceedings, ever sug- 40 souls are of infinite value, and all infinities gest that their salaries should be reduced on that ground; nor do the people who admire and uphold their cruelty and stupidity propose that they should get any more.

you think there should be some other standard applied to men, I ask you not to waste time arguing about it in the abstract, but bring it down to a concrete case at once. Let me take a very obvious case. 50 know, obedience and subordination are I am an exceedingly clever man. can be absolutely no question at all in my case that in some ways I am above the average of mankind in talent. You laugh; but I presume you are not laughing at the 55 do not themselves understand. That is the fact, but only because I do not bore you with the usual modest cough, and pretend to consider myself stupid. Very well.

Take myself as an absolute, unquestionable case. Now pick out somebody not quite so clever. How much am I to have, and how much is he to have? I notice a blank thought, is that equality of income is the sexpression on your countenances. You are utterly unable to answer the question. In order to do so, you would have to compare us in some quantitative way. You would have to treat human capacity as a greater extent than any other rule of dis- to measurable thing; but you know perfectly well it is not a measurable thing. Taking some person whom we will call X, an average man, you may think I am fifty times as clever as X; and you may think that I, an income. But if anybody asks you: 'Where did you get that numerator of fifty from, and what does your denominator represent?' you will be compelled to Civil Service and our Military Service, 20 give it up. You cannot settle it. The thing is impossible. You cannot do it. Every attempt you make in that way reduces itself to absurdity in your hands; and that silly dream of the nineteenth cento the talents,' the idea that every man could get his value; all that is the vainest Utopian dream; and the most ridiculous, the most impracticable idea that ever came into the head of men. The reason it has been talked about so much, is that the people who were talking about it had no serious intention of ever bringing it into practice and never pleaded it in practice except themselves. It would have been far more sensible to go at the question in the old mystic, religious way; when you would have immediately seen that all human equal.

It is now plain that if you are going to have any inequalities of income, they must be arbitrary inequalities. You must say Now suppose you do not agree, suppose 45 flatly that certain persons are to have more than others, giving no reason for it. I am quite sure again, from the expression of your faces, that you have not any reasons. Well, I will give you one. As you necessary in society. You cannot have a civilized society unless tolerably large bodies of men are willing to obey other men, even by executing orders that they real foundation of our traditional feudal inequality. In order to make a common man obey some other man, you had to take

some means of making that other man an uncommon man; and the simplest way was to set him apart from common men by giving him more money, by putting him in a different sort of dress, by making him live in a different sort of house, by setting up a convention that under no circumstances could his son marry the daughter of the common man, or the common man's son sorted to idolatry to secure subordination in society; for the man so set apart became literally an idol. I do not deny that idolatry served its turn; but I suggest to conditions are exploding it. The very idols themselves have made the fatal mistake of allowing the invention of photography and the half-tone process to decial structure is based. So long as you have a peer or millionaire who is known only by name and by reputation, people may believe him to be a great man, quite his portrait into the papers, it is all up: the show is given away. The time has gone by for the old privacy, the old mystery, the old seclusion; that is how our directions. The whole movement of Liberalism in the history of the world — I do not mean the Liberalism of Parliament, or the Liberalism even of this Club, which, Liberalism at all — the history of Liberalism in the world, when you understand it thoroughly, has been the history of Iconoclasm. In America they will not allow that European ambassadors wear; and they will not allow their judges to assume the ridiculous costume our judges put on to persuade people that a judge is not a man, but Justice incarnate; and they do 45 tocracy I could illustrate in fifty ways; not allow their President to put a crown on his head, in order to produce illusions as to its interior. I think you will admit that nowadays, in spite of the costumes of our judges, and in spite of our crowns, 50 you do not feel it, there is nothing that I there is very little of such illusion left. As a matter of fact, the popularity of our last two monarchs has been due, I think you will agree with me, not at all to a belief in them as extraordinary and super- 55 little incident. natural persons, but to the precisely contrary belief in them as rather good fellows much like ourselves. I am glad you agree

with me; because that disposes of the last and only argument in favor of inequality of income: absolutely the last and only one.

Now I come to the objections to inequal-5 ity, which have been too little considered in this country. I am going to show you that there is an overwhelming political objection to it. I will then show you that there is a still more overwhelming ecomarry his daughter. In short, you re- to nomic objection to it; and I will finish by showing you that there is a biological objection to it which, in my opinion, outweighs all the others. Let us begin with the political objection. As long as you you that modern democracy and modern 15 have inequality of income, you may have Franchise Acts, and you may have votes for men, and votes for women, and you may have votes for babies if you like, but there will be no such thing as real democstroy the glamour on which the whole so- 20 racy in this country. There will be class government of the very worst description. There will be class government based on plutocracy, as there is at the present time; and there will be no possible real repreunlike themselves; but the moment you put 25 sentation of the people in Parliament. It does not matter how high the characters of the members may stand. I will take two gentlemen who are at the head of Parliamentary life at the present time. Take idols are beginning to get found out in all 30 Mr. Asquith on the one hand, and Mr. Balfour on the other. How can Mr. Balfour or Mr. Asquith represent men with £300 a year; much less men with £50 or £60 a year? How can they pursue in Paras you know, has very little to do with 35 liament the interests of men with only a very small fragment of their income? say, furthermore, that even if they wanted to do it, they would not be let do it. say they are subject to public opinion. their ambassadors to put on the uniform 40 say that public opinion is manufactured at the present time by newspapers; and I say that the newspapers are absolutely in the hands of the plutocracy. The extent to which they are in the hands of the plubut you cannot be so destitute of intelligence - I have no right to assume that you are lacking in intelligence at all — as not to feel this every day of your life. could say which would convince you of it; but the extent to which our newspapers are under the personal control of the plutocracy, I may illustrate by a harmless

A little while ago I had the pleasure of holding a public debate in Queen's Hall with Mr. Hilaire Belloc. It was reported

at some length in all the newspapers of London. It was considered an event of sufficient public importance to occupy from one to three columns — the three columns were in a highly conservative paper in 5 fense of the publican. He spoke in the London. All over the country the news-conventional manner against the liquor London. All over the country the newspapers had reports. But there were two papers that made absolutely no mention of the debate. One of them was the Times and the other was the Daily Mail. It has 10 remained a profound mystery why those papers took absolutely no notice of a debate of which they were informed, and at which they were represented by their remade on the subject was based on the fact that one of the speakers, by an unfortunate slip, mentioned Lord Northcliffe not as Lord Northcliffe but as Mr. Harmsworth. Now, gentlemen, I am not so absurd as to 20 paper, which shortly afterward changed suppose that Lord Northcliffe went down to the offices of these two papers of his. and said: 'This blasphemer has called me "Mr. Harmsworth," as if I were not Lord Northcliffe; never mention him in my 25 never yet met a member of the National papers again.' I do not believe anything of the kind; but I am perfectly prepared to believe that the gentlemen in his employment may have been so under the influence of Lord Northcliffe's position, and 30 taking part in other men's election meetmay have been themselves so unjustly mistrustful of Lord Northcliffe's breadth of mind, that they may have thought it safer on the whole not to mention the de- Nine times out of ten, for the sake of what bate, in which they would have had to 35 you call the Liberal Party, you will be report that deplorable slip; and so got out of the difficulty by not mentioning it at all. Any of you who are in public life must know that the moment you take part in any anti-plutocratic movement you are 40 Rule, and on Free Trade. And the genboycotted by the newspapers. Nothing is reported and worked up in the newspapers except the interests of the plutocracy. Those papers form public opinion. Public opinion cannot be formed in any other 45 talking about, but perfectly prepared to way. The consequence is that you have no genuinely popular government in this country. I will give you just one other instance which comes back to my memory: it is also a personal one. I once went to 50 lobby the Liberal whip tells him is the a meeting on the temperance question. proper lobby to go into. That is what you That meeting was addressed by me; and it was addressed by a bishop. Under ordinary circumstances, when a meeting is addressed by me and addressed by a bishop, 55 the bishop is very fully reported; and I am somewhat briefly reported. On this occasion, it happened that I said some-

thing, being a lifelong teetotaler, and the meeting talking a great deal of nonsense about the publicans, in defense of the publican. The bishop did not speak in de-The consequence was that in the Times next day my speech was reported at full length; and the only thing that was mentioned about the bishop was that 'the Bishop of Kensington then addressed the meeting.' When Bishop Gore, who was then Bishop of Birmingham, delivered a most eloquent protest in London against The only conjecture that was 15 the assumption that political science, any more than religion, was on the side of industrial sweating he fared worse than the ' ' Bishop of Kensington: for he was not mentioned at all except by one morning its editor.

> Gentlemen, leaving the question of the press, you know that every one of you wants to get into Parliament. I have Liberal Club who did not intend to get into Parliament at some time, except those who, like our Chairman, are there already. Well, most of you will get no further than You will hardly ever have an opportunity of speaking on behalf of a man who really represents your opinions. speaking on behalf of a rich man. You will be answering for his magnificent Liberal principles; you will be explaining his views on the Welsh Church, and on Home tleman on whose behalf you are speaking, and who will be returned if your oratory is successful, will be sitting there on the platform wondering what on earth you are foot the bill, to pay the expenses, to bribe the constituency on the chance of getting into Parliament. Doubtless, when he gets into Parliament, he will go into whatever get in the shape of democracy; and that is all you ever will get as long as you have inequality of income.

Now I come to the economic objection; and you will all now please put on your best expressions, being all of you political economists. Now, gentlemen, I am really a political economist. I have studied the thing. I understand Ricardo's law of rent and Jevons's law of value. I can also tell you what in its essence sound economy means for any nation. It means, gentle- 5 men, just what sound economy means for any individual; and that is that whatever powers the individual has of purchasing or producing, shall be exercised in the order of his most vital needs. Let me illustrate. 10 into the region of luxuries, then you find Suppose you find a man starving in the streets. You are sympathetic: you give that man sixpence. Suppose that man, instead of buying some bread and eating it. buys a bottle of scent to perfume his hand- 15 end cannot be sold, and are therefore not kerchief with, and then dies of starvation. but with the satisfaction of having his handkerchief perfumed! You will admit that that man is an unsound economist, will you not? You will even declare that 20 against it, and all the more personal conhe is a lunatic? Well, allow me to tell you, gentlemen, that is exactly what this country is doing at the present time. It is spending very large sums on perfuming its handkerchief while it is starving, and 25 while it is rotting. How are you going to remedy that? As long as you have inequality of income, that mad state of things is compulsory. If one man has not enough money to feed his children prop- 30 more than thirty years, the most active erly, and another man has so much that after feeding and clothing and lodging himself and his family as luxuriously as possible he has still a large surplus fund, you will find that the richer man will take 35 his surplus purchasing power into the market, and by that purchasing power set the labor of the country, which ought to be devoted to producing more food for people who have not enough food, to the pro- 40 that all my experience and all my thought duction of 80 horse-power motor-cars, and yachts and jewels, and boxes at the opera, and to the construction of such towns as Nice and Monte Carlo. The thing is inevitable. Production is determined by 45 presented to the human race by its own purchasing power and always will be. If you were to attempt to do away with money and with purchasing power, then you would have, in order to satisfy your nation, to ascertain what every man par- 50 ticularly wants and likes; and as that would be impossible, you would have to give every man exactly the same thing, with the consequence that the man who wanted a race-horse as a luxury would get 55 civilized life, and certainly not a cultured a gramophone, and the man who wanted a gramophone would get a race-horse. In order to enable men to determine produc-

tion according to their own tastes, you must give a man his income in the shape of purchasing power. By that purchasing power he determines production; and if you allow the purchasing power of one class to fall below the level of the vital necessities of subsistence, and at the same time allow the purchasing power of another class to rise considerably above it inevitably that those people with that superfluity determine production to the output of luxuries, while at the same time the necessities that are wanted at the other produced. I have put it as shortly as possible: but that is the economic argument in favor of equality of income. All the arguments which have been brought forward siderations in favor of inequality, seem to me, as an economist, to be practically swept away by the overwhelming weight of that economic objection.

I now come to the biological reasons for equality. I do not know, gentlemen, what may be the outcome of your experience in progressive political work, but I must confess to you here that I, having devoted part of my life, to political questions in their most serious aspect - not to the ridiculous game, not half as interesting as golf, which you call party politics and with which you debauch your intellects and waste your time, but to the genuine problems of the condition of the country and the condition of the people: in short, to the life of the country - I must confess to you on the subject have left me with very grave doubts as to whether mankind, as it exists at present, is capable of solving the political and economic problems which are multitudinous numbers. If you take a few persons like ourselves, and put them into a new colony, in a climate which is not too rough, to make little pioneer villages like the pioneer villages in the days before Capitalism overwhelmed America, in that village you may get a reasonable and decent kind of life; a rough life, but a natural life; not in any very high sense a life; but a tolerably human kind of life. But the moment you attempt to go beyond the village stage, the moment you attempt

to create the complicated political, social and industrial organization required by our great modern empires and cities, the human constituents of these communities are hopelessly beaten by the problems cre- 5 events, when you are brought up, as you ated by that organization, and by their own numbers. Our House of Commons. to do it justice, does not even pretend to know what it is legislating about. its speeches on the subject, and you will to brought up to be unsocial, then any little find that it practically gives up the prob-It goes on in a hand-to-mouth fashion trying to remedy grievances, making five or six new messes every time it clears up an old one. You see measure after 15 demand from you the largest scope of measure brought out, accompanied by extensions of the franchise; but all the time we are going more deeply into the mire, and increasing the evils I have been fighting all my life. Although people are con-20 is why I doubt whether these problems stantly assuming that these evils are being got rid of, I assure you that they are not being got rid of at all; and the reason of that, it seems to me, is that we are not capable of getting rid of them. We are a 25 Eugenics. Ever since the time of Plato stupid people; and we are a bad looking people. We are ugly; we have narrow minds; and we have bad manners. A great deal of that is due to the effect of being brought up in a society of inequality, 30 that we breed horses?' (Hear, hear.) I know perfectly well what happened to myself. I can remember one of my earliest experiences in life was my father finding me playing with a certain little boy in the street, and telling me I was not to 35 begin. Suppose we could go as a depuplay with that little boy, giving me to understand that he was a very inferior and objectionable kind of little boy. I had not found him so. I asked my father 'Why?' He said: 'His father keeps a shop.' said to my father: 'Well, but you keep a Therefore my father pointed out to me that he sold things wholesale, and that this little boy's father sold things retail; and that, consequently, there was between 45 and try to produce a better sort of human me and that boy a gulf which could never be respectably bridged; and that it was part of my duty and part of my honor to regard that boy as an inferior, which I did ever after, in so far as I could safely 50 horse you want. If you want a race-horse, do so, having regard to the fact that the boy was a more vigorous and larger boy than myself. I was also taught, being an Irish Protestant boy, what Protestant children are habitually taught in Ireland: that 55 about the horse's soul; you do not bother the great bulk of my fellow countrymen, being Roman Catholics, were condemned to eternal damnation. Perhaps you can

see that this was blasphemy; but in my opinion the doctrine that the wholesaler should excommunicate the retailer was a much more dangerous blasphemy. At all inevitably are in a society like ours, with that sort of blasphemy being continually dinned into your ears; when you are taught to be unsocial at every point, and chance that your natural endowments at your birth may have left you of being able to grapple with the enormous problems of our modern civilization — problems that mind, the most unhesitating magnanimity, the most sacred recognition of your spiritual and human equality with every person in the nation — is utterly destroyed. can be solved by us, brought up in that way. To solve them, you need a new sort

of human being.

And now we have come to what we call — and I dare say the subject was practically as old in Plato's time as it is now sensible men have always said: 'Why cannot we breed men with the same care 'Hear, hear.' Several gentlemen say Have they ever tried it? You must always test yourselves, when you have these ideas, by asking yourselves how would you tation to Parliament, and were allowed to address Parliament at the bar of the House, and impressed them with the importance of this problem to such an extent I 40 that they passed an Act and sent it through the Lords and got the Royal Assent, indemnifying us and giving us power practically, we here, to make an attempt at breeding; to pick out a mother and father being; we should not know where to begin. You see it is all very well when you come to breed a horse, because when you want to breed a horse you know the sort of all you care about is that the horse should be a very fast horse. If you want a draught horse, you know that all you want is a powerful horse. You do not bother very much about its temper; you do not care whether it is a good horse in the pulpit sense of the word. You want a horse that will go round a race-course in a shorter time than any other horse. Or you want a horse that will carry a hundredweight more than any other horse you you know the sort of horse you want. But do you know the sort of man you want? You do not. You have not the slightest idea. You do not even know how do not want an epileptic. We do not want an alcoholic.' (It is a barbarous word, but drunken people are now called alcoholics.) But for all you know to the controlled epileptic, fed exclusively on proof spirit, and consuming perhaps ten gallons a day. You laugh; but the thing is entirely possible. You do not know what a able to tell you. All they can tell you is that if you bring them a healthy man, they will very soon have him in bed. Still less do you know, gentlemen, what is a am a good man or not. Some people will tell you that my goodness is almost beyond that of any other living person. will even tell you that I am the only hope have to go very far to find persons who are of exactly the contrary opinion. I tell you that you really do not know. think the very first thing you have to do is to face the fact that you do not know, 35 and that in the nature of things you never can know. Your capacity does not run to it. You have no clue, as far as your own judgment is concerned; and, there-Nature gives you.

Let me propose to you an experiment which I am always proposing to large audiences in this country. I ask you to-Bond or Oxford Street, or any well-frequented thoroughfare, and to look carefully at all the women you see coming those women you would care to be married to. If we are to judge by the utterances of some of our Moral Reform Societies, the members when they walk down ibly attracted by every woman they meet, old or young, that nothing but the severest and most stringent laws restrain

them from instant rapine. I cannot imagine how any man gets himself into such a deplorable condition of mind as to believe that this is true of himself, much can get hold of. It is quite simple, because 5 less of any other human being. There may be some men of low type, who are nearly indiscriminate in their appetites; but I am perfectly certain, with regard to the great majority of men, that they may to begin. You say: 'Well, after all we to very often walk down Oxford Street without meeting one single woman to whom they could tolerate the idea of being married; and they will in any case be fortunate (because I like the sensation when trary, the Superman may be a self-con-15 it comes to me) if, on the most crowded day and in the finest weather, they meet two women for whom they feel that curious physiological attraction which we all recognize as the sex attraction. That athealthy man is. All your doctors are not a traction means something. If that attraction meant something destructive and ruinous to the human race, the human race would have been wiped out of existence long ago. It is what you call the Voice good man. Take a vote as to whether I 25 of Nature. You fall in love, as the saying is. You see a woman whom you have never spoken to, about whom you know absolutely nothing at all; you do not know her character, and you do not know her of religion in this country. You will not 30 aims; but you look at her and fall in love with her. If you were a free person in a free society, you would feel very strongly in love with her; but nowadays you seldom feel more than that timid little - what shall I call it? - sort of sinking feeling, which is about as much as, in our present society, is left of any of our natural emotions. But you do feel some attraction. My contention is that this attraction is the fore, you are thrown back on the clue that 40 only clue you have to the breeding of the human race, and I do not believe you will ever have any improvement in the human race until you greatly widen the area of possible sexual selection; until you make morrow in the afternoon, if it is a fine 45 it as wide as the numbers of the commu-afternoon, to walk down Park Lane or nity make it. Just consider what occurs at the present time. I walk down Oxford Street, let me say, as a young man. I see a woman who takes my fancy. I fall in along and to take a note of how many of 50 love with her. It would seem very sensible. in an intelligent community, that I should take off my hat and say to this lady: 'Will you excuse me; but you attract me very strongly, and if you are Oxford Street, are so wildly and irresist- 55 not already engaged, would you mind taking my name and address and considering whether you would care to marry me? Now I have no such chance at present.

Probably when I meet that woman, she is either a charwoman and I cannot marry her, or else she is a duchess and she will not marry me. I have purposely taken the charwoman and the duchess; but we cut 5 matters much finer than that. We cut our little class distinctions, all founded upon inequality of income, so narrow and so small that I have time and again spoken to English audiences of all classes through- to out the Kingdom, and I have said to every man and woman in the audience: know perfectly well that when it came to your turn to be married, you had not, as a young man or a young woman, the choice 15 practically of all the unmarried young people of your own age in our forty million population to choose from. You had at the outside a choice of two or three; and you did not like any of them very par- 20 of his generation, and mine. It's a cruel ticularly as compared to the one you might have chosen, if you had had a larger choice.' That is a fact which you gentlemen with your knowledge of life cannot deny. The result is that you have, instead 25 of a natural evolutionary sexual selection, a class selection which is really a money selection. Is it to be wondered at that you have an inferior and miserable breed under such circumstances? I believe that 30 free. this goes home more to the people than any other argument I can bring forward. I have impressed audiences with that argument who were entirely unable to grasp the economic argument in the way you are 35 poacher. He is fair game for any of us; able to grasp it, and who were indifferent to the political arguments. I say, therefore, that if all the other arguments did not exist, the fact that equality of income would have the effect of making the 40 hard but honest labor of raking up and entire community intermarriageable from one end to the other, and would practically give a young man and young woman his or her own choice right through the population — I say that that argument only, 45 with the results which would be likely to accrue in the improvement of the race, would carry the day.

I am sorry there are no ladies present There ought to have been, to have 50 he begins, 'I mean human equality.' full justice done to the last argument. But the final argument which prevails with me is that it is half-past nine. I hope I have given you enough to talk about for some little time. I hope you 55 alone; I mean Mr. Shaw also; and not understand that equality means equality of income. In justification of equality of income, I have given you a political argu-

ment, I have given you an economic argument, I have given you a biological argument; and now make what you can

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THE CASE FOR INEQUALITY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

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The only difficulty I find in answering Mr. Shaw when he is wrong is that I don't want to. It is sport to hear his purposeful fallacies running over the innocent sins sport, but it's sport. And who would be a spoil-sport? Not I: not if the Superman would limit his hunting to his own country, where the libel laws make muckraking an intellectual game and British complacency requires that it be played by artists. But over here, in our country, muckraking is serious business. We are running down the truth that shall make us Mr. Shaw, addressing the Liberal Club of England on 'The Case for Equality,' is a gentleman shooting over his own preserves; the same man with the same case in the Metropolitan Magazine is a big game, but fair. I protest that Mr. Shaw should either stay at home, where the greater the truth is the greater the libel, or get down here with us to the marketing said truth. And why should he not deal in that precious commodity?

The truth divine is funnier than any

man-made joke.

His joke on the Liberal Club shows that. The truth about the case for equality is more entertaining than Mr. Shaw's argument for it.

'When I speak of the Case of Equality,'

Now the joke in this thesis, the humorous truth divine about human equality is that we don't want it. By 'we' I mean not merely the editorial I; not myself only him and me, but Nature and human nature. And I certainly would include under that impersonal pronoun all those who agree with him and me when I shall have made over for him the Superman's

case for the Superman.

For my contention is that Mr. Shaw's case for human equality is an argument 5 for human inequality; he does n't know just how to get it, but that is what he means and wants.

'I say,' as he says — I say that we are the opposite: human inequality. Not democracy; aristocracy is what we are after: or, to be more precise, aristocracies. Again I define 'we' as Nature, human nature and Shaw, and, with all the force is the only way we can proceed. We can't Mr. Shaw puts into a doubtful statement, I say that we democrats work and argue for democracy as a means to aristocracy; the free, natural development of human inequality. We do, and we must. Nature 20 compels us to.

Nature is working toward the develop-

ment of variations in all species.

Human nature is a part of Nature. Man is a species. So man is being worked 25 stairs.' toward variations in his species. Human variations appear as human inequalities and the process we call evolution tends to develop them into greater and greater inequalities. Hence my conclusion:

It is human inequality, not human equality, that Nature makes for and makes our

human nature work for.

No matter what men say, it is distinc-Shaw says it, sometimes; he says it in the bewildering course of his case for equality, meaning human equality.

I must confess,' he confesses, 'that all my experience and thought have left me 40 make him say what he says part of the with very grave doubts as to whether mankind as it exists at present is capable of solving the political and economic problems presented by its own multitudinous numbers. . . . To solve them you need a 45 equality.'

new sort of human being.'

This sigh for a new sort of human being is merely a literary expression of Nature's brutal demand for the further variation of the human species; for more 50 truth being funnier even than a Shaw jest, inequality, or for the more unequal development of existing inequalities. That is an amusing, confusing thing to cry for in a plea for human equality; and I think the statement is upside down. We don't 55 good; not precisely, but pretty good. want the Superman to solve our political and economic problems. We want to solve our political and economic problems

to get our Superman. But of this later. What I want to fix now is the point upon which Mr. Shaw and I and Nature agree:

We all want human inequality.

And that's why Mr. Shaw wants economic equality: because he wants human inequality. That is n't what he says; not all the time. As we have just seen, he sometimes puts it the other way. Most of striving, not for human equality, but for 10 the time, however, he has it right; most of his case is an argument for the solution of our economic problem in order to the development of the race.

And, 'of course' (as he says), this is create new sorts of human beings; we have to grow them; we have to evolve our superman out of mankind as it exists at

present.

If Mr. Shaw (or anybody else) can't see that, I shall have to extend to him the invitation he gave to the 'congenitally incapable' members of the Liberal Club -'to retire to the smoking-room down-

But Mr. Shaw does see that, sometimes he says it: and I think he means it all the time. It would be quibbling, therefore, to hold him to his exact words when we can. 30 by an effort, get at his thought. Let's do

When I speak of the case for equality,' he says, 'I mean human equality; and that, of course, can mean only one thing; tion and differences they want. But Mr. 35 it means equality of income.' And, as if to clinch my case, he adds: 'The fact is you cannot equalize anything about human beings except their incomes.'

So I will correct his thesis for him, and

time and means all of the time:

'When I speak of the case for equality, I mean human inequality; and that can mean but one thing: it means economic

My statement of his case is better because, first, it sounds more like Shaw than his own; second, it is nearer the truth; third, it illustrates what I said about the and there's a fourth reason which should have a paragraph by itself:

By reversing thus his main proposition, Mr. Shaw's argument becomes suddenly

His case for equality (meaning human inequality) now faces the fundamental problem of the race: to develop the breeds

of men. And it gives Mr. Shaw's solution: economic equality. 'Equality of income' is his phrase, and he goes on to show that he means equal pay. 'It have half a crown, the other is to have two-and-sixpence. It means that precisely.'

That 's right. If we are to have human inequality, we must have economic equal- 10 ble? And unnecessary? ity. Not precisely; no; Mr. Shaw is precisely too precise there. But he is approximately right. He sees that the reason we have no aristocracies now is because we have only plutocracies. His 15 the inhuman inequality between thrift and happiest illustration is given under the unhappy head of 'Biological Reasons for Equality.' He agrees with me that we cannot make his 'new sort of human being'; he goes beyond me to say that we 20 wages of labor, and the army, navy and cannot even breed him as we do animals. The breeder of horses, he argues, knows the sort of horse he wants. But, says Mr. Shaw, 'you do not know the sort of man you want. . . . You have no clue, as far 25 tendency of political and social reform is as your own judgment is concerned, and therefore you are driven back on the clue Nature gives.'

This clue to natural selection is the sex attraction. 'My contention,' he says, 'is 30 mate equality. And in the wrong way; that this attraction is the only clue you have to the breeding of the human race.' And he shows that the money standards of our plutocratic organization of society interfere with this natural instinct in all 35 classes of society. 'You have,' he concludes, 'instead of a natural evolutionary sexual selection, a class selection which is

really a money selection.'

A pretty good case could be made for the improvement of some breeds of men under existing conditions. And I, for one, knowsome sorts of human beings I want; musicians, for example; artists generally, and 45 could establish. And even if that were Bernard Shaws; and I think the day may come when we shall know how to continue some such transmissible human inequalities. But I accept the main argument, that we cannot improve the stock 50 wealth by socializing the sources of unfast or far so long as we breed as we do so generally now for money, position or other privilege. That is as absurd as breeding horses, not for speed or strength, but for the amount of money their owners 55 for the rest, let Labor democratize induspossess.

And I quote sympathetically the close of his argument: 'Equality of income

would have the effect of making the entire community intermarriageable from one end to the other and would practically give a young man or woman his or her means,' he says, 'that if one person is to 5 choice right through the population with results likely to accrue in the improvement of the race.

> That's right, too. Equality of income might do the trick. But is n't it impossi-

Mr. Shaw says every other kind of human equality is impossible. Scientists say no precise equality occurs in Nature; not even among crystals; and, as for incomes. joyousness would spoil that arrangement. unless economic opportunities were equalized. He says most human beings get equal pay' now; and he refers to the civil lists. And he observes the leveling process of redistribution in pension legislation, in income and all super-taxation. There is no denying these facts; the toward the redistribution of wealth by force through confiscation. But all this makes, not for equality of incomes; not precisely; it makes only toward approxiand here is where I take issue with Mr. Shaw on his whole case, whether he is for human equality, as he says, or for human inequality, as he also says.

Our evils are due, not to private wealth, but to excessive wealth and power in the hands of individuals. Equally bad, both must be prevented. Mr. Shaw would not prevent either. He proposes to redistrib-One might quarrel with some of this. 40 ute accumulated wealth by some power greater than the state puts into the hands of statesmen now. This is implied in precisely equal incomes,' which only a highly organized governmental machine done, it would n't stay done unless we had economic equality. And why attempt the impossible?

We can prevent excessive individual earned money. These are either natural resources or leaks through which social value flows into private pockets. In a word, we should abolish privileges; and, These two courses would not increase centralized power; they would give us what Mr. Shaw wants: economic democracy; by giving us what he despises: equal opportunities - not to get rich, but to develop each his own gifts or inequalities freely. No man could get rich if he he produced, and I think that few would want to.

Men's activities and desires are determined, not only economic conditions, before economic equality was reached; with the passing of the sources and example of distinguishing riches, we would be free; free from the fear of poverty and power; free to form some other ideal 15 tenements or by the manipulation than money. The aristocratic few seek distinction or satisfaction now in service or skilful work. Some such ideal would soon spread through a free society, and selection, human, instead of economic, inequalities.

III

SOCIALISM

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I - WHERE WE CANNOT WORK WITH SOCIALISTS

tion when it proves impossible to define the terms in which that question is to be discussed. Therefore there is not much to be gained by a discussion of Socialism versus Individualism in the abstract. 40 Neither absolute Individualism nor absolute Socialism would be compatible with civilization at all; and among the arguments of the extremists of either side the only unanswerable ones are those which 45 show the absurdity of the position of the other. Not so much as the first step towards real civilization can be taken until there arises some development of the right out of the stage of savage socialism in which the violent and the thriftless forcibly constitute themselves co-heirs with the industrious and the intelligent in what the equally true that every step toward civilization is marked by a check on individualism. The ages that have passed have

fettered the individualism which found expression in physical violence, and we are now endeavoring to put shackles on that kind of individualism which finds expreshad access to no value except that which 5 sion in craft and greed. There is growth in all such matters. The individualism of the Tweed Ring type would have seemed both commonplace and meritorious to the Merovingian Franks, where it was not enbut by resultant social ideals, and long to tirely beyond their comprehension; and so in future ages, if the world progresses as we hope and believe it will progress, the standards of conduct which permit individuals to make money out of pestilential stocks, or to refuse to share with their employees the dreadful burdens laid upon the latter by the inevitable physical risks in a given business, will seem as amazing free the sex instinct to further by natural 20 to our descendants as we now find the standards of a society which regarded Clovis and his immediate successors as preëminently fit for leadership.

With those self-styled Socialists to 25 whom 'Socialism' is merely a vaguely conceived catchword, and who use it to express their discontent with existing wrongs and their purpose to correct them, there is not much need of discussion. [Outlook, March 20 and 27, 1909. By permission 30 far as they make any proposals which are of author and publishers.] terment, we can act with them. But the real, logical, advanced Socialists, who teach their faith as both a creed and a It is always difficult to discuss a ques- 35 party platform, may deceive to their ruin decent and well-meaning but short-sighted men; and there is need of plain speaking in order accurately to show the trend of

their teaching.

The immorality and absurdity of the doctrines of Socialism as propounded by these advanced advocates are quite as great as those of the advocates, if such there be, of an unlimited individualism. As an academic matter there is more need of refutation of the creed of absolute Socialism than of the creed of absolute individualism; for it happens that at the present time a greater number of visionaries. of private property; that is, until men pass 50 both sinister and merely dreamy, believe in the former than in the latter. One difficulty in arguing with professed Socialists of the extreme, or indeed of the opportunist, type, however, is that those of labor of the latter produces. But it is 55 them who are sincere almost invariably suffer from great looseness of thought; for if they did not keep their faith nebulous, it would at once become abhorrent

in the eyes of any upright and sensible man. The doctrinaire Socialists, the extremists, the men who represent the doctrine in its most advanced form, are, and opponents of private property, but also bitterly hostile to religion and morality; in short, they must be opposed to all those principles through which, and through can be built up by slow advances through

Indeed, these thoroughgoing Socialists occupy, in relation to all morality, and so revolting — and I choose my words carefully - that it is difficult even to discuss it in a reputable paper. In America the leaders even of this type have usually been cautious about stating frankly that wo tionalist of June 15, 1901; and to those, they proposed to substitute free love for married and family life as we have it, although many of them do in a roundabout way uphold this position. In places on the Nation of Fatherless Children, a book the continent of Europe, however, they 25 dedicated to the American Federation of are more straightforward, their attitude being that of one of extreme French Socialist writers, M. Gabriel Deville, who announces that the Socialists intend to do away with both prostitution and marriage, 30 by the statements of certain Socialist which he regards as equally wicked — his method of doing away with prostitution being to make unchastity universal. Professor Carl Pearson, a leading English Socialist, states their position exactly:

'The sex relation of the future will not be regarded as a union for the birth of children, but as the closest form of friendship between man and woman. It will be accompanied by no child bearing or rear- 40 in other words, chooses, and in return is ing, or by this in a much more limited number than at present. With the sex relationship, so long as it does not result in children, we hold that the State in the future will in no wise interfere, but when 45 matter what work is done. If they will it does result in children, then the State will have a right to interfere.' He then goes on to point out that in order to save the woman from 'economic dependence' upon the father of her children, the chil- 50 through the book, quotations from recogdren will be raised at the expense of the State; the usual plan being to have huge buildings like foundling asylums.

Mr. Pearson is a scientific man who, in his own realm, is as worthy of serious 55 think confusedly, and often occupy inconheed as Mr. Flinders Petrie, whom I mention later, is in his realm; and the above quotation states in naked form just what

logical scientific Socialism would really come to. Aside from its thoroughly repulsive quality, it ought not to be necessary to point out that the condition of must necessarily be, not only convinced 5 affairs aimed at would in actual practice bring about the destruction of the race within, at most, a couple of generations; and such destruction is heartily to be desired for any race of such infamous charwhich alone, even an imperfect civilization to acter as to tolerate such a system. Moreover, the ultra-Socialists of our own country have shown by their attitude towards one of their leaders, Mr. Herron, that, so far as law and public sentiment will perespecially to domestic morality, a position 15 mit, they are now ready to try to realize the ideals set forth by Messrs. Deville and Pearson. As for Mr. Herron, I commend to those who desire to verify what I have said, the article in the Boston Congregaby the way, who have not the time to hunt up all the original authorities, I would commend a book called Socialism: The chapters on Free Love, Homeless Children, and Two Socialist Leaders are especially worth reading by any one who is for the moment confused leaders to the effect that advanced Socialism does not contemplate an attack upon marriage and the family.

These same Socialist leaders, with a 35 curious effrontery, at times deny that the exponents of 'scientific Socialism' assume a position as regards industry which in condensed form may be stated as, that each man is to do what work he can, or, to take out from the common fund whatever he needs; or, what amounts to the same thing, that each man shall have equal remuneration with every other man, no turn to a little book recently written in England called The Case Against Socialism, they will find by looking at, say, pages 229 and 300, or indeed almost at random nized Socialist leaders taking exactly this position; indeed, it is the position generally taken - though it is often opposed or qualified, for Socialist leaders usually sistent positions. Mrs. Besant, for instance, putting it pithily, says that we must come to the 'equal remuneration of all

workers'; and one of her colleagues, that 'the whole of our creed is that industry shall be carried on, not for the profit of those engaged in it, whether masters or men, but for the benefit of the community. ... It is not for the miners, bootmakers, or shop assistants as such that we Socialists claim the profits of industry, but for the citizen.' In our own country, in Socialism Made Plain, a book officially circu- to talistic organization as an alternative. lated by the Milwaukee division of the Socialist party, the statement is explicit: 'Under the labor time-check medium of exchange proposed by Socialists, any laborer could exchange the wealth he pro- 15 the right to what he earns. When Soduced in any given number of hours for the wealth produced by any other laborer in the same number of hours.' It is unnecessary to point out that the pleasing idea of these writers could be realized 20 in only if the State undertook the duty of taskmaster, for otherwise it is not conceivable that anybody whose work would be worth anything would work at all under such conditions. Under this type of So-25 morality, licentiousness, and murderous cialism, therefore, or communism, the government would have to be the most drastic possible despotism; a despotism so drastic that its realization would only be an ideal. Of course in practice such a system could 30 gether; and if the doctrines of any of not work at all; and incidentally the mere attempt to realize it would necessarily be accompanied by a corruption so gross that the blackest spot of corruption in any existing form of city government would seem 35 and children, would be the first to die out. bright by comparison.

In other words, on the social and domestic side doctrinaire Socialism would replace the family and home life by a glorified State free-lunch counter and State 40 over again. Of course, long before such foundling asylum, deliberately enthroning self-indulgence as the ideal, with, on its darker side, the absolute abandonment of all morality as between man and woman; while in place of what Socialists are 45 patible with the existence of civilization. pleased to call 'wage slavery' there would be created a system which would necessitate either the prompt dying out of the community through sheer starvation, or an iron despotism over all workers, compared 50 practically striven to act up to their exto which any slave system of the past would seem beneficent, because less ut-

terly hopeless.

'Advanced' Socialist leaders are fond of declaiming against patriotism, or an-55 deserve scant consideration at the hands nouncing their movement as international, and of claiming to treat all men alike; but on this point, as on all others, their system

would not stand for one moment the test of actual experiment. If the leaders of the Socialist party in America should today endeavor to force their followers to 5 admit all negroes and Chinamen to a real equality, their party would promptly disband, and, rather than submit to such putting into effect of their avowed purpose, would, as a literal fact, follow any capi-

It is not an accident that makes thoroughgoing and radical Socialists adopt the principles of free love as a necessary sequence to insisting that no man shall have cialism of this really advanced and logical type is tried as it was in France in 1792, and again under the Commune in 1871, it is inevitable that the movement, ushered with every kind of high-sounding phrase, should rapidly spread so as to include, not merely the forcible acquisition of the property of others, but every conceivable form of monetary corruption, imviolence. In theory, distinctions can be drawn between this kind of Socialism and anarchy and nihilism; but in practice, as in 1871, the apostles of all three act tothem could be applied universally, all the troubles of society would indeed cease, because society itself would cease. poor and the helpless, especially women and the few survivors would go back to the condition of skin-clad savages, so that the whole painful and laborious work of social development would have to begin an event really happened the Socialistic régime would have been overturned, and in the reaction men would welcome any kind of one-man tyranny that was com-

So much for the academic side of unadulterated, or, as its advocates style it, 'advanced scientific' Socialism. Its representatives in this country who have treme doctrines, and have achieved leadership in any one of the branches of the Socialist party, especially the parlor Socialists, and the like, be they lay or clerical, of honest and clean-living men women. What their movement leads to may be gathered from the fact that in the last presidential election they nominated and voted for a man who earns his livelihood as the editor of a paper which not merely practises every form of malignant and brutal slander, but condones and en- some of those who toil, brutal wrong-doing courages every form of brutal wrongdoing, so long as either the slander or the violence is supposed to be at the expense of a man who owns something, wholly without regard to whether that man is to the capacity for righteons indignation, to himself a scoundrel, or a wise, kind, and helpful member of the community. As for the so-called Christian Socialists who associate themselves with this movement, they either are or ought to be aware of 15 facts and advocating remedies which are the pornographic literature, the pornographic propaganda, which make up one side of the movement; a pornographic side which is entirely proper in a movement that in this country accepts as one 20 product of labor should be handed over of its heads a man whose domestic immorality has been so open and flagrant as to merit the epithet of shameless. criminal nonsense should be listened to eagerly by some men bowed down by the 25 wealth were abolished this week, the macruel condition of much of modern toil is not strange; but that men who pretend to speak with culture of mind and authority to teach, men who are or have been preachers of the Gospel or professors in 30 for any man to look at what is happening universities, should affiliate themselves with the preachers of criminal nonsense is a sign of either grave mental or moral shortcoming.

from the standpoint of, and on behalf of, the wage-worker and the tiller of the soil. These are the two men whose welfare I have ever before me, and for their sakes I would do anything, except anything that 40 him made a good deal of money. is wrong; and it is because I believe that teaching them doctrine like that which I have stigmatized represents the most cruel wrong in the long run, both to wageworker and to earth-tiller, that I repro- 45 the same, the physical conditions were the bate and denounce such conduct.

We need have but scant patience with those who assert that modern conditions are all that they should be, or that they cannot be improved. The wildest or 50 ers, everybody turned adrift, to infinite most vicious of Socialistic writers could preach no more foolish doctrine than that contained in such ardent defenses of uncontrolled capitalism and individualism as Mr. Flinders Petrie's Janus, a book which 55 were the same, the good-will the same, is absurd, but which, because of this very fact, is not mischievous, for it can arouse no other emotion than the very earnest

desire that this particular archeological shoemaker should stick to his early-Egyption last. There are dreadful woes in modern life, dreadful suffering among among some of those who make colossal fortunes by exploiting the toilers. It is the duty of every honest and upright man. of every man who holds within his breast recognize these wrongs, and to strive with all his might to bring about a better condition of things. But he will never bring about this better condition by misstating not merely false, but fatal.

Take, for instance, the doctrine of the extreme Socialists, that all wealth is produced by manual workers, that the entire every day to the laborer, that wealth is criminal in itself. Of course wealth is no more criminal than labor. Human society could not exist without both; and if all iority of laborers would starve next week. As for the statement that all wealth is produced by manual workers, in order to appreciate its folly it is merely necessary right around him, in the next street, or the next village. Here in the city where the Outlook is edited, on Broadway between Ninth and Tenth Streets, is a huge I wish it to be remembered that I speak 35 dry goods store. The business was originally started, and the block of which I am speaking was built for the purpose, by an able New York merchant. It prospered. He and those who invested under employees did well. Then he died, and certain other people took possession of it and tried to run the business. The manual labor was the same, the good-will was same; but the guiding intelligence at the top had changed. The business was run at a loss. It would surely have had to shut, and all the employees, clerks, laborsuffering, if it had not again changed hands and another business man of capacity taken charge. The business was the same as before, the physical conditions the manual labor the same, but the guiding intelligence had changed, and now everything once more prospered, and prospered as had never been the case before. With such an instance before our very eyes, with such proof of what every business proves, namely, the vast importance of the part played by the guiding intelligence in 5 ing for excitement and amusement to be business, as in war, in invention, in art, in science, in every imaginable pursuit, it is really difficult to show patience when asked to discuss such a proposition as that all wealth is produced solely by the work to others, and especially upon the State, of manual workers, and that the entire product should be handed over to them. Of course, if any such theory were really acted upon, there would soon be no product to be handed over to the manual labor- 15 recognize that there is the widest inequalers, and they would die of starvation. great industry could no more be managed by a mass-meeting of manual laborers than a battle could be won in such fashion, than a painters' union could paint a Rem-20 the true test by which a man's worth brandt, or a typographical union write one should be judged. We are against priviof Shakespeare's plays.

The fact is that this kind of Socialism represents an effort to enthrone privilege in its crudest form. Much of what we are 25 fighting against in modern civilization is privilege. We fight against privilege when it takes the form of a franchise to a street railway company to enjoy the use ing an adequate return; when it takes the form of a great business combination which grows rich by rebates which are denied to other shippers; when it takes the results in the watering of railway securities so that certain inside men get an enormous profit out of a swindle on the public. All these represent various forms of illegal, or, if not illegal, then anti-social, 40 hon, Lassalle, and Marx, and which is privilege. But there can be no greater abuse, nor greater example of corrupt and destructive privilege, than that advocated by those who say that each man should take out what he needs. This is merely another way of saying that the thriftless and the vicious, who could or would put in but little, should be entitled to take out the earnings of the intelligent, the fore- 50 near future, the annihilation of the family, sighted, and the industrious. Such a proposition is morally base. To choose to live by theft or by charity means in each case degradation, a rapid lowering of selfrespect and self-reliance. The wrongs that capitalism can commit upon labor would sink into insignificance when compared with the hideous wrong done by

those who would degrade labor by sapping the foundations of self-respect and selfreliance. The Roman mob, living on the bread given them by the State and clamorpurveyed by the State, represent for all time the very nadir to which a free and self-respecting population of workers can sink if they grow habitually to rely upon either to furnish them charity, or to permit them to plunder, as a means of livelihood.

In short, it is simply common sense to ity of service, and that therefore there must be an equally wide inequality of reward, if our society is to rest upon the basis of justice and wisdom. Service is lege in any form: privilege to the capitalist who exploits the poor man, and privilege to the shiftless or vicious poor man who would rob his thrifty brother of what he has earned. Certain exceedingly valuable forms of service are rendered wholly without capital. On the other hand, there are exceedingly valuable forms of service of the streets of a great city without pay- 30 which can be rendered only by means of great accumulations of capital, and not to recognize this fact would be to deprive our whole people of one of the great agencies for their betterment. The test of a man's form of a stock-gambling operation which 35 worth to the community is the service he renders to it, and we cannot afford to make this test by material considerations alone. One of the main vices of the Socialism which was propounded by Proudpreached by their disciples and imitators, is that it is blind to everything except the merely material side of life. It is not only indifferent, but at bottom hostile, to put into a common store what he can and 45 the intellectual, the religious, the domestic and moral life; it is a form of communism with no moral foundation, but essentially based on the immediate annihilation of personal ownership of capital, and, in the and ultimately the annihilation of civilization.

II - WHERE WE CAN WORK WITH SOCIALISTS

It is true that the doctrines of communistic Socialism, if consistently followed, mean the ultimate annihilation of civiliza-

tion. Yet the converse is also true. Ruin faces us if we decline steadily to try to reshape our whole civilization in accordance with the law of service and if we pirical or academic consideration into refusing to exert the common power of the community where only collective action can do what individualism has left unour social and industrial conditions of today, and unless we recognize this fact and try resolutely to do what we can to remedy 15 may advocate an impossible and highly unthe evil, we run great risk of seeing men in their misery turn to the false teachers whose doctrines would indeed lead them to greater misery, but who do at least recognize the fact that they are now miser-20 isting wrong. With these two groups of able. At the present time there are scores of laws in the interest of labor - laws putting a stop to child labor, decreasing the hours of labor where they are excessive, putting a stop to unsanitary crowding and 25 living, securing employers' liability, doing away with unhealthy conditions in various do effective work against Socialism would do well to turn their energies into securing the enactment of these laws.

Moreover, we should always remember that Socialism is both a wide and a loose 35 on one issue or set of issues come together term, and that the self-styled Socialists are of many and utterly different types. If we should study only the professed apostles of radical Socialism, of what these men themselves like to call 'scientific Social- 40 ism,' or if we should study only what active leaders of Socialism in this country have usually done, or read only the papers in which they have usually expressed themselves, we would gain an utterly 45 wrong impression of very many men who call themselves Socialists. There are many peculiarly high-minded men and women who like to speak of themselves as Socialists, whose attitude, conscious or uncon-50 are pleased to call Socialistic, or which scious, is really merely an indignant recognition of the evil of present conditions and an ardent wish to remedy it, and whose Socialism is really only an advanced form of liberalism. Many of these men 55 tage which each would confer. Every and women in actual fact take a large part in the advancement of moral ideas, and in practice wholly repudiate the purely ma-

terialistic, and therefore sordid. doctrines of those Socialists whose creed really is in sharp antagonism to every principle of public and domestic morality, who war on permit ourselves to be misled by any em- sprivate property with a bitterness but little greater than that with which they war against the institutions of the home and the family, and against every form of religion, Catholic or Protestant. The Socialists of done, or can remedy the wrongs done by 10 this moral type may in practice be very an unrestricted and ill-regulated individ-ualism. There is any amount of evil in at many points coöperate. They are often joined temporarily with what are called the 'opportunist Socialists'-those who desirable Utopia as a matter of abstract faith, but who in practice try to secure the adoption only of some given principle which will do away with some phase of ex-Socialists it is often possible for all farsighted men to join heartily in the effort to secure a given reform or do away with a given abuse. Probably, in practice, wherever and whenever Socialists of these two types are able to form themselves into a party, they will disappoint both their trades, and the like—which should be own expectations and the fears of others passed by the National and the various by acting very much like other parties, like State Legislatures; and those who wish to 30 other aggregations of men; and it will be safe to adopt whatever they advance that is wise, and to reject whatever they advance that is foolish, just as we have to do as regards countless other groups who to strive for a change in the political or social conditions of the world we live in. The important thing is generally the next step. We ought not to take it unless we are sure that it is advisable; but we should not hesitate to take it when once we are sure; and we can safely join with others who also wish to take it, without bothering our heads overmuch as to any somewhat fantastic theories they may have concerning, say, the two hundredth step, which is not yet in sight.

There are many schemes proposed which their enemies, and a few of their friends, are indorsed and favored by men who call themselves Socialists, but which are entitled each to be considered on its merits with regard only to the practical advanpublic man, every reformer, is bound to refuse to dismiss these schemes with the shallow statement that they are 'Socialistic'; for such an attitude is one of mere mischievous dogmatism. There are communities in which our system of state education is still resisted and condemned as past two years in this country men who were themselves directors in National banks, which were supervised by the government, object to such supervision of that it was 'Socialistic.' An employers' liability law is no more Socialistic than a fire department; the regulation of railway rates is by no means as Socialistic as the at the expense of the State. A proper compensation law would merely distribute over the entire industry the shock of accident or disease, instead of limiting it to the no fault of his, it happened to fall. As communities become more thickly settled and their lives more complex, it grows ever more and more necessary for some of the community for the community as a whole. Isolated farms need no complicated system of sewerage; but this does not mean city should be resisted on the ground that it tends toward Socialism. Let each proposition be treated on its own merits, soberly and cautiously, but without any of If, for instance, the question arises as to the establishment of day nurseries for the children of mothers who work in factories, the obvious thing to do is to aparguments for and against, and, if necessary, try the experiment in actual practice. If it is alleged that small groups of farmers have prospered by doing much of mutual insurance and supervision, why of course we should look into the matter with an open mind, and try to find out, not what we want the facts to be, but what the facts really are.

We cannot afford to subscribe to the doctrine, equally hard and foolish, that the welfare of the children in the tenementhouse district is no concern of the comthronged city cannot live in decent surroundings, have teaching, have room to play, have good water and clean air, then not only will he suffer, but in the next generation the whole community will to a greater or less degree share his suffering.

In striving to better our industrial life Socialism; and we have seen within the 5 we must ever keep in mind that, while we cannot afford to neglect its material side, we can even less afford to disregard its moral and intellectual side. Each of us is bound to remember that he is in very truth railways by the government on the ground whis brother's keeper, and that his duty is, with judgment and common sense, to try to help the brother. To the base and greedy attitude of mind which adopts as its motto, 'What is thine is mine,' we opdigging and enlarging of the Erie Canal 15 pose the doctrine of service, the doctrine that insists that each of us, in no hysterical manner, but with common sense and good judgment, and without neglect of his or her own interests, shall yet act on the unfortunate individual on whom, through 20 saying, 'What is mine I will in good measure make thine also.'

Socialism strives to remedy what is evil alike in domestic and in economic life, and its tendency is to insist that the economic work formerly performed by individuals, 25 remedy is all-sufficient in every case. We each for himself, to be performed by the should all join in the effort to do away with the evil; but we should refuse to have anything to do with remedies which are either absurd or mischievous, for such, of that public control of sewerage in a great 30 course, would merely aggravate the present suffering. The first thing to recognize is that, while economic reform is often vital, it is never all-sufficient. The moral reform, the change of character - in that rigidity of mind which fears all re- 35 which law can sometimes play a large, but never the largest, part — is the most necessary of all. In dealing with the marriage relation the Socialist attitude is one of unmixed evil. Assuredly woman should be proach it with an open mind, listen to the 40 guarded and honored in every way, her rights jealously upheld, and any wrong done her should be regarded and punished with severe judgment; but we must keep in mind the obvious fact that equality of their work in common, and by a kind of 45 consideration does not mean identity of function. Our effort should be to raise the level of self-respect, self-control, sense of duty in both sexes, and not to push both down to an evil equality of moral turpitude 50 by doing away with the self-restraint and sense of obligation which have been slowly built up through the ages. We must bring them to a moral level by raising the lower standard, not by depressing the high. munity as a whole. If the child of the 55 is idle to prattle against the 'economic dependence, of woman upon man. In the ideal household—an ideal which I believe, though very far from being univer-

sally realized, is yet now more generally realized than ever before — there is really complete economic interdependence, as well as the high spiritual and moral interdependence which is more nearly attained 5 it is, there will be inequality of service for in happy wedlock, in a permanent partnership of love and duty, than in any other relation of life which the world has yet seen. Rights should be forfeited by neither partner; and duties should be shirked by 10 should be inequality of reward. neither partner. The duty of the woman to be the child-bearer and home-keeper is just as obvious, simple, and healthful as the duty of the man to be the breadwinner and, if necessary, the soldier. Whenever 15 greater part to be obtained by individual either the man or the woman loses the power or the will to perform these obvious duties, the loss is irreparable, and, whatever may be the gain in ease, amiable softness, self-indulgent pleasure, or even artis- 20 increase the spirit of human brotherhood: tic and material achievement, the whole civilization is rotten and must fall.

So with our industrial system. In many respects the wage system can be bettered; but screaming about 'wage slavery' is 25 sion of the profits of industry as shall tend largely absurd; at this moment, for into encourage intelligent and thrifty toolstance, I am a 'wage slave' of The Outures to become tool-owners; and a govlook. Under certain conditions and in certain cases the cooperative system can to a greater or less degree be substituted with 30 advantage for, or, more often, can be used to supplement, the wage system; but only on condition of recognizing the widely different needs occasioned by different conditions, which needs are so diverse that they 35 must sometimes be met in totally different

ways. We should do everything that can be done, by law or otherwise, to keep the avenues of occupation, of employment, of 40 work, of interest, so open that there shall be, so far as it is humanly possible to achieve it, a measurable equality of opportunity, an equality of opportunity for each man to show the stuff that is in him. 45 themselves on record for or against woman When it comes to reward, let each man, within the limits set by a sound and farsighted morality, get what, by his energy, intelligence, thrift, courage, he is able to get, with the opportunity open. We must 50 chusetts, New York and New Jersey do set our faces against privilege; just as much against the kind of privilege which would let the shiftless and lazy laborer take what his brother has earned as against the privilege which allows the huge 55 gon, Alaska, Illinois, Montana and Necapitalist to take toll to which he is not entitled. We stand for equality of opportunity, but not for equality of reward un-

less there is also equality of service. the service is equal, let the reward be equal; but let the reward depend on the service; and, mankind being composed as a long time to come, no matter how great the equality of opportunity may be; and just so long as there is inequality of service it is eminently desirable that there

We recognize, and are bound to war against, the evils of to-day. The remedies are partly economic and partly spiritual, partly to be obtained by laws, and in and associated effort; for character is the vital matter, and character cannot be created by law. These remedies include a religious and moral teaching which shall an educational system which shall train men for every form of useful serviceand which shall train us to prize common sense no less than morality; such a diviernment so strong, just, wise, and demo-cratic that, neither lagging too far behind nor pushing heedlessly in advance, it may do its full share in promoting these ends.

IV

THE JUSTICE AND DESIRA-BILITY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

[Independent, April 5, 1915. By permission.]

The men of three eastern States -Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey — will have an opportunity this fall to put suffrage. In each State a constitutional amendment extending the suffrage to women is to be submitted to the voters at the polls. What will the men of Massawith the opportunity? Will they follow the enlightened example of the men of Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Washington, California, Arizona, Kansas, Orevada? Or will they choose to keep their States a while longer groping in the mists of reaction?

Women should vote for four good and sufficient reasons - and for one other reason greater than all four. And the four reasons are these:

It will be good for the women. It will be good for the men. It will be good for the family. It will be good for the State.

In the first place, then, it will be good noted, to have the right to vote, but to vote, for the suffrage is not only a privilege but an unescapable obligation - because it will broaden their mental and thing new to think about; and there is no better, one might almost say no other, road to intellectual development than thinking. It will give them new responsibilities community, to the State. There is no better road to moral development than the assumption and the bearing of responsibility.

will be good for men. It will put them on their mettle, for it would go hard with masculine pride to find the 'weaker sex' beating them at their own traditional task. there is no greater incentive to clear thinking than, first, the necessity of explaining a matter to an inquiring mind and, second, the need of defending one's own position responsibility. For women have a way of going straight to the heart of things; and it might be a new and stimulating experience for a man to have to explain to his wife, or his mother or his daughter - as 40 than either alone. fellow voters - just why he was voting on the side of a corrupt boss or in favor of the liquor traffic or against the suppression of child labor.

will be good for the family. It will create a new bond of union among its members. Husband and wife with a common duty to the State will find themselves drawn closer together. The mother who goes to 50 excluded from the ruling. The United the polls with her son, the father who ac- States is a nation 'conceived in liberty, companies his daughter to the performance of their common civic task will find a new pleasure in their parenthood and a new outlook upon its possibilities. The son 55 erned and not to govern. There is no who grows up to find his mother a voter, informed on public affairs and intelligent to discuss them, will have a new apprecia-

tion of his mother's companionship, a broadened respect for womanhood.

In the fourth place, woman suffrage will be good for the State. The comment has 5 been keenly made that the State, like the family, needs not only a father but a mother. Women, by the very nature of their being, and of their normal existence, are experts on certain vital subjects. And for women to vote - not, it should be to the State needs expert knowledge quite as much as it needs good intentions and sound principles. Municipal housekeeping could not but gain in efficiency from the participation in its affairs of those in the moral horizon. It will give them some- 15 community whose peculiar business housekeeping is. Women will bring to the activities of government a new point of view, valuable because it is a sound point of view and no less valuable because it is a responsibilities to their neighbors, to the 20 different point of view. On such subjects of the highest importance to the well-being of the State as education, working conditions for women, the purity of food, child . labor, the liquor traffic, the social evil, and In the second place, to have women vote 25 war, women have that to contribute in the way of special knowledge and special sympathy which the State can ill afford to be without.

Women have different qualities of mind It will make the men think too. For 30 from men. Men are, in theory at least and often in practice, reasoning beings. Women are creatures of intuition. plod to a conclusion; women leap to it. It is sometimes startling to observe how in argument. It will sharpen men's moral 35 woman's intuition surpasses man's reason in soundness of result. But to whichever quality be awarded the palm for usefulness, there is no question that the two taken together are greatly more valuable

But to come to the last and greatest reason of all. Partial suffrage - the suffrage of men alone - is a denial of democracy. Democracy will never be full and complete In the third place, the voting of women 45 until every individual in the community has an equal right to determine how the affairs of the community shall be managed. Democracy — the rule of the people — is no democracy while half of the people are and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.' There is no liberty while women are free only to be govequality which does not include political equality - and political equality for all persons regardless of sex.

V

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A WOMAN

IDA M. TARBELL

Respect for the Creator of this world is basic among all civilized people. longer one lives the more thoroughly one earth and its works are good. Most human conceptions are barred by strange inconsistencies. The man who praises the works of the Creator as all wise not infrequently treats His arrangement for 20 would be sufficient. The idea that celicarrying on the race as if it were unfit to be spoken of in polite society. Nowhere does the modern God-fearing man come nearer to sacrilege than in his attitude

A strange mixture of sincerity and hypocrisy, self-flagellation and lust, aspiration and superstition, has gone into the making of this attitude. With the development of it we have nothing to do here. 30 armor of modesty, right instinct, and rev-What does concern us is the effect of this profanity on the Business of Being a Woman.

ON THE MOST IMPORTANT SUBJECT -UNINFORMED

The central fact of the woman's life -Nature's reason for her — is the child, his bearing and rearing. There is no escape privilege, as she may please to consider it. But from the beginning to the end of life she is never permitted to treat it naturally opens to her as a matter of course, she is steetred away from it as if it were something evil. Her first essays at evasion and spying often come to her in connection and which she is perfectly willing to accept as such if they were treated intelligently and reverently. If she could be kept from all knowledge of the procession of new life except as Nature reveals it to 55 her there would be reason in her treatment. But this is impossible. From babyhood she breathes the atmosphere of unnatural

prejudices and misconceptions which envelop the fact.

Throughout her girlhood the atmosphere grows thicker. She finally faces the most 5 perilous and beautiful of experiences with little more than the ideas which have come to her from the confidences of evil-minded servants, inquisitive and imaginative play-[American Magazine, March, 1912. Republished as Chapter III of The Business of Being a Woman (Macmillan Company), New York, 1913. By per- to mother; society. Every other matter of mission of author and publishers.] her life, serious and commonplace, has received careful attention, but here she has been obliged to feel her way and, worst of abominations, to feel it with an inner fear realizes the soundness of this respect. The 15 that she ought not to know or seek to know.

If there were no other reason for the modern woman's revolt against marriage, the usual attitude toward its central facts bacy for woman is 'the aristocracy of the future' is soundly based if the Business of Being a Woman rests on a mystery so questionable that it cannot be frankly and toward the divine plan for renewing life. 25 truthfully explained by a girl's mother at the moment her interest and curiosity seek satisfaction. That she gets on as well as she does, results, of course, from the essential soundness of the girl's nature, the erence, with which she is endowed.

UNCONSCIOUS OF THE SUPREME IMPORTANCE OF HER MATE

The direct result of ignorance or of distorted ideas of this tremendous matter of carrying on human life is that it leaves the girl unconscious of the supreme importance of her mate. So heedlessly and igfrom the divine order that her life must 40 norantly is our mating done to-day that be built around this constraint, duty, or the huge machinery of church and state and the tremendous power of public opinion combined have been insufficient to preserve to the institution of marriage anyand frankly. As a child accepting all that 45 thing like the stability it once had, or that it is desirable that it should have, if its full possibilities are to be realized. The immorality and inhumanity of compelling the obviously mismated to live together, with facts which are sacred and beautiful to grow on society. Divorce and separation are more and more tolerated. Yet little is done to prevent the hasty and ill-considered mating which is at the source of the trouble.

> Rarely has a girl a sound and informed sense to guide her in accepting her companion. The corollary of this bad proposition is that she has no sufficient idea of

the seriousness of her undertaking. She starts out as if on a life-long joyous holiday, primarily devised for her personal happiness. And what is happiness in her mind? Certainly it is not a good to be 5 sisted in on the one side and not endured conquered — a state of mind wrested from life by tackling and mastering its varied experiences, the end, not the beginning of a great journey. Too often it is that of the modern Uneasy Woman — the attain- 10 small, not great things. ment of something outside of herself. She visualizes it, as possessions, as ease, a 'good time,' opportunities for self-culture, the exclusive devotion of the mate to her. Rarely does she understand that happiness 15 going into which permits her at the start in her undertaking depends upon the wisdom and sense with which she conquers a succession of hard places — calling for readjustment of her ideas and sacrifice of her desires. All this she must discover 20 for herself. She is like a voyager who starts out on a great sea with no other chart than a sailor's yarns, no other compass than curiosity.

A YOUNG BRIDE'S AXIOMS

The budget of axioms she brings to her guidance she has picked up helter-skelter. They are the crumbs gathered from the the pharisaical and satisfied woman, from good and bad books, from newspaper exploitations of divorce and scandal, from sly gossip with girls whose budget of marital wisdom is as higgledy-piggledy as her 35 it into bread is absurd. own.

And a pathetically trivial budget it is: 'He must tell her everything.' gins her adventure with a set of hard-andfast rules — and nothing in this life causes more mischief than the effort to force upon another one's own rules!

That marriage gives the finest opportunity that life affords for practising not rules but principles, she has never been taught. Flexibility, adaptation, fair-mindedness, the habit of supplementing the 50 serious has the strain become because of weakness of the one by the strength of the other, all the fine things upon which the beauty, durability, and growth of human relations depend - these are what decide misses while she insists on her rules; and ruin is often the end. Study the causes

back of divorces and separations, the brutal criminal causes aside, and one finds that usually they begin in trivial things — an irritating habit or an offensive opinion perphilosophically on the other; a petty selfishness indulged on the one side and not accepted humorously on the other — that is, the marriage is made or unmade by

HOME A REAL ECONOMIC PARTNERSHIP

It is a lack of any serious consideration of the nature of the undertaking she is to accept a false notion of her economic position. She consents that she is being supported'; she consents to accept what is given her; she even consents to ask for money. Men and society at large take her at her own valuation. Loose thinking by those who seek to influence public opinion has aggravated the trouble. They start with the idea that she is a parasite 25 — does not pay her way. 'Men hunt, fish, keep the cattle or raise corn,' says a popular writer, 'for women to eat the game. the fish, the meat and the corn.' The inference is that the men alone render usetable of the Uneasy Woman, or worse, of 30 ful service. But neither man nor woman eats of these things until the woman has prepared them. The theory that the man who raises corn does a more important piece of work than the woman who makes

The practice of handing over the pay envelope at the end of the week to the must always pick up what she drops.' 'He must re- to function. It is a recognition that the venture of the two is common among laboring people, is a recognition of her equal economic function. It is a recognition that the venture of the two is common and that its woman, so common among laboring peosuccess depends as much on the care and intelligence with which she spends the money as it does on the energy and steadi-45 ness with which he earns it. Whenever one or the other fails trouble begins. The failure to understand this business side of the marriage relation almost inevitably produces humiliation and irritation. So this false start that various devices have been suggested to repair it — Mr. Wells' 'Paid Motherhood' is one; weekly wages as for a servant is another. Both notions the future of her marriage. These she 55 encourage the primary mistake that the woman has not an equal economic place

with the man in the marriage.

IS HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY NARROWING?

Marriage is a business as well as a sentimental partnership. But a business partnership brings grave practical responsibilities, and this, under our present system, the girl is rarely trained to face. She becomes a partner in an undertaking where her function is spending. The probability is she does not know a credit from a debit, to windows and we'll give away the meat." has to learn to make out a check correctly. and has no conscience about the fundamental matter of living within the allowance which can be set aside for the family expenses. When this is true of her she at 15 the Greek drama! They deplored the once puts herself into the rank of an incompetent - she becomes an economic dependent. She has laid the foundation for becoming an Uneasy Woman.

guing that this close grappling with household economy is narrowing, not worthy of Why keeping track of the cost of eggs and butter and calculating how much your income will allow you to buy is any 25 come forward with carefully tabulated exmore narrowing than keeping track of the cost and quality of cotton or wool or iron and calculating how much a mill requires, it is hard to see. It is the same kind of a problem. Moreover, it has the added in- 30 ings of the poor, she would have rendered terest of being always an independent personal problem. Most men work under the deadening effect of impersonal rou-They do that which others have planned and for results in which they have 35 other that which the stocking manufacturno share.

WOMAN'S DUTY AS A CONSUMER

But the woman argues that her task has no relation to the State. Her failure to 40 ing the hosiery duty the women should see that relation costs this country heavily. Her concern is with retail prices. If she does her work intelligently she knows the why of every fluctuation of price in standceiving the proper quality and quantity; and yet so poorly have women discharged these obligations that dealers for years have been able to manipulate prices pracquality and quantity we have the scandal of American woolen goods, of food adulteration, of false weights and measures. No one of these things could have come her business as a consumer with anything like the seriousness with which man takes his as a producer.

Her ignorance in handling the products of industry has helped the monopolistically inclined trust enormously. I can remember the day when the Beef Trust invaded s a certain Middle Western town. The war on the old-time butchers of the village was open. 'Buy of us,' was the order, 'or we'll fill the storage house so full that the legs of the steers will hang out of the The women of the town had a prosperous club which might have resisted the tyranny which the members all deplored, but the club was busy that winter with a study of tyranny, but they bought the cut-rate meat — the old butchers fought to a finish and the housekeepers are now paying higher prices for poorer meat and railing at the It is common enough to hear women ar- 20 impotency of man in breaking up the Beef Trust!

If two years ago when the question of a higher duty on hosiery was before Congress any woman or club of women had periments, showing exactly the changes which have gone on of late years in the shape, color, and wearing quality of the 15-, 25-, and 50-cent stockings, the stocka genuine economic service. The women held mass-meetings and prepared petitions, instead, using on the one side the information the shopkeepers furnished, on the ers furnished. Agitation based upon anything but personal knowledge is not a public service. It may be easily a grave public danger. The facts needed for fixhave furnished, for they buy the stockings.

UP TO THE WOMAN

If the Uneasy American Woman were ards. She also knows whether she is re- 45 really fulfilling her economic functions today she would never allow a short pound of butter, a yard of adulterated woolen goods, to come into her home. She would never buy a ready-made garment which tically to please themselves, and as for 50 did not bear the label of the Consumer's League. She would recognize that she is a guardian of quality, honesty, and humanity in industry.

A persistent misconception of the nature about in this country if woman had taken 55 and the possibilities of this practical side of the Business of Being a Woman runs through all present-day discussions of the changes in household economy. The

woman no longer has a chance to pay her way, we are told, because it is really cheaper to buy bread than to bake it, to buy jam than to put it up. Of course, this is a part of the vicious notion that a woman only makes an economic return by the manual labor she does. The Uneasy Woman takes up the point and complains that she has nothing to do. But this renecessary merely puts upon her the obligation to apply the ingenuity and imagination necessary to make her business meet the changes of an ever-changing world. household must be run now are not what they were fifty years ago is no proof that the woman no longer has here an important field of labor. There is more to the practical side of her business than prepar- 20 up. ing food for the family! It means, for one thing, the directing of its wants. The success of a household lies largely in its power of selection. Today selection has becomes too often an incorporated company for getting things - with frightful The woman holds the only strong strategic position from which to war on wastefulness, which are making our national life increasingly hard and ugly. She is so positioned that she can cultivate and enforce simplicity and thrift, the two habsatisfaction in the material things of life.

Whenever a woman does master this economic side of her business in a manner worthy of its importance she establishes the most effective school for teaching 40 thrift, quality, management, selection all the factors in the economic problem. Such scientific household management is the rarest kind of a training school.

HOME AS AN EDUCATIONAL CENTER

Every home is perforce a good or bad educational center. It does its work in spite of every effort to shrink or supplenatural joyous opening of a child's mind depends on its first intimate relations. These are, as a rule, with the mother. oftenest decides whether the new mind shall open frankly and fearlessly. How she does her work depends less upon her

ability to answer questions than her effort not to discourage them; less upon her ability to lead authoritatively into great fields than her efforts to push the child 5 ahead into those which attract him. be responsive to his interests is the woman's greatest contribution to child's development.

I remember a call once made on me by lease from certain kinds of labor once to two little girls when our time was spent in an excited discussion of the parts of speech. They were living facts to them, as real as if their discovery had been printed that morning for the first time in Because the conditions under which a 15 the newspaper. I was interested to find who it was that had been able to keep their minds so naturally alive. I found that it came from the family habit of treating with respect whatever each child turned Nothing was slurred over as if it had no relation to life - not even the parts of speech! They were not asked or forced to load themselves up with baggage in which they soon discovered their parents given away to accumulation. The family 25 had no interest. Everything was treated as if it had a permanent place in the scheme to which they were being introduced. It is only in some such relation that the natural bent of most children can this tendency as well as on the habits of 30 flower, that they can come early to themselves. Where this warming, nourishing intimacy is wanting, where the child is turned over to schools to be put through the mass drill which numbers make imits which make most for elegance and for 35 perative — it is impossible for the most intelligent teacher to do a great deal to help the child to his own. What the Uneasy Woman forgets is that no two children born were ever alike, and no two children who grow to manhood and womanhood will ever live the same life. The effort to make one child like another, to make him what his parents want, not what he is born to be, is one of the most cruel and 45 wasteful in society. It is the woman's business to prevent this.

NOT TOO SMALL, BUT TOO GREAT A JOB

The Uneasy Woman tells you that this ment it. No teacher can entirely undo 50 close attention to the child is too confining, what it does, be that good or bad. The too narrowing. 'I will pity Mrs. Jones for the hugeness of her task,' says Chesterton; 'I will never pity her for its small-ness.' A woman never lived who did all is the mother who 'takes an interest,' who 55 she might have done to open the mind of her child for its great adventure. It is an exhaustless task. The woman who sees it knows she has need of all the education

the college can give, all the experience and culture she can gather. She knows that the fuller her individual life, the broader her interests, the better for the child. She should be a person in his eyes. real service of the 'higher education,' the freedom to take a part in whatever interests or stimulates her - lies in the fact that it fits her intellectually to be a companion worthy of a child. She should to know that unless she does this thing for him he goes forth with his mind still in swaddling clothes, with the chances that it will not be released until relentless life tears off the bands.

The progress of society depends upon getting out of men and women an increasing amount of the powers with which they are born and which bad surroundings at the start blunt or stupefy. This is what 20 the thing for which she was to use them. all systems of educations try to do, but the result of all systems of education depends upon the material that comes to the educator. Opening the mind of the child, that is the delicate task the State asks of 25 the grave responsibility, the almost inthe mother, and the quality of the future State depends upon the way she discharges "long to family life. She can choose her this part of her business.

MAKING DEMOCRATS

I think it is historically correct to say that the reason of the sudden and revolutionary change in the education of American women, which began with the nineteenth century and continued through it, 35 some of the most imperative demands the was the realization that if we were to make real democrats, we must begin with the child, and if we began with the child we

must begin with the mother!

learned by example and precept the great principle of liberty, equality, and fraternity, he was going to remain what by nature we all are, imperious, demanding, and self-seeking. The whole scheme must fail 45 done her work well. If she has not done if his education failed. It is not too much to say that the success of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution depended, in the minds of certain early Democrats, upon the woman. The doc- to safe guns than turning out boys who are trines of these great instruments would be worked out according to the way she played her part. Her serious responsibility came in the fact that her work was one that nobody could take off her hands. 55 education, the woman has too generally This responsibility required a preparation entirely different from that which had been hers. She must be given education

and liberty. The woman saw this, and the story of her efforts to secure both, that she might meet the requirements, is one of the noblest in history. There was no The 5 doubt then as to the value of the tasks, no question as to their being worthy national obligations. It was a question of fitting herself for them.

HER FREEDOM DEFEATING HER

But what has happened? In the process of preparing herself to discharge more adequately her task as a woman in a republic, her respect for the task has been 15 weakened. In this process, which we call emancipation, she has in a sense lost sight of the purpose of emancipation. Interested in acquiring new tools, she has come to believe the tools more important than She has found out that with education and freedom, pursuits of all sorts are open to her, and by following these pursuits she can preserve her personal liberty, avoid evitable sorrows and anxieties which befriends and change them. She can travel, and gratify her tastes, satisfy her personal 30 ambitions. The snare has been too great, the beauty and joy of free individual life have dulled the sober sense of national obligation. The result is that she is frequently failing to discharge satisfactorily nation makes upon her.

Take as an illustration the moral training of the child. The most essential obligation in a Woman's Business is estab-Everybody saw that unless the child & lishing her household on a sound moral basis. If a child is anchored to basic principles it is because his home is built on them. If he understands integrity as a man, it is usually because a woman has it well it is probable that he will be a disturbance and a menace when he is turned over to society. To send defective steel to a gunmaker is no more fatal to making shifty and tricky is to making an effective, honest community.

Appalled by the seriousness of the task. or lured from it by the joys of liberty and shifted it to other shoulders - shoulders which are waiting to help her work out the problem, but which can never be a substitute. She has turned over the child to the teacher, secular and religious, and fancied that he might be made a man of integrity by an elaborate system of teaching in a mass. Has this shifting of responsibility no relation to the general lowering of our commercial and political morality?

EMANCIPATION AND POLITICAL CORRUPTION

with evidence of an appalling indifference to the moral quality of our commercial and political transactions. It is not too much to say that the revelations of corruption in our American cities, the use of 15 town councils, State legislatures and even of the Federal Government in the interests of private business, have discredited the democratic system throughout the world. It has given more material for 20 ignorant women may understand it. The those of other lands who despise democracy to sneer at us than anything that has yet happened in this land. And this has come about under the régime of the emancipated woman. Is she in no way responsi- 25 and their elusiveness, and among these ble for it? If she had kept the early ideals of the woman's part in democracy as clearly before her eyes as she has kept some of her personal wants and needs, could there have been so disastrous a con- 30 dition? Would she be the Uneasy Woman she is if she had kept faith with the ideals that forced her emancipation? - if she had not substituted for them dreams of personal ambition, happiness, 35 and freedom!

The failure to fulfil your function in the scheme under which you live always produces unrest. Content of mind is usually in proportion to the service one ren- 40 ders in an undertaking he believes worth while. If our Uneasy Woman could grasp the full meaning of her place in this democracy, a place so essential that derises to it — a part which man is not equipped to play and which he ought not to be asked to play, would she not cease to apologize for herself — cease to look she not rise to her part and we not have at last the 'new woman' of whom we have talked so long?

SUFFRAGE NEEDED?

Learning business careers, political and industrial activities — none of these things is more than incidental in the national

task of woman. Her great task is to prepare the citizen. The tools for this are in her hands. It calls for education, and the nation has provided it. It calls for free-5 dom of movement and expression, and she has them. It calls for ability to organize, to discuss problems, to work for whatever changes are essential. She is developing this ability. It may be that it calls for the For years we have been bombarded 10 vote; I do not myself see this, but it is certain that she will have the vote as soon as not a majority - but an approximate half - not of men - but of women feel the need of it.

What she has partially at least lost sight of is that education, freedom, organization, agitation, the suffrage are but tools to an end; what she now needs is to formulate that end so nobly and clearly that the most failure to do this is leading her deeper and deeper into fruitless unrest. It is breeding, too, a crop of problems which stagger the thoughtful by their difficulty problems none is more serious or more delicate than that of the Homeless Daughter. It is she whom we will consider in the next paper in this series.

VI

AN OPEN LETTER ON THE WAR SITUATION

SIR CLAUD SCHUSTER

[New York Times, April 18, 1915. By permission.]

March 11, 1915.

To Albert J. Beveridge, Esq.

Dear Senator: I found our conversation yesterday afternoon so interesting that I became really anxious that you mocracy must be overthrown unless she 45 should have before you the point of view which I believe to be typical of the English middle class, so that at the risk of wearying you I venture to set down in this letter some of the points which I could not with envy on man's occupations? Would 50 state in conversation as clearly as I could have wished.

> In the first place, I should like you to think of the state of mind in which we all were in the middle of last July — and 55 when I say all, I mean that this state of mind was common more or less to all classes, from the highest to the lowest. We were all very much concerned with

We had great domestic our own affairs. and political difficulties. There was much industrial unrest, and the Irish situation was such that those in the inner circles of politics were greatly troubled, though I do 5 enter upon a period of depression. It is not think that the ordinary Englishman thought it possible that what he looked upon as an ordinary political row could develop into a real conflict. But we had been in industrial and political trouble to dicted for some years in advance. In this often enough before, and few of us, if any, gave these matters much thought when once we had finished reading our morning newspapers. Our thoughts were mainly

man's thoughts generally are.

We were in a period of abounding prosperity. During the period from 1903 to 1913 the yearly value of our imports had increased from 542 millions to 768 millions, 20 and our exports from 360 millions to 634 millions. During the three years 1910, 1911, and 1912 the British shipping entered and cleared in the foreign trade at ports in the United Kingdom increased 25 found for any of such evils as there might from about 80 million tons to about 881/2 million tons, and the amount of foreign shipping in the same period so entered and cleared from 54 millions to nearly 64 millions. These figures of the total exports 30 many. Including transshipped goods, in include foreign and colonial transshipments as well as United Kingdom prod-The exports of articles wholly or mainly manufactured in the United Kingdom had increased in about the same pe- 35 riod from 234 millions to 385 millions. We were, in fact, largely absorbed in our own prosperity.

JEALOUSY ABOUT FOREIGN MARKETS

There was, of course, as there often is between nations, a certain amount of jealousy between ourselves and Germany as to foreign markets, and probably that jealousy was more strongly accentuated 45 for a country to be entirely absorbed in among the merchants in the foreign ports than among those at home. In the greatest of our staple trades, that of the spinning of cotton and manufacturing of cotton goods, we were completely confident so the moral and other interests of the weekly of our power to hold our great markets. We based that confidence partly on the course of trade, which had flowed for some years in ever-increased volume, and partly on the experience which taught us that the 55 day after what had been a strenuous year. Lancashire climate and the long-held skill and inherited aptitude of the Lancashire cotton operative would enable us in the

future, as it has done in the past, to hold our own against any competitor.

It is true that to many observers it seemed that the cotton trade was about to notorious that this trade is subject to periods of great inflation and great depression, which follow one upon the other with such uniformity that they can almost be precase prosperity had probably induced a period of overtrading. Then came the Balkan War, which cut off a large section of the Continental market, and the probawith our own businesses, as an English- 15 bility of an unusually heavy cotton crop in the Southern States rendered it probable that the price of raw cotton would fall abnormally, just at a time when merchants and manufacturers were overstocked.

NO ENGLISHMAN WANTED WAR

But it did not cross the mind of anv single human being of any class or shade of political belief that a cure could be be in the economic or political situation of this country by making war, and, least of all, so far as the economic questions were concerned, by making war on Ger-1913 Germany took from us £80,000,000 worth of goods and sent us £60,000,000. In 1912 she took from us £17,500,000 worth of cotton yarn and woolen goods.

It is a common saying here that whenever a British shell goes off it kills a customer. We had as much as we could do with the capital at our command, and none of us were insane enough to think that we 40 should get a better return on what was left if we made war upon a country where millions of British money was outstanding

at the moment.

It is perhaps not a very noble attitude business, though I must admit that I, for one, look upon an increase in the country's wealth as the surest agent in promoting the material comfort and, as I think also, wage earner. But be that as it may, that was the condition in which we were in 'late July, and we were looking forward rather eagerly to our usual August holi-Most people, I expect, had taken their rooms or hotel accommodation at seaside places on the English coast - places which have since been wrecked by German shells. Into this state of material comfort there crashed, as unexpectedly as those shells themselves, first, the crisis of the last week of July, and then the hell which, as we s say, Germany has seen fit to let loose on earth.

When we were awakened to realize that there really was a European crisis our ment. We had made provision in the past for the protection of our coasts and trade routes and colonies through the means of a fleet. We had watched, some of us up of a fleet on the other side of the North Sea, the reasons for whose existence seemed to us impossible to explain. We know it now.

for matters within its scope, but wholly unfit, so far as numbers were concerned, for a conflict on a European scale. We had not spent a penny upon the fortificadefenses of such places as Portsmouth and Plymouth and Sheerness, which serve as bases for the fleet.

And our preparations had been so limany European power would wantonly provoke a great war. The inhabitants of the great Continental States saw more clearly than we did, because on the frontiers of and down for years and great fortresses served as an object lesson. Some even of them, however - Belgium, for instance had no real sense of impending danger.

the murder of the Austrian Archduke. English people have a dislike of conspiracy and secret assassination, just as Americans have, and a very considerable trians in what we regarded as their trouble. People who knew anything of the history of the Balkan States were, however, not very greatly surprised. I think every one who was well informed, but not 50 more deplorable in that they must enthrone the great mass of the people, feared that some European complication might arise.

Then followed a long period of apparent calm. No doubt the Foreign Offices had enough information to make them uneasy, 55 but this uneasiness was not communicated to the outside world. Then came the Austrian note to Serbia, and it was immedi-

ately apparent to those who could adjust their vision (it took most of us a few days to do so) that a very dangerous crisis had arisen.

ENGLAND MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIVIDED

It is unnecessary, since you are fully acquainted with the diplomatic history of the ten days immediately preceding the first state was one of muddled astonish- 10 war, to set it out here in detail. I am only trying to tell you how it looked to us then, and to assure you that deep as was our slowly growing conviction that Germany had predetermined to commit this more anxiously than others, the building 15 crime, our certainty that we were right to arrive at that conclusion grows larger still with every fresh scrap of evidence.

We saw immediately that such a note as this could not have been delivered, and We had equipped an army, very efficient 20 that Sir Edward Grey's desperate efforts to obtain some peaceful solution could not have been constantly repulsed by the Germans, were it not that they had decided to make war on Russia. If war was to be tion of our coasts, except upon the actual 25 made on Russia, war with France must follow. We were not bound to France by any treaty of alliance; and if the war had been confined to one between Germany and Austria on the one hand and France and ited because we have never believed that 30 Russia on the other, it is probable that a wide divergence of opinion would have manifested itself here.

There were some of us who thought that such a war, deeply as it might stir all of them great forces had moved up 35 our sympathies and much as it might affect our material interests, still was no more a direct concern of ourselves than the majority of the inhabitants of the United States think it to be of theirs. Others In these circumstances we learned of 40 thought, and still think, that the suppression of France would be so intolerable a crime against civilization and liberty that it would be better for this country to stand against it even to the shedding of blood wave of sympathy went out to the Aus- 45 even at any risk to herself or any damage to her material interest. This party thought that this crime was heightened tenfold when it was committed deliberately, and that these results would be still as the supreme dictator in Europe and the world the power which had deliberately plotted it and carried it out.

BELGIUM UNITED ALL ENGLAND

There were, therefore, doubts waverings here as to our proper course of action. All these doubts and waverings

were set at rest by the invasion of Belgium, and, from the moment when it became clear that Germany intended to take that course, no one in this country doubted the necessity for and the justice of the 5 war, except a few people to whose voices no one listens because they are known always to be raised in support of a paradox or to deny the incontestable. Add to all this the manner in which the war has 10 been conducted on the other side: the devastation of Belgium; the strewing of mines loose in the North Sea; the sinking of merchant ships and emigrant ships and the attempts to sink hospital ships; the out- 15 and has feared to be supplanted, if not on rages and burnings in northern France; the bombardment of English open places and the murder of English women and children; the cruel treatment of our prisoners, even the wounded (evidence of 20 which accumulates day by day).

Do you think that if these things had happened to the United States her citizens would not have been angry, and can you suppose that we are otherwise than very 25 conquer the world. 1870 made them conangry, with that kind of surly, taciturn English rage which is not so picturesque as the French fury, nor so plain to see as the German hate, but is, at least, as dur-

able and destructive?

You asked me why, if we were not seeking war with Germany, and if we did not hope to destroy her trade by force of arms, Germany should have wished a war herself. It is almost impossible, at this stage 35 reckoned by centuries, a young people of our knowledge, to estimate what motives or what motiveless impulses may have actuated her. Some people think that her long preparation and her final rush to arms were as much the creatures 40 of instinct as the mysterious unrest in a hive of bees which culminates in the act of swarming. Others see in her acts evidence of a collective insanity seizing upon the whole nation. These theories have 45 something fantastic in them, but they probably contain also some germs of truth.

History alone, informed by a knowledge which we cannot possess of the true char- 50 the present struggle. Germany is in difacter of the chief actors, and of the actual events in the palace at Potsdam, the imperial yacht, and at the meeting place of the Kaiser and the Archduke Franz Ferdinand some little time before the murder 55 which is different from ours, and they beof the latter, may be able to pronounce exactly what forces on the German side produced the catastrophe. It seems to us, in

our limited knowledge, that the following motives and currents, crossing and reacting on one another, were the main causes which impelled Germany to war:

I. The personal and professional ambitions of the leaders of the army and navy, who, you will remember, exercise upon the government of the country a

direct influence.

2. The personal position of the Emperor. The French believe that he, for some little time, has watched with anxiety and jealousy the growing popularity of the Crown Prince with the military party, his throne, at least in the hearts of his

3. A national sense that the country and its inhabitants were not received by the world at a sufficiently high valuation. The Germans, both as a people and as individuals, are intensely conscious of their national achievements and greatness. Up to 1870 their thought had bidden fair to scious of great material strength such as they had before hardly realized. Yet they found that people still looked to France or to England. The advance of French 30 methods of thought, French historians, and French artists, and their influence on other countries, has been strongly marked during the last few years; and the Germans felt that they were, in a Europe which whose strength was undervalued. feeling manifested itself in personal acts, wherever you met Germans over the Continent, in an uneasy self-assertion. must remember that Germany and Germans had grown rich rather suddenly, and had the defects which are sometimes associated with that process.

NO ECONOMIC ADVANTAGE FROM WAR

4. Trade interests, or what are believed to be trade interests, no doubt influenced them greatly. In my view, Great Britain has no economic advantage to gain from ferent case, and it is easy to see why Germans should believe that such a war would bring them commercial prosperity. For one thing, they hold an economic theory lieve, as we do not believe, that one state can grow rich through the impoverishment of another.

Secondly, they make war on a system different from ours. Both in 1870 and in this war, but far more in this war than in 1870, they have exacted large monetary contributions from the territory which they occupy. This was more or less the theory of the Middle Ages, and it is obvious that if one feudal baron took the lands of another, and the gold plate which end of the struggle than at the beginning. It is not so obvious that one State is really better off by such conduct, still less so that the inhabitants of that State are individually enriched by it.

But the theory looks tempting, and if one is not deterred by scruples of morality, no doubt one takes some satisfaction from the spoils of Antwerp, Brussels, and Liège, northern France, and the wholesale plunder of the factories of Lille. But the more deeply seated economic cause lies in the

methods of German finance.

China are financed probably by the big German banking houses at heavy interest. There has been no form of commercial expansion which has not found financial supcomes the necessity for continually expanding markets, for quick and large returns, and overinflation and overtrading based on insufficient capital lent out on insufficient security.

STORM CENTER OF WORLD FINANCE

The German money market, therefore, has for a long time been one of the storm centers of the finance of the world. is reason to suppose that, with the depression consequent upon the Balkan wars, a crisis was approaching, and that some desperate stroke was necessary to avoid collapse. Hence it is supposed that the big 45 then there would be war, but war could German financiers and commercial men were in a mind more easily disposed to welcome war than in more normal times.

Undoubtedly the agrarian classes felt their power to be shaken. They had lately 50 the construction of the strategic railways had to submit to heavy taxation on capital to provide the means of defense. It is very probable that they were persuaded to endure this burden by promises that this was the last time — that in the glory of a 55 successful war the dreams of the Socialists would be forgotten (as has indeed proved to be the case), and that, the domi-

nation of the world once secured, their domination over Germany would be rooted more firmly than ever.

6. No doubt there intervened also some 5 feeling of fear. German statesmen, ever since there began to be any thought of a united Germany, have always looked uneasily toward the East. Russia was recovering slowly, but too fast, from the dishe had in his coffers, he was richer at the 10 aster of the Japanese War. She has now access to the great savings bank of the world — the pocket of the French peasant. The landowner of East Prussia naturally fears the Cossack. It may well have been 15 that the moment seemed to have come to make an end of the Russian peril.

7. For such an effort the time seemed propitious. Indeed, it may have seemed as if it was now or never. The Balkan wars the appropriation of the coal mines of 20 seemed to have shut the door to the Near East. They did more than that. It was not likely that the young, strong, and victorious Serbian Kingdom would acquiesce for long in the possession by Austria of The huge 'go-downs' which you saw in 25 Bosnia and Herzegovina. In the Near East, and especially in the Valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, lay the next task of Germany, as her desires prefigured it. Here was the chance to open the door, and port on a lavish scale in Germany. Hence 30 at the same time to separate France from

Russia or to destroy them both.

It was no doubt hoped that France, and certainly England, would be but little interested in a squabble arising in the Balkan 35 Peninsula. France, therefore, might perhaps not stand by her ally, and in that case the Dual Alliance was broken forever and the Germanic group remained supreme in Europe. If France stood by her ally, at There 40 least England might be depended upon, with her well-known internal difficulties, her soft desire for peace, and her lack of immediate interest in a Balkan quarrel, to stand aside. If the Allies stood together, not come at a better time for Germany. just when the widening of the Kiel Canal was completed and Russia had not finished the reorganization of her armies or begun in Poland which were to be financed out of the French loan. If the Allies did not stand together, the diplomatic triumph was immense.

If these were the predisposing causes, conscious or subconscious, there is one circumstance yet to be mentioned which finally determined the matter. For many years Germany has rattled the saber or shaken the mailed fist and expected that the nations of Europe would cower and give way. At the time of Agadir she put on her shining armor and showed her 5 our side. We began the war with an army sword and clenched her fist, and nobody minded. She began to be afraid that the world at large was ceasing to be afraid of

This time, when she had given a free to France herself. hand to her ally and assumed her usual panoply of war, she could not put it off again without looking ridiculous, and if she had looked ridiculous her diplomatists and her military powers would have looked 15 admitted deficiencies in the higher comridiculous to themselves and to the German people. Hence when the threats to Serbia had once been uttered they could not be. withdrawn.

GERMAN VICTORY MENACE TO PEACE

These seem to us to have been the moving causes of Germany's aggression. Add to them the careless teaching of professors and military historians that war is a god-25 enormous store of ammunition. like thing and that the Germans are the greatest people upon earth, and you have a result which is enough to account for the present situation.

Most of it you knew before, but I am most anxious that you should not have any doubt about the determination of this country. My own fear is, not that we shall flag in the struggle but that we may, from 35 bers, and was then to be destroyed in a time to time, get out of hand. It may be that we shall be beaten. If so, we shall at least have done our best, and we shall go down in what we regard as the worthiest cause in which a nation can fall. 40 Pacific, the only German ships of war We believe that if we go down the cause of liberty throughout the world will suffer. Assuredly the result will not be a period of peace; nor will Germany's domination endure forever.

You have seen the military preparations and the state of the powers engaged in war in the western theatre, and can judge better than I can of the chances of success. But I do not think, so far as I can form 50 youd all this we have 'great allies'—and a an opinion, that we shall be beaten. It is determination that 'government of the true that Germany occupies almost all Belgium and some of the richest areas of northern France; that her spirit is unbroken, and that her people have not con- 55 templated the possibility of defeat.

Yet the comparative military strengths of the contending powers are vastly different from what they were in the early days of the war, and all that difference is on whose numbers were to be considered as little more than a make-weight in the struggle. By the middle of this year we shall have as many troops in the field as

FRENCH TROOPS CALLED BEST OF ALL

France began with her eastern fortresses admitted to be in no state of defense, with mand, and with troops who, though they still possessed the unquenchable ardor of the historical French infantry, were difficult to hold in the field. The French 20 troops were described to me the other day by a competent observer as the best troops in the field on either side.

Germany began with an overpowering preponderance in heavy artillery and an We have already redressed the first of these inequalities, and on the second, while Germany is shut off from help from overseas, every country in the world is furnishing I fear that all this is very tiresome. 30 us with munitions of war, and every resource possessed by this country herself is at our service. Our fleet was to be worn down by a war of attrition until the Germans possessed an equality of numfleet action. The war of attrition has gone the other way. And we hear no more of it. So far as we know, besides one cruiser playing hide-and-seek in the which venture out of harbor are a few submarines, and we do not know how many return home to recount their exploits.

We have every confidence in the strength and loyalty of those Continental nations which are embattled on our side. We think that both the fleet and the army have proved themselves worthy. But bepeople, by the people, and for the people

shall not perish from the earth.'

Yours very truly, CLAUD SCHUSTER.

VII

A GERMAN DECLARATION

RUDOLF EUCKEN AND ERNST HAECKEL

[New York Times, September 10, 1914. By permission.]

today filled with deep indignation and strong moral indignation at the present behavior of England. Both of us, for many years bound to England by numerous selves prepared to give open expression to this inward revulsion. In close coöperation with like-minded English investigators we have zealously exerted ourselves gether in spirit and to promote a mutual understanding. A fruitful reciprocal interchange of English and German culture seemed to us worth while, indeed neceswhich today confronts such great problems. Gratefully we recall in this connection the friendly reception which our efforts received in England. So great and noble were the traits of English character 30 which revealed themselves to us that we were permitted to hope that in their sure growth they would come to be superior to the pitfalls and seamy sides of this character. And now they have proved inferior, 35 victorious spirit of the German people. inferior to the old evil of a brutal national egoism which recognizes no rights on the part of others, which, unconcerned about morality or unmorality, pursues only its own advantage.

History furnishes in abundance examples of such an unscrupulous egoism; we need recall here only the destruction of the Danish fleet (1807) and the theft of the Dutch colonies in the Napoleonic wars. 45 But what is taking place today is the worst of all; it will be forever pointed at in the annals of world history as England's indelible shame. England fights on behalf of a Slavic, half-Asiatic power against 50 Germanism; she fights on the side not only of barbarism but also of moral injustice. for it is indeed not forgotten that Russia

It is England whose fault has extended the present war into a world war, and has thereby endangered our joint culture.

And all this for what reason? Because she was jealous of Germany's greatness, because she wanted to hinder at any price a further growth of this greatness. For there cannot be the least doubt on this point that England was determined in advance to cast as many obstacles as possible in the way of Germany's existence in this struggle of the giants, and to hinder her The whole German world of letters is was much as possible in the full development of her powers. She (England) was watching only for a favorable opportunity when she could break out suddenly against Germany, and she therefore promptly scientific and personal ties, believe our- 15 seized on the invasion of Belgium, so necessary to Germany, in order that she might cover with a small cloak of decency her brutal national egoism. Or is there in the whole wide world any one so simple to bring the two great peoples closer to- 20 as to believe that England would have declared war on France also if the latter had invaded Belgium? In that event she would have wept hypocritical tears over the unavoidable violation of international sary, for the spiritual advance of mankind, 25 law; but as for the rest she would have laughed in her sleeve with great satisfac-This hypocritical Pharisaism is the most repugnant feature of the whole matter; it deserves nothing but contempt.

The history of the world shows that such sentiments lead the nations not upward but downward. For the present, however, we trust firmly in our just cause, in the superior strength and the unyielding Yet we must at the same time lament deeply that that boundless egoism has disturbed for an immeasurable period of time the spiritual cooperation of the two peo-40 ples which promised so much good for the development of mankind. But they wished it, so there - on England alone falls the monstrous guilt and the historical

responsibility.

VIII

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE **FUTURE**

WILHELM OSTWALD

[New York Times, September 21, 1914. By permission.]

lor it is indeed not forgotten that Russia began the war because she would permit no radical reparation for a shameful murder. It is England whose fault has extended the published in America.]

[Professor Ostwald sent the following letter to Edwin D. Mead, Director of the World Peace to Foundation, in London, with a request that it might be published in America.]

1. The war is the result of a deliberate onslaught upon Germany and Austria by

the powers of the Triple Entente, Russia, France, and England. Its object is on the part of Russia an extension of Russian supremacy over the Balkans, on the side land annihilation of the German navy and German commerce. In England, especially, it has been for several centuries a constant policy to destroy upon favoring try which threatened to become equal to the English navy.

2. Germany has proved its love of peace for forty-four years under the most trying circumstances. While all other States 15 ation, which in close connection with have expanded themselves by conquest, Russia in Manchuria, England in the Transvaal, France in Morocco, Italy in Tripoli, Austria in Bosnia, Japan in Korea, Germany alone has contented itself with 20 the borders fixed in 1871. It is purely a war of defense which is now forced upon

3. In the face of these attacks Germany has until now (the end of August) proved 25 its military superiority, which rests upon the fact that the entire German military force is scientifically organized and honestly administered.

4. The violation of Belgian neutrality 30 was an act of military necessity, since it is now proved that Belgian neutrality was to be violated by France and England. A proof of this is the accumulation of English munitions at Maubeuge, aside from 35 forming to the world's actual conditions

many other facts.

5. According to the course of the war up to the present time, European peace seems to me nearer than ever before. pacificists must only understand that un- 40 happily the time was not yet sufficiently developed to establish peace by the peaceful way. If Germany, as everything now seems to make probable, is victorious in the struggle not only with Russia and 45 France, but attains the further end of destroying the source from which for two or three centuries all European strifes have been nourished and intensified, namely, the English policy of world do- 50 minion, then will Germany, fortified on one side by its military superiority, on the other side by the eminently peaceful senti-ment of the greatest part of its people, and especially of the German Emperor, dictate 55 scare of the first outbreak of war there peace to the rest of Europe, I hope especially that the future treaty of peace will in the first place provide effectually that

a European war such as the present can

never again break out.

6. I hope, moreover, that the Russian people, after the conquest of their armies, of France revenge, and on the side of Eng- 5 will free themselves from czarism through an internal movement by which the present political Russia will be resolved into its natural units, namely, Great Russia, the Caucasus, Little Russia, Poland, Siberia, occasion every navy of every other coun- 10 and Finland, to which probably the Baltic provinces would join themselves. These, I trust, would unite themselves with Finland and Sweden, and perhaps with Norway and Denmark, into a Baltic feder-Germany would insure European peace, and especially form a bulwark against any disposition to war which might remain in Great Britain.

> 7. For the other side of the earth I predict a similar development under the leadership of the United States. I assume that the English dominion will suffer a downfall similar to that which I have predicted for Russia, and that under these circumstances Canada would join the United States, the expanded republic assuming a certain leadership with reference to the South American republics.

> The principle of the absolute sovereignty of the individual nations, which in the present European tumult has proved itself so inadequate and baneful, must be given up and replaced by a system conand especially to those political and economic relations which determine industrial and cultural progress and the common

welfare.

$_{ m IX}$

THE LAST SPRING OF THE OLD LION

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

[New Statesman, London, England, December 12, 1914. By permission.]

What is the English press coming to when it can find nothing in the French Yellow Book but the single morsel of garbage that disgraces it? In the heat and was some excuse for swallowing that general order of the Kaiser in which, finding the German language too inexpressive, he

exhorted his army to take no notice of the French and Russian millions but concentrate their wrath on General French's 'contemptible little army.' Yet that journalistic effort was plausible compared to the 'official and secret report from a trustworthy source' which M. Etienne sent to M. Jonnart on April 2, 1913. M. Jonnart's reception of it is not chronicled. I make haste to announce that I am not taken in to the sovereignty of the sea. That was the and that nothing more on that subject is to be feared by readers of this article.

From an authentic part of this Yellow Book there emerges a picture so stirring man has yet rescued it from its wrappings of official correspondence, for in it you see the old British lion, the lion of Waterloo. the lion of Blenheim, the lion of Trafalgar, making his last and most terrible and tri- 20 France stalk each other, finger on trigger, umphant spring. You see him with his old craft and his old courage and strength unimpaired, with his old amazing luck, his old singleness of aim, his old deep-lying and subtle instinct that does better with- 25 out great men in a pinch than his enemies do with them.

For centuries now the Lion has held to his one idea that none shall be greater than England on the land, and none as 30 great on the sea. To him it has been nothing whether a rival to England was better or worse than England. When Waterloo was won, Byron said 'I'm damned sorry,' and humanitarians and 35 libertarians looked aghast at the reëstablishment of the Inquisition and the restoration of an effete and mischievous dynasty by English arms on the ruins of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Little recked the 40 denly bullies Germany - tells her to clear Lion of that. England's rival was in the dust; England was mistress of the seas; England's General (what matter that he was an Irishman?) was master of Europe, with its kings whispering in his presence 45 her heart, Germany clears out, successlike frightened schoolboys. England right or wrong, England complete with her own native corruptions and oppressions no less than her own native greatness and glory, had risen all English from the conflict and 50 tire of keeping ahead of that growing fleet. held the balance of power in her hand.

For a hundred years after that no Englishman knew what it was to turn pale at the possibility of invasion. For more than lay and basked and smelled no foe that the pat of his paw could not dispose of. Then a rival arose again. Battles more

terrible than Waterloo were fought against the same foe, but it was not England that won them. The Lion rose and began to watch. The old instinct stirred in him. 5 He heard the distant song, 'Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles,' and something in him said 'Never that while I live.'

The rival built a warship, built another warship and yet another, openly challenged end. From that moment it was only a question of when to spring, for a lion with that one idea at heart, with that necessity deep in his very bowels, must be crafty; that it is amazing to me that no English- 15 he must win at all hazards, no matter how long he crouches before the right moment

> You see it coming in the Yellow Book. Germany with Austria and Russia with France avoiding the fight, Russia gradually arming herself and training herself for it, Austria speculating on it all, even Austria afraid of the Lion's rival, Germany. France (always manœuvering for peace, being outnumbered) at last finds that Germany, defiant of her and of Russia, contemptuously sure that she can crush the one with her right hand and the other with her left, yet fears the Lion and well knows that if he comes to the aid of France and Russia, the odds will be too terrible even for the victors of Sedan. France sounds the Lion on the subject. The Lion. grim and cautious, does not object to his naval and military commanders talking to the commanders of France and discussing what might happen and how, in that case, things might be arranged. France sudout of Morocco and clear out sharp. Germany looks at the Lion and sees him with quivering tail about to spring. The odds are too great. With mortification tearing fully bullied for the first time since the rise of her star.

The Lion is balked. Another few years of waiting and the British taxpayer may The old instinct whispers, 'Now, now, before the rival is too strong.' Voices begin to cry that in the London streets, but there are new forces that the Lion must two generations of Englishmen the Lion 55 take account of. If the rival will not fight, it is not easy to attack him, and Germany will not fight unless the Lion can be detached from France and Russia, yet is sick

with the humiliation of that bullying, and knows that nothing but the riding down of the bullies can restore her prestige and heal her wounded pride. But she must anything.' Grey, the amiable lover of swallow her spleen, for at every threat speace, was delighted. He went, and the France points to the Lion and saves the peace France alone really desires. Every time Germany is humiliated the Lion is balked. Austria's Balkan speculation is postponed, and Russia does not quite know to Lion was not bound to help France and whether she is balked or respited.

The Lion broods and broods, and deep in his subconsciousness there stirs the knowledge that Germany will never fight unless — unless — unless — the Lion does 15 — at last — they persuaded Germany. not quite know what, does not want to know what, but disinterested observers complete the sentence thus: Unless Germany can be persuaded that the Lion is taking a fancy to Germany and is becom- 20 grasp at last. She flew at Servia, Russia ing a bit of a pacifist and will not fight.

Then the luck that has so seldom failed the Lion sent Prince Lichnowsky as German Ambassador to London. There was nothing wrong in being very friendly to 25 not let her go for all the pacifists or Sothe Prince, a charming man with a very charming wife; there was our Sir Edward Grey, also a charming man, always ready to talk peace quite sincerely at tea parties with all Europe if necessary. The Lion 30 your tradesmen pretended not to hear beknew in his heart that Grey knew nothing of the ways of lions, and would not approve of them if he did, for Grey had ideas instead of the one idea, and Prince Lichnowsky knew so much less of the ways 35 their babble about old treaties and their of lions than Grey that he actually thought Grey was the Lion. The Lion said: 'This is not my doing. England's destiny has provided Grey, and provided Lichnowsky; England's star is still in the zenith.' 40 old stories of Boney eating babies, and Lichnowsky thought Grey every day a greater statesman and a more charming man, and became every day more persuaded that the lion's heart had changed and that he was becoming friendly, and 45 Grey thought Lichnowsky, perhaps, rather a fool, but was none the less nice to him.

Then there was Asquith, the lucid lawyer, the man who could neither remember the past nor foresee the future, yet was 50 foe overcome. But I am a Socialist and always a Yorkshireman with ancient English depths behind his mirrorlike lucidity, in which something of lion craft could lodge without troubling the surface of the in himself an unaccountable but wholly irresistible impulse to hide and deny those arrangements with the French command-

ers which had frightened Germany. He said to Grey: 'You must go to the French and say that we are not bound to French, with imperturbable politeness. made a note of it, and then Asquith and Grey, with good conscience, found themselves busily persuading the world that the Russia when the great day of Armageddon came. They persuaded the nation, they persuaded the House of Commons, they persuaded their own Cabinet, and at last And the Lion crouched. Almost before he was ready the devil's own luck struck down the Archduke by the hand of an assassin, and Austria saw Servia in her flew at Austria, Germany flew at France, and the Lion, with a mighty roar, sprang at last, and in a flash had his teeth and claws in the rival of England and will now cialists in the world until he is either killed or back on his Waterloo pedestal again.

That, gentlemen of England, is the epic of the Yellow Book, that was the roar that cause it frightened them into assuring the Germans that it was only the bleat of a pack of peaceful sheep attacked by a wicked wolf. Much you will care for assurances that you are incapable of anything so wicked as the hurrah with which your share in the lion heart responds to his roar and their piteous stories, like the their frantic lies and shameful abuse of the enemy whom you know you must now hold sacred from every weapon meaner than vour steel.

As for me, I understand it. I vibrate to it; I perceive the might and mystery of it and all sorts of chords in me sound the demand that the Lion's last fight shall be the best fight of all and Germany the last know well that the Lion's day is gone by and that the bravest lion gets shot in the long run. I foresee that his victory will not, like the old victories, lead to a cenmirror. Asquith suddenly found working 55 tury of security. I know that it will create a situation more dangerous than the situation of six months ago, and that only by each western nation giving up every dream of supremacy can that situation be mastered. A lion within frontiers is after all a lion in a cage, and the future has no use for caged lions fighting to defend their own chains. In future we must fight, not alone for England, but for the welfare of the world. But for all that the Lion is a noble old beast and his past is a splendid past and his breed more valiant than ever merely Englishmen contra mundum. I take off my hat to him as he makes his last charge and shall not cease to wave it because of the squealing of the terrified chickens.

X

BERNARD SHAW AND THE WAR

GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY

[Nation, London, England, February 13, 1915.

By permission.]

The mental devastation caused by the war which is exacting such a toll of the world's civilization is scarcely less deploron our accumulated store of life and industry, of goodwill and morality. The dislocation of mind which has made the utterances of grave German professors and ravings of madmen has its counterpart in the outpourings of certain English men of letters. But surely the Lucifer of this divine tragedy is G. Bernard Shaw. from cant (except, of course, its own) has fallen from its high estate. No more can we look to it for light and leading through doubt and apprehension, in which the diplomatic and ruling persons of Europe have enmeshed us. Never have we needed more that penetrating intelligence, the drastic souls. The familiar spirit of perverseness which has so often given the needed 'bite' to his criticism of life appears for the moment to have taken complete possession of erate justification of bad faith between nations which he has recently published to the world?

It may, perhaps, be admitted that public opinion was in need of the medicine administered in his more elaborate paper, which he whimsically entitled 'Common's Sense about the War.' That Great Britain had, through her engagements with her partners in the Triple Entente, virtually bound herself to go to war in the event that France became involved; that -too valiant, nowadays, indeed, to be to she must have entered into the conflict. Belgium or no Belgium; that her solicitude over the fate of small nations was in exact ratio to her interest in the fate of those nations - these were all things which it 15 was well that the public should bear in mind. That the morality of nations is of more importance than their success in war. and that the first condition of morality is to rid oneself of cant, hypocrisy, and self-20 delusion — these are principles with which Shaw has made us familiar, and which many of us accept as fully and unqualifieldy as he does. If to do this for one's people means extending aid and comfort 25 to the enemy, so much the worse for a people so bemused, so much more imperative the need of speaking out. In this view the thin plausibilities which disfigured the paper, the gratuitous imputation able than the ruin which it has brought 30 of motives, the tricky identification of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey with Prussian Junkerism, are easily forgiven. They are, at the worst, evidence that Shaw's perverse spirit does not know (for such is men of science come to our ears as the 35 the nature of perverse spirits) when to keep in the background. The same may be said of the whimsical

letter to President Wilson, requesting him to ask the belligerents to withdraw from Even that crystal-clear mind, insanely 40 the soil of Belgium and fight out their sane, with its almost miraculous freedom quarrel on their own soil. It is their fight, not Belgium's. Only people absurd enough to regard a president of the United States as a sort of divine person — like this tangled web of chance and design, of 45 a pope or a kaiser — could regard this letter as an impertinence. It was only the most dramatic, and therefore the most effective, way of calling the attention of the world to two vitally important but negword with which he was wont to purge our 50 lected facts — that nations that go to war have no right to involve pacific nations in the dreadful consequences of their enmity, and that a great neutral power like the United States lies under a duty to prevent him. How else can we explain that delib- 55 such an outrage, or, at least, to make its disapproval known and felt.

Thus far we can loyally follow the master - and forgive him. But the next article, the 'British Lion' paper, gives us pause. In what menagerie of chimeras did he discover such a beast? Never, surely, was there limned a more fantastic picture of the British mind and purpose 5 than the Shavian conception of the British Lion, couching watchfully on his white cliffs, slowly moving his tail to and fro as he looks for the appearance of any the supremacy of the world, and then springing on his rival and bringing him to earth. Poor, inept, unready, muddling old lion! Like his near relation, the Amerihappen until it has happened, never looking beyond the claws of his outstretched paws, finding himself, he knows not how, burdened with an empire by the grace of a the burden, now dumbly accepting, or even, in an inspired hour, glorying in it, but never knowing what to do with it, never quite sure whether it is in truth an empire One can only guess at the motive which inspired this bold piece of Nature-faking. Was it mere waggery or was it satire? Doubtless the latter; for Shaw has not left ion of the British beast - a sham lion strutting across the stage with the stride of Lloyd-George and roaring with the voice of Winston Churchill; an Androcles' the real lion of Shaw's imagination to be laughed off the stage. And if he is not laughed off, if the audience really identifies the two, and in Shaw's lion sees only a beast; if, in other words, the satirist has spent his barbed shaft in vain, the game is still worth the candle; for the other Shaw, the perverse spirit, has his innings. Has an ass?

But when we come to the matter of Belgian neutrality, our mood of bewilderment flares up in a flame of indignation. fine-spun argument which he draws from it, belong in the Wonderland of Alice and the Red Queen, not in a world of realities. Neutrality does not mean the self-effacement of a nation, either in 'the conven-55 tional legal sense' nor in any other intelligible sense. It means only that a people which, in the midst of war's alarms,

chooses to live in peace, shall be let alone, shall not be made a pawn in the desperate game of the outlaw nations that choose to

live by war. Apparently Mr. Shaw commits himself unreservedly to the view that if England, to punish Servia for such a crime as she is alleged to have committed against Austria, decided to go to war with that unpower great enough to dispute with him 10 happy country, she would be justified in regarding as an enemy any neutral country through which she desired to pass in order to reach her victim. 'We should have to treat the declaration of neutrality can Eagle, never suspecting what is to 15 as a declaration of war on us, and fight our way through - durchhauen, in fact,' are his words. This doctrine that a nation which lies in the way of a belligerent may rightfully be forced to choose between hundred accidents, now trying to shake off 20 hari-kari and war was a favorite principle of the Europe of Frederick the Great, and is still practised by those who believe that the earth and the fullness thereof belong to the fighting nations. But the world has or merely a grandiose but uneasy dream. 25 moved since those piping times of war, even if Mr. Shaw has not, and the notion that neutral peoples have rights which belligerents are bound to respect, and especially that a nation has a right to be let us under any illusions as to his real opin- 30 alone, to hold herself aloof from the predatory strife of her bandit neighbors, and pursue, if she will, the inglorious ways of peace — however this may inconvenience or annoy them, however much they may lion, that needs only to be confronted with 35 want to get at one another's throats across her territory — has in these days attained the proportions of a full-sized principle of public right. Here in America we believe in it so fiercely that we have, in some sort, faithful picture of the familiar, official 40 neutralized the whole of the Western Hemisphere.

If Germany should conclude to use the historic route up our Hudson Valley for the purpose of invading Canada, or if he not once again made the British lion 45 Great Britain should reach a similar conclusion in order to check a German invasion by way of the St. Lawrence, I am afraid we should not listen with patience to the plea of military necessity as a justi-Shaw's definition of neutrality, and the so fication for dragging us into the war between them against our will. We should probably make use of Voltaire's reply to the scoundrelly courtier who made a similar plea, 'But one must live!' by retorting, 'We do not see the necessity.' And it is quite likely that we should, with such force as we could command, proceed to

put that conviction into effect.

As to the treaty of which Mr. Asquith makes so much and Mr. Shaw so little, that, of course, is no concern of Belgium's. As has been pointed out, her right to be unravished rests upon no 'scrap of paper' whatsoever, but upon recognized principles of public right, to which no treaties or conventions could add a feather's weight. The quarrel over the treaty is between the — that is, imposed a compulsory neutrality upon her, bound her to perpetual peace and pledged their good faith to keep her territory inviolate in the event of war for her sake nor in the interest of the public peace of Europe, but for their own selfish ends. The question, then, is, Have France and Great Britain the right to garding their treaty? Mr. Shaw says 'No!' Treaties, like engagements between individuals, are binding only under the conditions existing at the time they are new condition which absolved her from the obligation which the treaty of 1839 had imposed on her. An 'obvious barrisabout Mr. Balfour's influenza and his pledge to Sir Almroth Wright and the burning of his house 'equally obvious barrister's claptrap.' Here we have a case where the ordinary law of the land - of 35 Germany as well as of England and France — better represents the common morality, and where the common morality better represents the interests of civilization than does the doctrine to which the 40 perversity of Shaw has led him to give the sanction of his backing. It is the common teaching of experience that all obligations solve the promiser in one case will be wholly ineffectual to relieve him in another and different case. A violent headache may be a perfectly valid excuse for not hardly avail a soldier in the firing-line who should plead it as a reason for keeping out of the battle.

To assert seriously that the solemn entory of a neutral State as a base of operations against another nation (for that is what the Belgian treaty comes to) is in-

validated by the circumstance that the nation so bound finds a war on her hands which makes it highly inconvenient for her to keep her pledge, is to reduce the srebus sic stantibus doctrine to an absurdity; especially when it is considered that it was to meet just this situation - to cut off the very advantage which Germany now claims as her indefeasible right great Powers which neutralized Belgium 10 that the treaty was made. To such straits of sophistry are the defenders of Germany's high-handed violation of public right reduced.

In his reply to Shaw's 'Common Sense between themselves; not, be it observed, 15 about the War,' Mr. Arnold Bennett had the boldness to suggest that Mr. Shaw, before republishing that paper, 'reconsider his position and rewrite.' We do not join in this request. The perversities which charge Germany with bad faith in disre- 20 stung Mr. Bennett and other friends and admirers of Shaw to reply - not very effectively — to that scathing satire on our haute politique are perhaps an inseparable part of it. We would not risk spoiling the made—rebus sic stantibus—and Ger- 25 indictment by recasting it. But as to this many's military necessity constituted a matter of the Belgian Treaty, it is certainly to be hoped that Mr. Shaw will set himself right with the world. He is too fine and penetrating an influence for good ter's point,' Mr. Shaw; and the 'business' 30 to stand forth as the apologist of private or public bad faith.

XI

THE WAR AND THE WAY OUT

G. LOWES DICKINSON

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are not of equal validity, and that a In a previous essay, published in the changed condition of affairs which will ab- 45 Atlantic Monthly for December last, I showed at length how this war, like all European wars, was caused by the working of a false theory of the State on the minds and passions of rulers, statesmen, keeping a dinner engagement, but would 50 journalists, and other leaders of opinion. In the pages that follow it is my object to discuss in some detail the kind of settlement which will be needed at the peace, if such wars are not to recur again and gagement of a nation not to use the terri- 55 again. But since men's ideas as to the kind of peace that is desirable are affected by their conception of the causes of the war, I must begin by protesting against

the view, industriously disseminated by the English, and, no doubt, by the French and Russian press, that the only cause of the war was the wickedness of Germany. and superficial; and it leads to a wrong conception of the remedy. Let us then

briefly examine it.

'Germany,' we say, 'made the war.' Germany? But what is Germany? The to the ordinary Englishman believes that 'the German people? The peasants? The factory laborers? The millions of Social Democrats? They made the war? Is it likely? Ten days before the war broke out they, like the people everywhere, were 15 things because they are told to believe working, resting, eating, sleeping, dreaming of nothing less than of war. War came upon them like a thunderclap. German people are as peaceable as every are fond of quoting General Bernhardi, but we never quote the passage in which he explains why he wrote his book. He wrote it, he tells us, to counteract 'the aspirations for peace which seem to domi- 25 Bernhardi, journalists like Harden. And nate our age and threaten to poison the soul of the German people.' Now that the war has come, the German people are fighting; but they are fighting, as they believe, to protect their hearths and homes 30 past they have been setting the Germans at against the wanton aggression of Russia, France, and, above all, England. Like all the other peoples, they are fighting what they believe to be a defensive war. That is the tragic irony of it. Whoever made 35 English the war, it was not any of the peoples.

'Then, it was the German government.' Yes, or else it was the Russian, or else it was both. In any case, it was a very few men. The peace of Europe was in the 40 an Englishman in the world who would hands of some score of individuals. They could make war, and the hundreds of millions who were to fight and to suffer could not stop it. That is the really extraordinary fact. That is what is worth dwelling 45 merce?'1 on. How could it happen? Why are the nations passive clay in the hands of their

governments?

First, because they do not know one another. They speak different languages, 50 live different kinds of lives, have different manners and customs. They do not hate one another, but neither do they understand or trust one another. They do not feel that they belong together. Left to 55 tice dominant throughout Europe for centhemselves, they would never, it is true, want to fight one another. They do not even think of one another; they are occu-

pied with their own lives. But, since they do not know foreigners as they know one another, they can easily be made to believe that foreigners are their enemies. For this view clearly is much too simple 5 They do not think of them as real individual men and women. They think of them as a great solid mass, and attribute to this mass any qualities suggestion may put into their heads. So, at the moment, Germans' are treacherous, brutal, bloodthirsty, cruel, while the Germans believe that 'the English' are cowardly, hypocritical, and degenerate. They believe these them, by the people who want to make bad blood. And they believe them the more readily because they are at war.

The fact, then, that to every nation Their soldiers complain of it. We 20 every other is 'foreign,' makes the peoples nd of quoting General Bernhardi, of Europe the prey of those who want to never quote the passage in which make wars. We see in Germany who these people have been. They have been professors, like Treitschke, militarists like in England, they have been a Maxse, a Northcliffe, a Cramb. The same kind of people are and have been at work in all countries for the same end. For years the English and the English at the Ger-The German literature against England we have drawn from its obscurity since the war began. But what about the literature against Germany? Here is a specimen from one of our most prominent and intellectual journals:

'If Germany were extinguished to-morrow, the day after to-morrow there is not not be the richer. Nations have fought for years over a city or a right of succession; must they not fight for two hundred and fifty million pounds of yearly com-

Policy, playing on ignorance — that is the origin of wars. But why the policy? What is it aiming at? That, too, we must make clear.

We accuse Germany of making an unprovoked attack upon France and Russia, and we are indignant. But we forget that, if Germany so acted, she was acting in accordance with the principles and prac-

¹This passage is referred to in Prince von Bülow's book, *Imperial Germany* (p. 99, English translation), as illustrating English feeling against Germany.— The Author.

turies past. Our English national hero, Lord Roberts, warned us that she would act just so. But he added that she would be quite right and that we ought to do the same. When the Germans began to build their fleet there were plenty of Englishmen who urged us to pick a quarrel with her at once and destroy her before she grew too There is nothing peculiarly monimpute to Germany. It is the conduct fostered by the European system which England, too, supports. That system is one of armed states always expecting to be attacked, and therefore always ready to 15 anticipate attack. We are engaged merely in one act of a long and tragic drama. Let us look for a moment at the whole set of facts from which this war proceeded.

many and France — a war of mutual jealousy and fear, with no good cause behind it and no good end before. In that war Germany was victorious. She took from burning for revenge. Germany had made a permanent enemy on the west. On her east lay Russia. Between Russia and Germany there was no cause of quarrel. and since then had commonly acted in sympathy. There was no talk, during all those years, of Russian barbarism, or of the inevitable conflict between Teuton and cause, of the hostility between the two nations. The cause was the alliance of Germany with Austria in her quarrel with Russia. Russia and Austria were conpeninsula. Greed of territory and power was the ultimate source of their dispute -supported, on the part of Russia, by the And this quarrel in the sentiment of race. in the west. To strengthen herself against Germany, France allied herself with Russia. Henceforth a war in the east would make a war in the west. Italy had already joined Germany and Austria.

But England was not yet involved. What brought her in was the building of the German fleet. We regarded it as a menace. Perhaps it was. At any rate we joined hands with France and Russia. The Triple Entente faced the Triple Alliance in arms. The materials for the ex-

plosion were there. It was merely a question who should first drop the match. discussions as to who that was are not as important as we think. This year, we beslieve it was Germany. But if it had not been Germany this year, it might have been Russia next. And some other year it might have been France or England. The war came out of the European sysstrous or unique about the conduct we to tem, the system of states armed against one another, and dominated by mutual suspicion and fear. While that system continues, war will continue. If we want to stop war, we must alter that.

At the origin, then, of this war, there was no good cause at all. It was one of the many wars for power and position. In 1870 there was war between Ger- 20 Englishmen, it is true, have been strongly moved by the invasion of Belgium, and I throw no doubt on the genuineness of their feeling. But it was not the invasion of Belgium that made the war, although that France two of her provinces and left her 25 was a contributory cause of the English intervention. The origin of the war was ambition and fear. But the origin is not the same as the purpose. The purpose is what we choose to make it. What then is They had cooperated to crush Napoleon, 30 our purpose, now we are at war? This question has been little discussed, and there is little willingness in Europe to discuss it, while the issue of the war hangs in the balance. But it is already clear that Slav. That idea was the effect, not the 35 it will divide the nation. We are united in pursuing the war. We shall not be united in ending it.

On one point, no doubt, the peoples of the allied nations are agreed. The Gertending for the mastery of the Balkan 40 mans must evacuate Belgium and indemnify her, so far as it can be done, for the martyrdom inflicted on her by one of the greatest crimes of history. That, at least, if the Allies win. But what more? east was presently knit up with the quarrel 45 There are two ways of answering that question, and much of future history will depend on which is adopted.

The one answer accepts frankly the traditional system. It assumes that the 50 states of Europe must always be enemies and always settle their differences by war. That being so, the only end it can conceive for any war is the weakening of the vanguished and the aggrandizement of the we thought so. And to secure ourselves 55 victors. It is thus that all former wars have been ended, and thus that they have always prepared new wars. The view I am considering accepts this consequence. It means to 'crush Germany' in order to strengthen England. Quite openly it sneers at the profession that this is 'a war to end war,' the profession that the best of our youths carry in their hearts to battle. Quite openly it justifies the militarism against which we have announced to the world that we are fighting. It approves militarism. All that it disapproves is the militarism of Germany. It we While Germany wants to be one, while wants to make us too a military power, prepared by compulsory military service for that 'next war' which it proposes to make 'inevitable' by the peace. This view, already frankly expressed by the 15 Look at Ireland! Look at Italy! Look Morning Post, will, no doubt, when the moment is thought to have come, be urged also by the Times and its group of associated newspapers. It will be supported by educated people, and will appeal to the 20 passions of the uneducated, and will probably be urged by some members of the government. Let us then consider it.

to drive her, 'at no matter what cost to ourselves in lives and money, into unconditional surrender.' That is, we are to carry on the war (if we can) far beyond the point at which the Germans have aban- 30 doned Belgium; beyond the point, even, at which they have abandoned Alsace-Lorraine and Posen. The Allies, as it is sometimes explained, are to 'dictate terms at Berlin,' whatever terms and however 35 of carrying out the idea of peace except reasonable may be offered before they get there. A war which is destroying men as they have never been destroyed before, from which at the best the nations will emerge permanently degraded in their 40 few months: we wish to have as the result stock, poorer in physique, duller in intelligence, weaker in will than they went in, this war is to be protracted until the whole manhood of Europe is decimated, in order

In order, we are told, that the Germans may 'feel they are beaten.' And then? They will be good in future? They will admit they were wrong? They will lick there may be rest in Europe from vain, the hand that chastised them? Who be- 50 ambitious madmen and brigands, and that lieves it? The more completely they are beaten, the more obstinately they will be set on recovery. When France was beaten to the dust in 1870, did she repent for having provoked the war? On the 55 word of peace! Then, and then only, can contrary, she gathered up her forces for revenge. And Germany will do the same.

'But we shall prevent her!' How? By partitioning her? By disarming her? By changing the form of her government? All those things were tried by Napoleon, 5 and none of them can achieve their purpose. A nation does not consist in its territory, or its armaments, or its government. It consists in the tradition, the character, and the spirit of its people. she wants to be strong, while she wants to be monarchic, nobody and nothing can prevent her. A nation has never been crushed by anything short of annihilation. at the Balkan States! You may weaken Germany, yes; you may cripple her for a time, as she, if she were victorious, could weaken or cripple us. What of it? She will rise from humiliation more determined than ever to assert herself. We can no more crush her than she can crush us. is certain, then, that if we can succeed We are to 'crush Germany'; or, as a in 'crushing' Germany, and if we do noth-progressive newspaper phrases it, we are 25 ing else, we are preparing war for the future, not peace.

> It may be easier for us to realize this point if we remember that there are Germans, too, who expect and desire to get peace out of this war, and that they too hope to do it by 'crushing' their enemies. Thus, for example, the Frankfürter Zei-

tung writes:

One cannot count upon any other way by "force." By that, of course, we do not refer to the evil generally connected with the word, but to something which has been expressed in various ways during the last of this war a state in which the countries which have now attacked us shall for all time be unable to repeat their attack. Germany, peaceful, as its allies, has with — in order to what? Let us ask in detail. 45 them been entrusted with the historical mission of dictating a permanent peace to Europe. We are fighting primarily for existence, but still more for this - that they may be shown, like all others, the fit and natural sphere to which they belong. They must be deprived once and for all of the desire to attack us; till then, not a the law of peace, protected by forces which are strong and just, be established.'

This is the German version of the same

¹ New Statesman, December 19, 1914.

idea that is sometimes put forward on hehalf of the Allies. Peace, say we, by crushing Germany, since she is the only disturber of the peace. Peace, say the Germans, by crushing the Allies, since they are the only disturbers of the peace. But how does this view of the Germans look to us? Does it look like peace? Do we imagine ourselves lying down forever, beaten, humbled, and repentant, under the 10 contemptuous protection of an armed Germany? Just as we feel about the German idea, so, we may be sure, do they feel about ours. That route does not and cannot cal change in the ideas and policy of the nations of Europe, and an expression of that change in a definite political organization.

III

Those, then, who really desire a settlement that will secure peace in the future, must abandon the idea of 'crushing' Ger-

of our purpose in this war.

We are fighting, say our best spirits, for freedom, and against domination, What do these terms mean? By dominaforce, upon unwilling subjects. In the relation of man to man the simplest form of domination is slavery. In that of state to state its form is empire.1 It is one of of history. It is real; and also it has been championed as an ideal. Macchiavelli is its philosopher, Carlyle its prophet, Treitschke its historian. Rome stood for it in land in Ireland. And Germany stands for it now in Belgium. By freedom, on the other hand, we mean the power and right of individuals and of nations to live their own lives and unfold their own capacities. 45 throughout the eighteenth century. And This does not imply that they should do simply what they like, but that the restrictions they admit should be self-chosen and self-approved, with a view to the equal freedom of others. The formula is so so and we have learned from history. It is familiar as to be tedious. But its meaning is infinite and profound. We have hardly yet begun to spell its first letters. It inspires the whole movement of democ-

the other great protagonist of history; and of the history of the last century it is the very nerve. For that reason, it cannot be truly claimed as the principle of this or 5 that nation. It has been contending in them all at death grips with its enemy. The angels of light and darkness do not preside over different nations. They contend in each for victory.

Nevertheless there is truth in the idea that modern Germany stands for domination, and modern France and England for freedom. The unification of Germany in an empire obscured, if it did not ruin, the lead to peace. Nothing can, except a radi- 15 German spirit of liberty. The governing and articulate classes became arrogant and aggressive. The mass of the people became passively acquiescent. They were content to formulate freedom instead of 20 Struggling for it. They became the harmless pedants of democracy. Meanwhile the government pursued the ordinary course of empire. Wherever they ruled over people of alien race and ideals, they many. Let us turn, now, to the other view 25 set themselves by force to convert them into their own likeness. In Poland, in Alsace-Lorraine, in Schleswig, they imposed on the unwilling natives their language, their education, and their 'culture.' tion we mean the imposition of rule, by 30 In Poland they have been endeavoring for years to expropriate the Poles and substitute a German population. 'No consideration for the Polish people,' writes Prince von Bülow, 'must hinder us from doing all the great contending powers in the tragedy 35 we can to maintain and strengthen the German nationality in the former Polish domains.' And he adds with unconscious irony, 'In our policy with regard to the schools we are really fighting for Polish the ancient world, Spain in America, Eng- 40 nationality, which we wish to incorporate in German intellectual life.

This is the traditional policy of empire. The English pursued this policy in Ireland with even greater vigor and ruthlessness it is, perhaps, only the happy accident that we are an island power that has prevented. us from being, to this day, the champions of domination. But history has helped us, a chance, but a very significant chance. that made the outbreak of this war coincide with our final abandonment of the policy of coercion in Ireland. The British racy and all the wars of liberation. It is 55 system now, so far as men of white race are concerned, is one not of empire but of free communities. And the spirit that has brought about this change will proceed, if

¹I use this term in the sense of a system in which one state or nation imposes its power by force on other states or nations.— The Author.

we escape reaction, to inspire our policy in the great dependencies of men of alien race. Abroad, as at home, the English have been learning the lesson of freedom. And there is good hope, if we are true to our tradition, that our victory may contribute to the extension of freedom in Europe. In France, too, the long fight between antagonistic ideals has been injoin with us, we may believe, to confirm the liberty for which, throughout a century, she has been shedding her blood in civil strife.

just to pretend that Germany, as such, stands for domination, and the western powers for freedom, yet we may say with truth that a victory of the western powers, so far as their influence can reach, should 20 nition of equal right and established and make for freedom, while a victory of Germany will make for domination. That is the ideal cause, rising above our mere need of self-defense, that may inspire us in our efforts for victory. But if it be 25 morrow. If and when this war is decided that which we carry in our hearts — and the young among us, I believe, do carry it - how must we endeavor, when the time comes for peace, to translate it into acts?

in words which I have quoted once in the Atlantic, but shall repeat again — for they cannot be too often repeated. Never, perhaps, has a responsible statesman had the courage and the wisdom to look so far 35 So far as it stands for the right of a peo-

and so generously ahead.

'I should like, if I might for a moment, beyond this inquiry into causes and motives, to ask your attention and that of my fellow countrymen to the end which in this 40 war we ought to keep in view. Fortyfour years ago, at the time of the war of 1870, Mr. Gladstone used these words. He said, "The greatest triumph of our time will be the enthronement of the idea 45 freedom at home to destroy it abroad. of public right as the governing idea of European politics." Nearly fifty years have passed. Little progress, it seems, has vet been made toward that good and beneficent change, but it seems to me to be now, 50 divide to impose domination on one anat this moment, as good a definition as we can have of our European policy. idea of public right - what does it mean when translated into concrete terms? means first and foremost the clearing of 55 is on its defense. When it is waging wars the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relation of states, and of the future mould-

ing of the European world. It means next that room must be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities — each 5 with a corporate consciousness of its own.

'Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, Greece, and the Balkan States — they must be recognized as having exactly as good a title as their clining toward freedom. She too will no more powerful neighbors - more powerful in strength as in wealth - exactly as good a title to a place in the sun. And it means, finally, or it ought to mean, perhaps by a slow and gradual process, the While, then, it is unhistorical and un- 15 substitution for force, for the clash of competing ambitions, for groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise, the substitution for all these things of a real European partnership, based on the recogenforced by a common will. A year ago that would have sounded like a Utopian idea. It is probably one that may not or will not be realized either today or toin favor of the Allies, it will at once come within the range, and before long within the grasp, of European statesmanship.'

Let us comment a little on this noble Mr. Asquith has given us the formula 30 utterance and show how the ideas it voices hang all together. Those ideas are nationality, law, and peace. Let us remind ourselves of their meaning and connection.

Nationality is a Janus, facing both ways. ple to govern itself, it stands for freedom. So far as it stands for the ambition to govern other people, or to destroy them, or to shape them into an alien world, it stands for domination. Throughout history it has stood for both. Athens had no sooner beaten back the Persian attempt at domination, that she set out, herself, to dominate the Greek world. Rome won Free Holland, free England, set forth to conquer a world. Italy, liberated, falls upon Tripoli. The Balkan nations unite to expel the domination of the Turk, and other. Finally, the German nationality is no sooner established in security than it threatens that of every other people. Nationality, then, is respectable only when it of liberation it is sacred. When it is waging wars of domination it is accursed. is therefore an ideal only when it is associated with law and peace. And it is only in that association that the Allies can desire to foster and secure it. should seek on the one hand to deliver the nations that are suffering oppression, and on the other to prevent them in future from becoming oppressors themselves.

To achieve this the new rectification achieve it but toleration carried through with faith and courage in every state. Poland may be freed from Russian and German and Austrian domination; but from domination by Poles. The Serbs may be freed from Hungary, but that, of itself, will not free the Turks or Greeks or Bulgars who may still be included in a territorial boundaries correspond accurately with nationality. A change of heart is therefore as necessary as a change of frontiers and allegiance. Still, since made, the Allies, if they stand for the ideal of freedom, must see that such changes are made with a view only to the desires and the well-being of the peoples to be aggrandizement of the victors. Every German colony that the English or French may take for the sake of their own power, will be a proof that they have abandoned through their Prime Minister, have said that they seek no territory. Let them prove it to the world, or stand self-convicted of hypocrisy.

as to deliver nationalities from oppression, so far as that can be done by political arrangements, and so far as territory comes up for readjustment, will itself war, the substitution of law for force, and therefore, and in consequence, the maintenance of peace. The only wars between civilized nations that are justifiable are fense without offense. Let the nations, having acquired the right to govern themselves, do so in peace without aggressive That must be the rule for the of heart. It implies the abandonment of the base and crude ambition that hitherto has dominated states, and the substitution of a noble ideal of free and progressive

personality.

States hitherto have measured their worth in terms of population, territory, 5 and power. That estimate leads them inevitably to war. For while they are governed by it they must always desire to expand at the cost of one another. Every war in Europe since the wars of religion of frontiers will not suffice. Nothing can romay be traced to this cause. And even the wars so-called of religion were largely wars for power. The wars of nationality in the nineteenth century were reactions against this false ideal. Yet the nations that, of itself, will not free Polish Jews 15 that reacted have not discovered or pursued a truer one. There can be no peace, not even genuine desire for peace, until men realize that the greatness of a people depends upon the quality of life of the ingreater Servia. It is impossible to make 20 dividual citizens. A city like Athens or Florence is worth all the empires that have ever been. A state of a few thousands among whom should be found a Socrates, a Michelangelo, a Goethe, outweighs bechanges of frontiers will and shall be 25 yound all calculation one whose gross insignificant millions shall be dragooned by the drill sergeant and sophisticated by the university professor.

The nobility of a people lies not in its transferred, and not with a view to the 30 capacity for war, but in its capacity for peace. It is indeed only because the nations are incapable of the one that they plunge so readily into the other. If they had the power of living they would neither the ideal of freedom. The English, 35 endure to kill, nor desire to die. The task of war is to destroy life; the task of peace is to create it; to organize labor so that it shall not incapacitate men for leisure: to establish justice as a foundation for The settlement of Europe, in such a way 40 personality; to unfold in men the capacity for noble joy and profound sorrow; to liberate them for the passion of love, the perception of beauty, the contemplation of truth. Of all these things war is the make for the other great purposes of the 45 enemy. All men of profound experience have known this - not the teachers of religion only, but the prophets of secular life. Virgil, Dante, Goethe, Shelley, preach peace no less than Jesus Christ or Francis wars of defense. But there can be no de-50 of Assisi or George Fox. For peace is not a negative ideal; it is the condition of all positive ones. In war man seeks escape from life in blind intoxication. In peace he discovers and fulfils life by imnew Europe. But it too implies a change 55 passioned reason. It is because our peace is so bad that we fall into war. But every war makes our peace worse. If men had given to the creation of life a tithe of the

devotion they have offered again and again to its destruction, they would have made of this world so glorious a place that they would not need to take refuge from it in the shambles. It is our false ideals that 5 make for war. And it is the feebleness of our intelligence and the pettiness of our passions that permit such ideals to master We seek collective power because we are incapable of individual greatness. We 10 seek extension of territory because we cannot utilize the territory we have. We seek to be many because none of us is able to be properly one. Once more we are witnessing whither that course must lead 15 Once more we are witnessing the vast and vile futility of war. Once more we shall recover reeling from the horrible intoxication in which we have taken refuge, to look with dismay on our bloody hands, so phatically advise you not to join such an and the bloody work they have achieved. Once more we shall have a chance of learning the lesson. Shall we learn it? I cannot tell.

But I hope. I hope because of the young. And to them I now turn. you, young men, it has been given by a tragic fate to see with your eyes and hear with your ears what war really is. Old 30 ing to my views, the effort to break up this men made it, but you must wage it - with what courage, with what generosity, with what sacrifice, I well know. If you return from this ordeal, remember what it has been. Do not listen to the shouts of vic- 35 it; and I do not believe there ever was a tory; do not snuff the incense of applause. But keep your inner vision fixed on the facts you have faced. You have seen battleships, bayonets, and guns, and you know them for what they are, forms of evil 40 thought. Think other thoughts, love other loves, youth of England and of the world! You have been through hell and purgatory. Climb now the rocky stair that leads to the sacred mount. The guide of 45 to break up the Union and to insure the tradition leaves you here. Guide now yourselves and us! Believe in the future, for none but you can. Believe in what is called the impossible, for it waits the help of your hands to show itself to be the in- 50 the finest and most honorable men I have evitable. Of it and of all our hopes, the old, the disillusioned, the gross, the practitioners of the world are the foes. Be you the friends! Take up the thought and give it shape in act! You can and you 55 alone. It is for that you have suffered. It is for that you have gained vision. And in your ears for your inspiration

rings the great sentence of the poet -

Libero, dritto, sano e lo tuo arbitrio, E fallo fôra non fare a suo senno, Per ch'io te sopra te corono e mitrio.1

XII

ORGANIZATIONS FOR PEACE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

[Chicago Herald, April 16, 1915. By permisson.]

My Dear Mrs. Rublee:

I assume from your letter that you have not read my recent little book called America and the World War, and that you wish my judgment about joining the peace organization of which you write. I emorganization. The platform of principles inclosed in your letter seems to me both

silly and base.

This does not mean that all those sign-25 ing and chamnioning it are silly and base. It is unfortunately true that the very worst movements in human history have sometimes had very high-minded men and women enlisted in their support. Accord-Union, in order to perpetuate slavery, would have meant most dreadful woe to mankind, if successful; yet my own kinsfolk on my mother's side all took part in movement which enlisted more ardent support from big-hearted men and women or which was served with greater fervor and disinterestedness.

Fifty years ago the Copperheads of the North held exactly the views about peace which are set forth in the platform you inclosed and to a man they voted against Abraham Lincoln. They did all they could triumph of slavery, because they put peace as the highest of all good; just exactly as it is put by the people who have constructed the paper you sent me. Some of known in my life were former Copperheads. One of the men of whom I am fondest at this present day was once a Copperhead.

Nevertheless, I should stigmatize the

^{1&#}x27;Free, right, and sane is thy will, and it will be base not to act at its hidding. Wherefore I crown and miter thee lord over thyself.'

Copperhead movement of fifty years ago exactly as I stigmatize the movement preached by the individuals whose paper you inclose to me. Moreover, a very large copperhead sympathizers were undoubtedly physical cowards; and equally undoubtedly a very large proportion of ultraclosed, in championing peace without regard to righteousness are really most influenced by physical cowardice. fear death or pain or discomfort beyond anything else and like to hide their fear 15 valiantly against their oppressors. behind high-sounding words.

I speak with scientific accuracy when I speak of this movement as both base and silly. It is silly because it is absolutely same kind of futile agitation which, by the experience of a century and, above all, by the experience of the last thirty years, has proved wholly useless and on the whole good will be obtained by any such action as that outlined in that paper you sent.

But this is not all. It is base as well as There is nothing more repulsive righteousness in the abstract when they dare not stand up against wickedness in the concrete. On the whole there is nothing that does so much damage to a church tinually against wrong in the abstract, or against wrong committed by the Pharisees a couple of thousand years ago, but who cannot be persuaded to stand up against the professional pacificist leaders in the United States are in exactly this position.

I assume, of course, that you are for peace in reality and not merely for the name of peace, and that you are for peace 45 to those wrongs. based on justice and right and not for peace that consecrates successful wrong; for peace that consecrates wrong may be Well, the actually worse than any war. much an indorsement of the 'peace' once obtained in Warsaw by trampling liberty and humanity under foot as of the 'peace obtained at the same time in the United States by restoring the Union and freeing 55 are really striving for righteousness. the slave. Any movement that fails emphatically to discriminate between the two kinds of peace and the two kinds of war

is an evil and not a good movement. Any movement that speaks against war in terms that would apply as much to such a war as that waged by Lincoln as to the proportion of the peace at any price or 5 war waged to destroy free people is a thoroughly base and evil thing.

Above all it is base and evil to clamor for peace in the abstract, when silence is pacificists of today who uphold such views kept about concrete and hideous wrongs as those outlined in the paper you in to done to humanity at this very moment. Belgium has been trampled into bloody mire. Frightful wrongs have been committed upon the men, women and children of Belgium. The Belgians have fought this paper you inclose does not contain one protest against the commission of such wrongs as have been committed on Belgium, and does denounce war in such fashfutile. It proposes to go on with just the 20 ion as to include in the condemnation the Belgians just as much as the oppressors of Belgium.

There is nothing easier. There is nothing on the whole less worth while enterslightly mischievous. Not one particle of 25 ing into than vague and hysterical denunciations of wrong in the abstract, or vague and hysterical demands for right in the abstract, coupled with the unworthy and timid refusal even to allude to frightful than to see people agitating for general 30 wrongs that are at the very moment being committed in the concrete.

Congresses that pass resolutions against war and in favor of peace in the abstract do not do one particle of good, because as to have a minister who thunders con- 35 their resolutions are utterly meaningless, and must be utterly meaningless unless they are reduced to concrete cases. We have before us that concrete case.

Let the people who advocate the platpresent-day wrong in the concrete; and 40 form and principles you inclosed hold a meeting specifically to denounce the invasion of Belgium by Germany and to demand that in the interests of peace, the United States do what it can to put a stop

Let them denounce Messrs. Wilson and Bryan for trying to force through the ship purchase bill, which was in the interest of the power that wronged Belgium and in paper you inclose is in effect exactly as 50 spite of the fact that their action might tend to bring us into war with the powers that have sought to defend Belgium.

Let'them do something that shows that they mean what they say and that they

Until they do this let every wise and upright man and woman refuse to have anything more to do with a movement which is certainly both foolish and noxious. which is accompanied by a peculiarly ignoble abandonment of national duty and which, if successful, would do only harm and the mere attempt to accomplish which rightly exposes our people to measureless contempt.

Sincerely yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Mrs. Juliet Barret Rublee. Washington, D. C.

XIII

SERBIAN ATROCITIES

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

In the letter by Professor Yandell Henderson, in the Times of today's date, he

Prussia, and Poland have probably been no more thoroughly desolated than Georgia after Sherman's march to the sea. Away from ordinary social restraints men always do such things. It is rare for a militia company 30 sorry I cannot at this time stay to make a here to have a field day, or a college class to hold a reunion, without a certain percentage making beasts of themselves.

As a stranger in this land I am not in a position to contradict Professor Henderson 35 have received over here, which has perabout your present-day militia companies and college students, though from what I have seen of your people, particularly at the universities where I have principally been, I read his statement with some sur- 40 Serbia, based on the first-hand evidence of prise. But as regards Sherman's march to the sea, I am prepared, as a historian, to deny that Sherman's troops either burned women and children alive or gouged peoples' eyes out or murdered civilians whole- 45 in the Revue de Paris, April 1, 1915. The sale, as the Austro-Hungarian troops did in Serbia in the middle days of August last. If college students and militiamen do these things today, or such things as are reported by the Bryce Commission on Bel- 50 charred remains of the women and chilgium, I can only say that they are very studiously kept out of your papers. But Sherman's troops at least did not do them. They 'desolated' the land, no doubt, though whether they desolated it as com- 55 atrocities in January.

pletely as the part of Serbia through which I rode last January I am not sure. But they did not commit 'atrocities' on persons. The two things are in a different 5 category and Professor Henderson confuses the issue by putting them into the same sentence as if they were one and the same thing. Here are a few specimens of what the Austro-Hungarian troops io did:

1915, Aug. 18.—Prnivoor Village (near Losnitza:), Simana Mijatovitch, age 25; her daughter Doniza, age 3, and her son Milan, age 1, shut up in house and burned alive. Zivana Samowrovitch, age 27; Yveta Samowrovitch, age 3 years, and boy, not yet baptized, age 3 days, shut up in house and

burned alive.

Nedeljiza Village: Aniza Jesditch, age 35, [New York Times, May 22, 1915. By permission.] 20 eyes gouged out and killed; Micosava Vasilijevitch, age 21, violated, cut open, and murdered.

Multiply these things by several hundred and you get two August days' work of the As for atrocities, Belgium, Serbia, East 25 Austro-Hungarian army last year. These facts do not remind me, any more than the facts related in the Bryce report remind more profound study of American institutions and social customs, but I am compelled to return to-morrow to England, with much gratitude for the kindness I haps blinded me to the dark spots in your national character perceived by Professor Henderson. As I am departing, I inclose to you the report on the atrocities in Dr. Arius Van Tienhoven of The Hague, Holland, and Jules Schmidt, Swiss engineer. And I further refer you to the article by Dr. Reiss of Lausanne University, evidence is particularly full, because the Austrians were driven out of the scenes of these atrocities a day or two after they had committed them and the dead bodies and dren were photographed. I have seen scores of these photographs, and read and heard masses of first-hand evidence on the subject, when I visited the scene of these

G. LITERARY CRITICISM

Literary criticism makes use of some of the same mental processes that the writer of the expository article or the editorial brings to bear upon his material: in both cases there is the same striving to place certain facts clearly before the reader, and the same effort to express an unbiased and illuminating judgment upon these facts.

Literary criticism covers a wide range, from the humble endeavor of the journalistic man of all work to tell what a book is about, to Anatole France's 'adventures of a soul among masterpieces.' There is no kind of work for which the literary tyro is more inclined, and none for which, as a rule, he is less fitted, for good reviewing involves a degree of the critical

faculty with which the inexperienced are seldom endowed.

Roughly speaking, there are two kinds of literary criticism found in periodicals. The book note or notice gives a short statement of the contents of a volume and seeks to churacterize it in only the briefest and most general way. Such a notice is usually unsigned, and as its purpose is less serious than that of the larger reviews of the next class, its literary art is not so conspicuous. The book review proper is a more elaborate consideration of a volume, its relation to its subject in general, and to the other works of its author. Book reviews of this latter sort are often noteworthy for their keen insight, their sound critical judgment, and their trained literary style; they are written and signed by authorities on the subject with which the book deals, and in many cases they become permanent contributions to critical literature.

Among the illustrations here printed such notices as those of the Salamander will serve as examples of the briefer kind of notice, and the review of J. P. Mahaffy's What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization? is a good representative of the more elaborate, carefully constructed, and well expressed treatment of more serious or extensive subjects. Examples of the shorter notice will be found in numbers XII-XVI, and of the longer in numbers I-IV.

A combination of these two methods is employed in the composite review which groups

together several books of the same kind, or on the same subject, or by the same author. In such cases, a brief notice is usually given to each book separately and an attempt is made to compare them or to indicate their relations to the general subject with which they deal or to the previous work of their authors. Specimens of this kind will be found in numbers V-XI.

Ι

THE GREEK GIFT TO CIVILIZATION

SAMUEL LEE WOLFF

[Nation, New York, April 7, 1910. By permission.]

I

The Greeks meant one thing to men of the early Renaissance, another thing to Pope and Addison, another thing to Germans of the nineteenth century. Every generation has taken its Greek in its own 15 is that they are 'modern.' way. And the present generation, heir of all the ages, is taking its Greek in nearly an the ages, is taking its Greek in nearly every way — except one. It is not taking its Greek for granted. An expositor of He!lenism today is almost obliged to be-20 P. Putnam's Sons.

come an apologist. He must 'show us.' Even as seasoned a Grecian as Professor Mahaffy,1 who surely is entitled, if any one is, to be at his ease in Hellas, does not 5 resist this compulsion. The quiet and still air of his delightful studies is stirred with argument, about Greek in the college curriculum, about the neglect of Aristotelian logic by American youth, about, on the one no hand, Greek versus 'Science,' and, on the other hand, the truly 'scientific' temper of Greek thought. Throughout he seems to feel that the Greeks need to be vindicated; and their vindication, throughout.

This seems to mean that they are free

from mysticism and obscurantism, those sins of the Middle Ages; and Professor Mahaffy is the more inclined to praise Greek clear-sightedness in virtue of his own long-standing feud with medievalism. There is a fine old-fashioned flavor, as of some clergyman in Thomas Love Peacock — a Ffolliott, a Portpipe, an Opimian theological prepossessions of medieval science and philosophy. The modern contentiousness about Greek here receives a temperamental reinforcement.

things non-Greek, the Middle Ages were non-Greek; and the Renaissance, which put an end to them, was Greek. Such seems to be the latent reasoning at the bottom of Professor Mahaffy's view - and 20 known, the Ierusalem Delivered, too, prowe admit it to be the popular view — that by means of a resurgence of Greek art, literature, and philosophy, the Renaissance superseded the Middle Ages, and that the Renaissance was in spirit and ac- 25 conceits of late Greek rhetoric. The complishment truly Greek, truly classical. The naïve assumption of the humanists that they had emerged from a 'thick Gothic night,' Professor Mahaffy would by substituting 'Latin' modify 'Gothic'; and, having thus given a bad name to the Scholastic Philosophy, to Romanesque and Gothic architecture, to the 'Dies Îræ' and to the chansons de geste, The art and the philosophy of the Renhe would contentedly hang them all. Now, 35 aissance, like its literature, do not draw he believes, upon the thick Latin night up rose Greek, and up rose the sun: the classical Renaissance and the 'modern spirit' were a twin birth of the revival of Greek studies (pp. 18-19). This view seems to 40 us erroneous; and, as the conceptions underlying it determine Professor Mahaffy's treatment of his subject, we shall examine it at some length. Waiving all questions of chronology, disregarding therefore all 45 may, indeed, it is thought, be traced to the medieval anticipations of the Renaissance or of the 'modern spirit,' granting that the light did not dawn till Greek began to reappear, and then dawned decisively, we be-

Hellenic.

in and out of Italy, is four-fifths of it Latinistic — Virgilian, Ciceronian, Senecan, occasionally Horatian, very heavily

Ovidian. It springs not immediately, often not mediately, from Homer, Demosthenes, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, or even Euripides. The other fifth, which s does draw nourishment from Greek literature, draws it from the Greek literature not of the golden but of the silver and the pinchbeck ages. Boccaccio, Professor in the valiant no-Popery flings of our au- Mahaffy points out (p. 95n), is indebted thor against the church and against the 10 to Greek prose fiction; but what he does not point out is that Boccaccio's debt runs mostly to very late Byzantine romances now lost. Lyly draws from Plutarch on Education. Sannazaro breaks from the All good things being Greek, and all bad 15 Virgilian pastoral tradition to return to Theocritus. Tasso's Aminta, as is well known, gets what is probably its most famous passage from the late prose romance of Achilles Tatius. As is not so well fessedly a restoration of the classicalthat is, the Virgilian --- epic, in reprobation of the composite romance-epic of Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto, is itself full of the Pastor Fido is based upon a story in Pausanias. It seems well within the truth to say that where Renaissance literature is Greek at all, it is almost certain to be in for 30 the Alexandrianized, Romanized, Byzantinized, and Orientalized vein that we call Greek only because we have no better name for it.

from pure Hellenic fountains. Botticelli, Raphael, and Titian are not inspired by Greek statuary of the best period, very little of which had been unearthed: Greek painting was probably unknown to them, and, at any rate, Greek painting, as far as it has survived at all, is of the Campanian, the Alexandrian style -- distinctly postclassical. The putti of the Renaissance 'Egyptian plague of Loves'-those Cupids, which, whether attendant upon the amorous adventures of the gods, or nesting in trees, or wreathing garlands, or lieve it would not be difficult to show that 50 exposed in cages for sale, 'flutter through the Renaissance itself was not essentially the Pompeian pictures.' And where the great painters of the Renaissance thought of themselves as illustrators of 'literary' themes (we are just rediscovering how de-The literature of the Renaissance, both 55 cidedly they did so think of themselves to the confusion of 'Art for Art's sake'), they looked for their themes not in Homer, or the tragedians, or the myths of Plato, but in Ovid, or Apuleius, or Philostratus, or Lucian. Raphael's frescoes in the Farnesina got their Olympians not from Hesiod but from Apuleius. Botticelli's elsewhere, is derived from Lucian's description of the Διαβολή of Apelles. Mantegna, Titian, Raphael, Giulio Romano, tions by Philostratus of paintings in a

supposed picture-gallery. As for the Platonism of the Renaissance, that too was composite, with its chies and toward elaborate theories of It was the Platonism of Plotinus, rather, after the school of Alexandria; for, in spite of Ficino's translation, the Pla--or, when known, too purely Attic to be assimilated. There was, indeed, an echo of pre-Socratic Greek thought in the animistic philosophies of southern Italy; but despite their influence upon Bacon by way of Telesio and Campanella.

In general, Renaissance taste is distinctly unclassical. It runs to digression and irrelevancy; to inserted descriptions 30 and episodes; to huge verbosity. It revels in the 'word-paintings' (ἐκφράσεις) which were a specialty of the late sophists and rhetoricians; it never tires of their of orations invented as patterns of the kind of thing that might be said upon a given occasion by persons imaginary, mythological, or historical. These ήθοποιείαι and appear in collections like 'Silvayn's Orator'---to mention, perhaps, the most fa-miliar name among many. The prose of the Renaissance, again, like late Greek most exaggerated conceits and antitheses, each country in Europe developing its own particular brands of bad taste — Euphuism, Gongorism, Marinism, and the rest late Greek rhetoric. In imitation, too, of the tours de force of degenerate Greek and Roman rhetoricians, the versifiers of the Renaissance often chose the most trivial graces of double entendre. To match the antique disquisitions Of Long Hair, and In Praise of Baldness, we have the capi-

toli of Berni and his school on Figs, Beans, Sausages, Bakers' Ovens, Hard-Boiled Eggs, Chestnuts, Paint-Brushes, Bells, Needles, Going Without Hats, and Lying 'Calunnia,' as Professor Mahaffy mentions 5 Late Abed. It is a far cry from this sort of thing to Homer or to the Periclean age. Indeed, if by Greek we mean 'classic,' the Renaissance was not Greek. Not until the and others deliberately retranslated into late eighteenth century, after the way had color and visual form the verbal descrip- 10 been cleared by those 'pedants,' German and other, to whom this work alludes so slightingly, was the true Renaissance of classic Greek accomplished; only then may the modern world be said to have entered leaning toward pseudo-Dionysian hierar- 15 fully upon its Greek heritage. What the Renaissance of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries achieved was rather a Pan-Latinistic revival, which attended especially to the process of recasting and enriching the tonism of Athens was to them unknown 20 vernacular tongues, mostly by means of Latin or post-classical Greek models, into vehicles of a modern Eloquentia that might rival the antique. Its degenerate models, together with its own taste in these Professor Mahaffy does not mention, 25 choosing them, made it not pure, reposeful, imaginative, but composite, unquiet, fantastic, rhetorical, loquacious - all that is suggested when we say 'Alexandrian.'

One cannot help feeling that Professor Mahaffy's taste in these matters has been 'subdued to what it works in' by his extensive studies of post-classical Greek. speechmaking. It favors whole bookfuls 35 This bias appears in the estimate of Aristotle's 'Poetics' and the dicta about Wordsworth, Tennyson, and others. The 'Poetics' is treated as if it were merely a collection of judgments upon individual μελέται bulk large in the Anthology, and re- 40 works in Greek literature: if these judgments are erroneous, the work is a failure. of course. It is not perceived, apparently, that the 'Poetics' is an exposition of basic principles, the principles of poetry and of prose, tends, without resistance, to the 45 art in general; and that, in its justification of poetry as an imaginative embodiment of the universal (a view which Plato, for all his poetry, completely missed), and in its promulgation of the -upon a common basis of Ciceronian and 50 law of unity, it laid sure foundations for the criticism of all time, and established an unassailable canon of classic or ideal art. All this apart from the historical importance of the 'Poetics' misunderstood themes, and embellished them with all the 55 -- apart from the pseudo-classic of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, apart from the controversies about 'imitation,' catharsis, and the 'three uni-

ties.' Of this really fundamental book Professor Mahaffy says (p. 62): 'I know of no poorer and more jejune exposition of a great subject'; and on the next page he cavalierly dismisses it upon the plea of lack of time. The same want of appreciation of the universal in Hellenism is responsible for some of the opinions here expressed upon the Greek in modern English poetry. Of the 'galaxy that illumined 10 the early nineteenth century,' Wordsworth is considered to be 'the least Greek' (pp. 56-7); and this because of his failure to distinguish prose diction from poetical, and because of the inordinate length of the 15 'Excursion.' Keats, however, had caught the Greek spirit, though at second or third hand (p. 46); in Shelley, 'we have that perfect combination of romantic imagination with Greek culture' which makes him 20 the greatest of this group (p. 56); and Tennyson is 'the most classical of our modern lyric poets' (p. 59).

Read in view of the critic's Alexandrian bias and of the quotations which illustrate 25 his criticism, these dicta become plain. Keats is Greek in being a master of isolated sensuous images, chaste or voluptuous - not in virtue of his delicacy in selection or his passion for beauty; cer- 30 and the Theocritean 'Come down, O tainly not in virtue of that architectonic which he never possessed. Shelley's 'clouds and sunsets' and spirits and flower-bells and pavilions - the imagery of romanticism - are at the service of his 35 revolt and of his love of Greece and liberty. What matter that Shelley hardly touched human experience, hardly touched the general life of man? The case is still clearer when we come to Wordsworth and 40 Tennyson. Of Wordsworth's purity and wisdom — of his universality, and of his plain and noble' style — of all that makes him a true classic, a true Greek despite his recurrent prosiness — there is not a word; 45 remote origins, under the various aspects though, of course, the specific Platonism in Wordsworth's wonderful Ode (misquoted at p. 243) is recognized. But what of 'Landameia'? —

. . . For the gods approve The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul.

What of 'Dion'? —

The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.

Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends, Whose means are fair and spotless as his

Or — to take Wordsworth not on classical 5 ground, and in a vein not sententious what can be more Greek than those autochthonous figures of the Leech-Gatherer, and of Michael at the unfinished sheenfold? -

... 'T is believed by all That many and many a day he thither went, And never lifted up a single stone;

or this about Michael's wife:

Whose heart was in her house: two wheels

Of antique form, this large for spinning

That small for flax; and if one wheel had It was because the other was at works &

- lines of which Homer would not need to be ashamed. One might as well say that Millet's 'Sower' is not Greek, or that Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg is not Greek—Greek as Simonides! Finally the Hellenism of Tennyson is here supposed to be shown by the 'Lotos Eaters' maid,' and that well-nigh intolerable piece

His honor rooted in dishonor stood, And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

of oxymoron and antithesis.

So much of Tennyson's work is Greek in a very pure sense that it seems a pity to try to prove him Hellenic by what at best can prove him only Alexandrian.

While professing to deal with Hellenism in the modern world, the present volume gives much space to an examination of its of race, poetry, prose, philosophy, and the like. To us this seems irrelevant; what we ought to be concerned with here is issues, not origins. We have already ad-50 verted, perhaps more than enough, to the treatment of the Greek decadence as if that were the essentially Greek. Both ways attention is too much drawn from the center to the ends, and not fixed, as in So were the hopeless troubles, that involved 55 so short a work it ought to be fixed, upon that definite period during which the Greeks were most themselves. We want a focus; and we have here a penumbra.

Are we demanding too narrow a canon of Hellenism? We think not; for it is only a strict sense of what the Greeks stood for that gives weight and value to assertions about their influence. That which they really contributed to modern civilization is obfuscated by inquiries into their origins, hardly less than by the inclusion of their decadence upon the same footing with their prime.

But one begins to realize after a while that the author is scarcely appreciative of the characteristic universality of the Greeks: that what appeals to him is rather their fancy than their imagination, rather their cleverness than their genius. He himself steadfastly declines to generalize —and who could more safely generalize than he? — about the nature of the Greek 20 gift to civilization. He refuses to grasp this universal. Surely he sees it; he presents abundant material for the induction; why will he not, for the real illumination of his readers, tell them what he sees? 25 He will make no synthesis. He resides in detail, detail which, as has been seen, too often concerns irrelevant beginnings or degenerate endings; and he yields now and argue, like any Alexandrian of them all. In a word, this book about the Greeks is not written in the spirit of the Greeks.

Some merits it undoubtedly possesses. ing. Its chapter on politics is vital with modern instances: the abdication of power by an aristocracy, exemplified by Ireland; the conflict of centralizing with decenfied by the United States. And as Pro-Mahaffy's venerable experience justifies him in coming to us to admonish and to warn, he speaks, in the same chapintellectual refinement to guard against political decadence, and upon the decay of the middle classes through limitation of the size of the family as a result of heightthreatened Athens no less than they threaten us today. Here Professor Mahaffy might say with Whistler: 'I am not arguing; I am telling you.' In passages of such 'timely' purport, intensified 55 to the race. as they often are by the author's personal feelings and experience, this book is at its best. Compared with the works of other

writers in the same field, it seems to us inferior, say, to Professor Butcher's Some Aspects of the Greek Genius and Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects, and to Mr. 5 Lowes Dickinson's The Greek View of Life: the first two full of safe generalizations amply supported by specific facts, the last, by its admirable coherence and exquisite employment of transition recalling to the prose of Plato himself. Yet, despite these, and despite Professor Sandys's History of Classical Scholarship, the true history of the Greek element in modern civilization — of its varying acceptance by their rhetoric than their idealism, rather 15 different peoples and ages, of its varying combinations with national spirit and with Zeitgeist, and of the varying outcome remains still to be written: valde desideranda.

> May we, without attempting any part of such a history, be permitted to suggest the generalization that this book withholds?

The Greeks, more than all other peoples before or since, believed in the power of mind, and practised their belief. Applying mind to the raw material of sensation, they turned experience into wisdom, fact again to the temptation to digress and to 30 into truth, the Many into the One, chaos into law, the particular and provincial into the ideal and the universal. But they were not content to rest in this supersensible region: they reëmbodied their ideals Its dedication, its close, are noble in feel-35 in noble sensuous and intellectual forms, which they chose from amid a welter of forms possible but ignoble or insignificant, and which therefore have appealed to mankind semper, ubique. So that, whether in tralizing forces in a federation, exempli- 40 the subtle curves of a building, or in the proportions of a statue, or in the shape of a vase, or in the notes of the musical scale, or in finding how the human mind, out of an infinite number of ways in which it can ter, words of weight upon the failure of 45 work, actually does work towards truth; whether in art, or letters, or logic, or science, or a hundred other departments of human activity, we still perceive that they have performed for mankind, once for all, ened cost of living — troubles which so the labor of selection. It is impossible to overestimate this accomplishment in the racial economy, just as it is impossible to overestimate the specific nobility and loftiness of the ideal heritage they have left

> Those who follow the Greek ways, and, without limiting themselves to old experience, fearlessly, and with confidence in the

power of mind, push into the new data of modern life along the path that has proved possible—these are the pioneers; these are subduing chaos and bringing it province by province under the rule of spirit. Those who, refusing to profit by the Greek economy, try old failures again in ignorance or from choice, throw away their heritage. It is only by accident that they may happen upon some worthy thing. 10 He may be designing a subway or a city, Their aberration, generally speaking, takes either or both of two forms, according as they fail to value one or another phase of the Greek accomplishment. Either they deny the validity of the re- 15 strike, but again under the compulsion of sults achieved by selection, and still fancy that 'the world is all before them where to choose'; or they deny the right of mind to work selectively at all upon the data of experience, insist that all things are of win chosen forms of beauty, and with whatequal value except as weeded out by natural selection, and enslave themselves to The first error is the error the crude fact. of modern art, the second that of modern politics — at least, so far as both have 25 way of life favorable to tempers of this been evolved under democratic institutions. The art of democracy is supposed to demand that no forms be rejected as ignoble. The politics of democracy, theoretically allowing free play to the conflicting wills of 30 individuals, each striving for the ends indicated by his 'enlightened self-interest,' fails to provide for right leadership, for a chosen mind to control the welter, and so falls into the gripe of wrong leadership. 35 For a mind of some sort is sure to gain control, soon or late. Modern science has escaped the second error, by selecting from the method of Bacon that part which is Greek in spirit. The Baconian induc- 40 Usually they are either collections of untion, just in so far as it enslaved itself to fact, and disallowed hypothesis, and denied the rights of mind - just in so far as it was un-Greek - was a failure; and just in so far as it 'married mind with matter' - 45 Let us say at once that General King's to use Bacon's own similitude - was, and is, a success. We are not to be, says Bacon again, like the ant, which gathers and stores up her hoard untransformed by aught that she does; nor yet like the 50 achievement, and nothing could be better spider, which spins her subtle thread all from within; but rather like the bee, which both gathers from without and transforms from within that which she gathers. Only thus shall we get 'sweetness and light.'

The Hellenist still believes that, things being given, ideas shall prevail. And so, instead of fighting things out, or letting the

stress of competing forces among things work out its wasteful end, as Nature does, at dreadful expense of pain, at dire expense of spirit and of life, he endeavors to 5 think things out. He may, by international arbitration, substitute the sanction of ideas for the sanction of arms. Or, upon a broad basis of facts, he may build a luminous hypothesis or rise to a law. and planning it so that the work will not have to be done over after the lapse of years. He may raise wages or share his profits not under the compulsion of a an idea - his own idea of equitable distribution. In many ways his mind, dealing with fact, will draw wisdom out of life; in many ways he will reëmbody that wisdom ever materials life gives him will make of himself a poet, and of life an art. We leave the subject with a question for those of an inquiring mind: Is our 'modern' kind? Do we believe in the supremacy of spirit? And would it have been a merit in the Greeks had they been like us?

II

ULYSSES GRANT¹

[Times (London, England), Literary Supplement, January 2, 1915. By permission.]

Biographies to which the epithet 'true' is affixed are apt to be a little suspect. savory gossip, or, like those ill-omened little books which call themselves 'The Truth about' this or that well-known country, the perverted expositions of faddists. new life of Grant is quite free from such follies. It is a careful and enthusiastic biography of one soldier by another, a study of character rather than of military than the spirit in which it is written. The writer dwells lovingly on the details of Grant's career, such as his West Point days, and fills his pages with the names of 55 soldiers whom he desires to rescue from oblivion. He has the most whole-hearted

1 The True Ulysses S. Grant. By Charles King. (Philadelphia and London: Lippincott.)

admiration for his hero, and can yet be perfectly just to his rivals and opponents. The manner is old-fashioned, the kind of thing we associate with American biogtion - Little did he think that so many years hence he would be such and such,' etc.; and he uses the word 'gifted' so constantly that it becomes comic. night," said one of their gifted leaders, "we'll water our horses in the Tennessee or hell."' One would have thought "that Oliver Wendell Holmes had killed this scious, and rather foolish in his description of Grant's visit to Europe and his intercourse with Royalties. But the author has the saving virtues of spirit, candor, and more of his honest rhetoric.

Few great soldiers have had a stranger career than Grant, for at forty he was unknown, and at forty-five the first citizen of ancestry: but he drifted into the army by accident, and had no military ambition. He did not want to go to West Point, and nothing more than to be a professor of mathematics. He distinguished himself in the Mexican War and earned a captain's brevet, but his unfortunate experience in California drove him into civil life. tried farming and failed, then took to a humble kind of store-keeping, at which he made a bare living. His family and acquaintances thought little of the short, the stark opposite of 'gifted' or 'magnetic' or 'silver-tongued,' or any of the things which won favor in the Middle West. Then came the Civil War and his chance. He was made colonel of the 21st 45 he desired, and as it was he behaved like an Illinois, and immediately proved himself a professional soldier among voluble amateurs. He showed a power of command over the roughest materials, and presently, to his immense surprise, for he was the 50 President of the United States, and held most modest of men, was given a brigade.

From that hour he never looked back. His victory at Fort Donelson heartened the North after the fiascos of McClellan 55 trayed into blunders by his innocence of and Buell, and he did much to retrieve the disaster of Shiloh. He had to fight against endless misrepresentation and the

unplumbed incapacity of the Civil Government, but his stout heart and his military talent brought him triumphantly to the victory of Vicksburg, which made certain the raphies of fifty years ago. General King 5 ultimate triumph of the North. After that is very fond of the biographer's anticipather the sides of the quadrilateral began to close in upon the doomed Confederacy. Vicksburg was planned in defiance of the advice of his most trusted friends, like Sherman, "Before 10 and it was probably his greatest personal d leaders, achievement in the field. He was now a major-general and commander-in-chief in the West, and Sheridan's winning of Missionary Ridge convinced Washington that epithet. He becomes terribly self-con- 15 the West must now furnish the Northern generalissimo. Early in 1864 the office of lieutenant-general was revived for Grant, and he found himself matched against the famous army of Virginia. The North held generosity, and we could have wished for 20 the winning cards, and all that was needed was the man who could play the game out and would not be disturbed by newspaper and political clamor. Grant proved himself such a man, and the desperate camhis country. Born near Lincoln in the 25 paign in the Wilderness, the most bloody Middle West, he had soldier stock in his ever known in civilized war, was probably the right strategy. Sherman's march to the sea, Sheridan's brilliant cavalry work in the Valley, and Thomas's great victory at the end of his course there he asked 30 at Nashville paved the way for the success of Grant's frontal attack. He made mistakes, for he tried to remove Thomas from his command on the very eve of Nashville, but on the whole he made few, and he had He 35 in Sherman not only the most loyal of friends but the ablest of colleagues. So in time came that April day at Appomattox, when the stately gentleman, the greatest of modern soldiers, surrendered to a weary, bent, dusty, and silent man who seemed 40 shabby, dusty little man, who represented the Union and the North.

Grant's subsequent career brought no stain to his military record. Had Lincoln lived he would have found the statesman honorable soldier, and did much to frustrate the politicians who would have disregarded the terms of surrender. He succeeded the deplorable Andrew Johnson as the office for two terms. He tried for a third term, like Mr. Roosevelt, but failed. He carried the manner of the camp to the White House, and was occasionally bethe devious ways of politicians. Yet he did good work as Chief Magistrate, and has the Treaty of Washington and the settlement of the Alabama question to his credit. In his last years he engaged in business, for which he was by no means suited, and suffered a financial débâcle. He died at the age of sixty-three, having 5 proved incompetent, and, himself the most enjoyed, after a youth of poverty and failure, such personal prominence as can only come to a soldier-citizen in a Republic.

General King, with pardonable enthusiasm, calls Grant the greatest of American to the staff knew the truth, when they found soldiers. That is not the general opinion of those competent to judge. If we limit the list of the great commanders of the world to half a dozen, Lee's name would be in it; if we increase it to thirty, Grant's 15 was, no less than the courtly Virginian, a would not be there. He was not as great as Washington; he had not the genius of Stonewall Jackson, and was probably not as good as Thomas, the ablest and least appreciated of the Northern commanders. 20 He did a great work, but he had all the weight of men and money behind him, and it cannot be said that in the doing of it he showed military talent of the highest order. The strategy of the 'quadrilateral' 25 [New Republic, December 5, 1914. By permission of author and publisher.] was obvious as soon as the fall of Vicksburg cleared the Mississippi. Grant was a 'slogger' who took and gave terrific punishment with a firm heart, and won by weight. But if he was not in the front 30 life I've read the perfect interview just rank of soldiers he was in the front rank of men. His character, at which the prudish North looked askance, was his greatest asset, and this General King most rightly emphasizes. Sherman's uncanoni- 35 Oscar Wilde. Mr. Burgess was a man cal words get very near the truth.

Wilson, I'm a damned sight smarter man than Grant; I know a great deal more about war, military history, strategy, and grand tactics than he does; I know more about 40 organization, supply, and administration, and about everything else than he does; but I'll tell you where he beats me and where he beats the world. He don't care a damn for what me like hell.

'Ulysses does n't scare worth a damn,' was the verdict of a Wisconsin volunteer who saw him writing despatches amid 'Yes,' replied Mr. Wilde with a touch of bursting shells. But physical courage was 50 pathos in his voice, 'terribly creative—terthe least of his endowments. He had infinite patience, and could stand up before a storm of abuse and ignorant criticism, which is difficult in a democratic country with no military caste and a volunteer 55 (Brentano's, 1906), and is still as fresh as army. His taste for liquor, manfully striven against, was wildly exaggerated by jealous rumor, and few commanders have

had to fight in such an atmosphere of suspicion. The core of granite in the man carried him through, and he was able to 'break' ruthlessly old comrades who soft-hearted of men, to disregard the national outcry at the terrible carnage of the Wilderness battles. To the world he appeared cold-blooded and brutal, and only him sobbing in his tent after Cold Harbor. In victory he was modest and magnanimous, and, though he had not the personal glamour of Lee, the uncouth Westerner great gentleman.

III

MR. BRYAN'S SPEECHES

P[HILIP] L[ITTELL]

Every man, people say, gets the interviewer he deserves. It is not true. Few notables have any such luck. In my whole once. This was in January, 1895, not long after the first performance of An Ideal Husband, when the London Sketch published Gilbert Burgess's interview with who knew the difference between questions and questions. He asked the right ones:

'What are the exact relations between literature and the drama?'

Exquisitely accidental. That is why I think them so necessary.'

And the exact relation between the actor and the dramatist?'

Mr. Wilde looked at me with a serious exthe enemy does out of his sight, but it scares 45 pression which changed almost immediately into a smile, as he replied, 'Usually a little strained.'

'But surely you regard the actor as a creative artist?'

ribly creative!'

The interview is republished in the volume called Decorative Art in America ever, after twenty years. I turned back to it the other day, after reading here and there in two small blue volumes published in 1909, Speeche's of William Jennings Bryan, Revised and Arranged by Himself, and wondering whether Mr. Bryan would ever fall into the ideal interviewer's hands. You, for example, could not interview Mr. Bryan properly, nor could I. We should feel both supercilious and intimidated. The man for the job is somebody who could mediate fearlessly between the re-Does such a man exist? By accident I have hit upon the right party - Hector Malone. Of Hector his creator has written, in the stage directions to Man and Superman, that 'the engaging freshness 15 the mother who holds in her arms her boy, of his personality and the dumbfoundering staleness of his culture make it extremely difficult to decide whether he is worth knowing; for whilst his company there is intellectually nothing new to be got out of him.' You already perceive a certain affinity between Hector Malone and Mr. Bryan. Now for their unlikeness: when Hector 'finds people chatter- 25 ciliousness enough. In either case they ing harmlessly about Anatole France and Nietzsche, he devastates them with Matthew Arnold, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and even Macaulay.

It is an affair of proportion. As Nietz- 30 kind. sche and Anatole France are to Macaulay, Matthew Arnold and the Autocrat, so, in the scale of modernity, are these authors to those with whom Mr. Bryan does his seem about as dumbfounderingly stale to Hector Malone as Hector's does to a generation fed on Anatole and Nietzsche. Hector is too modern and sophisticated to quote Gray's Elegy, The Deserted Vil- 40 will. lage, Tom Moore and William Cullen Bryant. He knows that people don't do such things. But Mr. Bryan does them, and adds other incredibilities. Like Tennyson's brook, Demosthenes has said, Rol- 45 it is. lin tells us, Muelbach relates an incident, as Plutarch would say — here they are, and more of the same, in these two blue volumes. Looking backward, Mr. Bryan so dead' and 'truth crushed to earth.' Looking forward, he says that after Alexander and Napoleon 'are forgotten, and their achievements disappear in the cycle's name of Jefferson.'

The earliest of these speeches and lectures is dated 1881 and the latest 1909.

In reality all of them have the same age. They all taste of 'das Ewig-gestrige, das * Flache.' In 1904 Mr. Bryan gives 'the reasons which lead me to believe that 5 Christ has fully earned the right to be called The Prince of Peace,' and meditates thus upon eggs: 'The egg is the most universal of foods and its use dates from the beginning, but what is more mysterimote Bryan period and the present time. 10 ous than an egg? . . . We eat eggs, but we cannot explain an egg.' From its context in a lecture on 'Man,' delivered at the Nebraska State University in 1905, and also at Illinois College, I take this: 'Ask what her ideal is concerning him and she will tell you that she desires that his heart may be so pure that it could be laid upon a pillow and not leave a stain; that his is undeniably pleasant and enlivening, 20 ambition may be so holy that it could be whispered in an angel's ear. . . .

If there is already too much superciliousness in the world such passages do They do good if there is not superdo good in their context. They and their context have helped thousands upon thousands of Chautauguan early risers to be cheerful and industrious and unselfish and These speeches reveal an incomparable mental unpreparedness to deal with their grave subjects, with the resurrection of the body, the atonement, miracles, inventions, evolution, faith, the soul, devastating. Mr. Bryan's culture would 35 the secret of life. With an easy, happy flow the make-believe thought comes out in sincere and shallow sentences, which make one respect Mr. Bryan's good intentions, and admire his sweetness and good Thousands of good men and women have grown better on this thin food. Blessed are those who mean well, for they shall be spared the labor of thought.

It sounds patronizing, my attitude, and Although you and I can no more write significantly of life or death than Mr. Bryan can, yet we have a superficial sophistication, we have acquired a suspicion that twaddle exists and may be disquotes 'breathes there a man with soul 50 tinguished from its opposite. Therefore do we smile complacently, in our offensive way, when Mr. Bryan sets forth 'the reasons which lead me to believe that Christ has fully earned the right to be called The sweep of years, children will still lisp the 55 Prince of Peace.' Little as we patronized him in 1896, how can we help patronizing Mr. Bryan now when we find him patronizing Christ?

Chronic good will, courage, a capacity for sudden formidableness, an early perception of important discontents, sympathy with the unprivileged average - in this mixture, I suppose, we must seek the explanation of his hold upon his followers. His size and importance were measured at the Baltimore convention in 1912, and again in the following spring, when President Wilson, afraid to leave him outside to temperaments began to make us feel that and hostile, turned him into a third-rate secretary of state and a useful backer of presidential legislation. One likes to imagine him sitting in the state department, mellowed by his popularity, set free 15 from old jealousies, showing an unexpected capacity for team play, frock-coatedly glad-handing and kind-wording a hundred callers a day, always glib and sunny and sincere. Is he a shade more 20 John Morley came to visit, she spent a acquisitive than you'd think to find such a very popular hero? Perhaps. Is he, for a man with exactly his reputation, a little too smooth, too unrugged, too deficient in homely humor? Why not? In every 25 reputation, however explicable, there is a residuum of mystery. 'What,' as Mr. Bryan himself says, 'is more mysterious than an egg?'

TV

PARNELL 1

F[RANCIS] H[ACKETT]

[New Republic, December 5, 1914. By permission of author and publisher.]

abouts to a cornet in a sporting regiment, Katherine O'Shea had lived thirteen years with Willie O'Shea and borne him three children before she met Charles Stewart Parnell. Her relations with O'Shea had 45 all British parties and of unceasing oppolong been unsatisfactory. Handsome, gay, sarcastic, self-assured, O'Shea was a spoiled and rather dictatorial specimen of the petty aristocracy. Already bankrupt through mismanagement of his racing 50 tempts to secure Parnell for her dinners stable, he spent a great deal of his time away from Mrs. O'Shea engaged in patching up his fortunes, being absent as long as eighteen months at a time on mining

1 Charles Stewart Parnell, His Love Story and Political Life. By Katherine O'Shea (Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell). New York: George H. Doran

gether O'Shea was rather jarring and possessive, easily made jealous, insisting on visits, visitors and entertainments his wife disliked, with which he alternated 5 periods of undependability and neglect. His wife's impulsiveness and mettle he did not understand, and before the entry of Parnell into their lives 'the wearing friction caused by our totally dissimilar close companionship was impossible, and we mutually agreed that he should have rooms in London, visiting Eltham to see myself and the children at week-ends.

Mrs. O'Shea's father was an English clergyman, Sir John Page Wood, was the youngest of a family of thirteen. Brought up in a household where men like Trollope, the older Cunninghame Graham, great deal of her life with an august aunt at a Georgian lodge in Eltham, to whom George Meredith used to come almost every week for a stipulated two hours of 'the classics and their discussion.' Mrs. O'Shea knew George Meredith well, and I dare say he, behind his badinage and 'effectiveness,' knew that flashing spirit rather better.

In 1880 Willie O'Shea was urged to stand for an Irish constituency. 'I wrote back strongly encouraging him,' says Mrs. Parnell, 'for I knew it would give him occupation he liked and keep us apart -35 and therefore good friends. Up to this time Willie had not met Mr. Parnell.

At this time Parnell was thirty-four years of age. The actual leader of the Írish Parliamentary Party, he had already Married in her twentieth year or there- 40 broken away from the 'fine reasonable-outs to a cornet in a sporting regiment, ness' of Isaac Butt at which 'the English parties smiled and patted the Irish indulgently on the head,' and he had initiated his policy 'of uncompromising hostility to sition to all their measures until the grievances of Ireland were redressed.'

Because he disliked all social intercourse with Saxons, Mrs. O'Shea's atwere repeatedly unsuccessful, but, a determined lady, she eventually decided to deliver her invitation in person at the House. 'He came out, a tall, gaunt figure, ventures in Spain. When they were to-55 thin and deadly pale. He looked straight at me smiling, and his curiously burning eyes looked into mine with a wondering intentness that threw into my brain the sudden thought: "This man is wonderful—and different." Mrs. O'Shea planned a theater party for his distraction, and 'he and I seemed naturally to fall into our places in the dark corner of the 5 out fear, and without remorse.' box. I had a feeling of complete sympathy and companionship with him, as though I had always known this strange, unusual man with the thin face and ing with curious intent gaze at the stage, and telling me in a low monotone of his American tour and of his broken health ... and his eyes smiled into mine as he broke off his theme and began to tell me is terly unsuspected by the O'Sheas.' of how he had met once more in America a lady to whom he had been practically engaged some years before.'

A few months later, when Mrs. O'Shea Lucy Goldsmith, her lifelong friend and nurse, the tenor of Parnell's notes from Dublin revealed the truth. 'I cannot keep meet, but Mrs. O'Shea pictures the subsequent weeks. 'And my aunt would doze in her chair while I dropped the book I had been reading to her and drifted into unknown harmonies and color of life . . . and I was conscious of sudden gusts of unrest and revolt against these leisured, peaceful days where the chiming of the great clock in the hall was the only indication of the flight of time.'

'In the autumn of 1880 Mr. Parnell came to stay with us at Eltham.' There he fell ill, brought near to death's door by 'his exertions on behalf of the famine-O'Shea nursed him back till he was nearly strong. Hovering over him as he slept, pulling the light rug better over him,' she recalls his murmur: 'Steer carefully ahead.

Next year Captain O'Shea came to Eltham without invitation, found Parnell's portmanteau there, sent it to London and left declaring he would challenge Parnell 50 tom of things.' to a duel. The challenge was accepted but 'Willie then thought he had been too hasty.' Parnell's real emotions seem to have centered on his portmanteau. 'My kindly ask Captain O'Shea where he left my luggage? I inquired at both parcel office, cloak room, and this hotel, and

they were not to be found.' But the incident cemented the fate of O'Shea. 'From the date of this bitter quarrel Parnell and I were one, without further scruple, with-

In 1881 Parnell was arrested for his Land League activities, and was in Kilmainham at the will of Gladstone until the following May. It was a period of unpinched nostrils, who sat by my side star- to remitting agony for Mrs. O'Shea, and for him on her account. In February, 1882, she bore Parnell a daughter whom he saw for the first and last time for a day in 'My little one's paternity was ut-April.

From that time till 1890, the year of the divorce case, Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea lived their double life. A 'volcano capped with snow,' Parnell endured secrecy and was in great distress over the death of 20 deception, and she with him, for the sake of the Home Rule bill. When the crash came Mrs. O'Shea was afraid, but his mind was clear. 'Put away all fear and myself away from you any longer, so shall regret for my public life. I have given, leave to-night for London.' They did not 25 and will give, Ireland what is in me to give. That I have vowed to her, but my private life shall never belong to any country, but one woman. There will be a howl, but it will be the howling of hypo-30 crites; not altogether, for some of these Irish fools are genuine in their belief that forms and creeds can govern life and men; perhaps they are right so far as they can. experience life. But I am not as they, for 35 they are among the world's children. I am a man, and I have told these children what they want, and they clamor for it. If they will let me, I will get it for them. But if they turn from me, my Queen, it stricken peasants of Ireland,' and Mrs. 40 matters not at all in the end. . . . You have stood to me for comfort and strength and my very life. I have never been able to feel in the least sorry for having come into your life. It had to be, and the bad out of the harbor — there are breakers 45 times I have caused you and the stones that have been flung and that will be flung at you are all no matter, because to us there is no one else in all the world that matters at all - when you get to the bot-

Between O'Shea and Mrs. O'Shea there were friendly relations till the end of She induced Parnell to work for his parliamentary candidacy in 1886, and dear Mrs. O'Shea,' he wrote, 'will you 55 while O'Shea was willing to use Parnell to further his own necessities (he seems to have been a tool of Joseph Chamberlain) he hated and railed against the imperturbable Parnell. All during their intimacy, Mrs. O'Shea acted as an intermediary between Parnell and Gladstone in negotiations which she vividly recounts. Whenever Gladstone sought Parnell in an s emergency he sent for him to Mrs. O'Shea's house. The pious surprise of Gladstone when the crash came was characteristic hypocrisy.

June, 1891. Worn out by his campaign against his own former adherents, now under the dictation of Gladstone and the priests, Parnell succumbed in October. He died October sixth, less than four 15 ten law in order to conform with what months after his marriage, in his forty-

seventh year.

Now a woman of nearly seventy, Mrs. Parnell has been induced to reveal her intimate life for the sake of Captain 20 lines by the British Weekly as an outrage O'Shea's child, her eldest son. young man, whose psychology is not worth discussing, is 'jealous for his father's honor,' and it is ostensibly to prove that Captain O'Shea was not a willing bene- 25 eousness in general, that this work, which ficiary of her relations with Parnell that the British Weekly 'would fain consign to these two volumes were written. motive, however, is the deep human motive of self-vindication. Mrs. Parnell loved one of the great men of his generation. 30 She loved him purely, passionately, consumedly. Possessing the great treasure of his love in return, she has been unwilling to die without rebutting all the slander, all the contumely, all the belittlement and 35 reproach and vilification that were the price she paid for seeming to have cheated Ireland of her uncrowned king. Writing these two volumes 'without scruple, without fear, and without remorse, she has 40 brought to her aid all the resources of imagination, keen intelligence, and vivid memory, and she has produced a work of consummate significance and touching humanness. Defiant of convention, she has 45 The English people know nothing about given full reality for her reader to the extraordinarily powerful and fascinating personality to whom she dedicated her life. Exposing for this purpose much that is painfully private and sacredly naïve, 50 first time or two I minded it, then I dedwelling on facts that belong, if anything belongs, to that inner life to which Parnell asserted his right so implacably, she has, at this great cost, succeeded in asserting the quality of their personal relation. 55 would listen.' It was true love, if ever love was true, and it honored human nature. If Captain O'Shea was 'deceived,' it was the fruit of

his own mean inadequacy, determined as he was to keep Mrs. O'Shea in bond, to enforce a legal advantage that flattered his vanity at the expense of everything generous, noble and free. He struggled, as small people always struggle, to keep the springs of life from finding their level, but they were too strong for him. After many years' effort to reconcile herself to Mrs. O'Shea was married to Parnell in to insuperable limitations, Mrs. Parnell found an adequate, a complete, an immeasurable appeal to every power and sympathy she possessed. She answered that appeal heroically, failing to conform with the writmay curtly be called the unwritten law of her own and Parnell's being.

When these volumes were published in London, they were dismissed in twenty against decency, a 'glorification of adultery . . . the foulest treachery and vice.' It is quite in keeping with the Gladstone tradition and, indeed, with English rightoblivion,' is now offered to us in this country by the agents of the British Weekly in

America.

GEORGE MEREDITH

OLIVER ELTON

[This is a recast of an article in the London *Tribune* of January 17, 1906, published in hook form along with other essays in *Modern Studies* (Edward Arnold), London, 1907. By permission of author and publisher.]

'Who really cares for what I say? me. There has always been something antipathetic between them and me. With book after book it was always the same outcry of censure and disapproval. The termined to disregard what the people said altogether, and since then I have written only to please myself. But even if you could tell the world all I think, no one

Mr. Meredith, who is reported thus to have spoken some years ago, has notwithstanding won the only kind of fame for which he can be supposed to care. Not only has he received the Order of Merit, the last official imprimatur set by English society upon brains that are pronounced to be eminent and also harmless; he has the honor paid him by all his fellow craftsmen, and by thousands of other persons. In such a case the good of fame is greater to those who proffer it than to the possibly weary winner of the fame. English and other, of a later day. Mr. Meredith is now a kind of Field-Marshal of English letters. He is the man who has done most, and seen most service. To the general joy he is amongst verses were printed in the year (1851) after Wordsworth's Prelude. His poetry is still being commented, proclaimed, and defended, it is alive and singing in our Song of French History were collected in 1898. Last year (1906) saw his jubilee as a novelist; for in 1856 appeared the Shaving of Shagpat, which disclosed the costly running springs of his wit. The Ordeal of Richard Feverel came out in 1859, the same year as Adam Bede and The Origin of Species; Lord Ormont and His Aminta, in 1894. Some thirteen novels, besides 30 short tales, criticisms, and poems, are the fruit of those forty years. Mr. Meredith wrought unweariably through the later day of Dickens and Thackeray, through the day of George Eliot and the jaunty revul- 35 ous, serried, humorless — is the opposite sion against her, and now through the day of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Henry James. He was neglected or patronized by many of the critics in the sixties and the early seventies, and perhaps the habit of feeling 40 He has a moral and spiritual afflatus of induced by this treatment may linger in the words quoted above. The bigger reading public, the masses of the English community overseas, no doubt are still recalcitrant. Mr. Meredith struck home to them, as Dickens struck home with his splendid humanity, his uncertain art and moderate education, and his true wealth of genial and farcical type. Some, too, of those devoted to Thack- 50 ethereal, ironical - rarely serene, over his eray's vast and populous canvas, to his occasional classic sureness, and constant elegance of speech (amidst much that is merely journalistic fiction), and to his half-dozen scenes of vehiment human 55 are none of the airs of the prophet, for drama, may have shivered at the refreshing east wind and shrunk from the mountain sickness that the reader of Meredith

must face. To read him is like climbing, and calls for training and eyesight; but there is always a view at the top, there are the sunrise and the upper air. Nor is ssuch a tax always paid him willingly by the better-trained, serious public of escaped and enlightened puritans, the dwindled public of George Eliot. Nor has he much in common with the novelists,

For he, like Goethe, 'bids you hope,' while Tess of the D'Urbervilles and The Wings of the Dove do not. The movement of later fiction is towards pessimism, us and still upon the watch. His first is and its best makers, Guy de Maupassant, Gorky, D'Annunzio, agree in their want of hopefulness if in nothing else. They have been catching up and expressing in fiction ideas that found a nobler expres-The Odes in Contribution to the existing philosophical or lyrical, nearly a century ago, in Schopenhauer and Leopardi. The same discouragement lay at the base of Tolstoy's thought, before he found his peculiar salvation, and it still tinges his treasure-house of his fancy and the over- 25 fiction when he forgets his creed and remembers that he is an artist. The history of this pessimistic movement in fiction is still unwritten, and the movement itself is unexhausted.

But the groundwork of Mr. Meredith, with his forward look, his belief in love and courage, is different. It is stoical rather than pessimistic; and in that he resembles Zola, whose method - laboriof his. Mr. Meredith grew up on the high hopes fed by the revolutions of the midcentury, and the most heroic figure in his books is Mazzini, the 'Chief' in Vittoria. the nobler order, peculiarly and traditionally English, in that line of the great English prophets which comes down from Langland and Sir Thomas More to Carhas never 45 lyle. His creed does not depend, visibly, on formal doctrine for its force, but neither does it rest on any preoccupying enmity towards doctrine. His inspiration $_{\rm in}$ various moods — strenuous. vision of 'certain nobler races, now dimly imagined'; and casts a new interpreting light, above all, on the rarer forms of love and patriotism and friendship. Yet there the media preferred by Mr. Meredith in his prose are wit and aphorism, situation and portraiture, and to these the lyrical and didactic elements are subordinate.

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own, and has owed little to any man of his own craft. It may be guessed, indeed, that the author of Harry Richmond had before him in Copperfield the example of a new, humorous, natural, and beautiful to are somewhat unreal, though tragicallyform of autobiographic fiction. And Thomas Love Peacock, to whom Mr. Meredith's first book was inscribed, may have lent a happy turn to his generous and repeated and witty praise of wine, 15 has added a new stratum of semi-bar-and have supplied some hint for those barian territory to English fiction. country-house gatherings of humorists and fantasts of which a specimen is found so late as 1890 in One of Our Conquerors. work and future of our race that throbs In such a gathering the inmates and 20 through Mr. Meredith's writings provides visitors are endowed with a surprising him with an outlet into a freer air. He point, wit, and agility of soul in their tongue-combats. But Peacock's humorists all come from London, or from the void, for the week-end, and go back on the Mon- 25 Englishman. And his faith is strengthday. These are minor debts, and Mr. Meredith stands apart from all the recognized groups of schools of English novelists. For his true and chosen background is the real, feudal, Tory, country world 30 that may perhaps hereafter be noted as of old Victorian England, with its in- prophetic! In Vittoria he finds a subject eradicable shades of caste-feeling, its surface gallantry, its reluctance to think, its vigor of physique and its excellent man-ners. It is not likely that such a world, 35 singing of the heroine in La Scala, are its which is still alive and long will be, should trouble much about its own countenance as reflected in the 'steel glass' of the novelist. His favorite characters are the bravest and fairest that such a society can 40 the humors of the English lawn to the breed, or at least cannot prevent from being bred, in its midst; and his frequent subject is the struggle of these favorites to rise above the spiritual and mental level of their world. Many of his personages 45 has described, as no English writer ever are real gentry, rooted in their estates, persons of the upper untitled or the lower titled classes, or else in some defined social relationship to these - great dames, young soldiers, eldest sons of the land, naval 50 breathes in both. And in other stories commanders, scholars of the strenuous or the portly type, parsons of good estimation, usually ponderous, and the babbling society mob. In natural connection with these are the tenants, oaken old yeomen 55 Rouaillout. The study of Lassalle and or farmers, Fleming or Blaize, often the fathers of fair daughters, who rise by natural selection, like Lucy Feverel; or

gentlemen proved such by trial of circumstance, like Evan Harrington, the tailor's There are, further, the retainers, butlers, intelligent handmaids, sporting Mr. Meredith has run a course of his 5 coves, and prize-fighters like that admirable light-weight Skepsey, the servant of Natalie Radnor. There are the ladies of clouded, fame, who serve the unauthorized amusements of gentlemen, and who conceived, characters. Mr. Meredith, by choosing within this province an immeasurably higher range of interest and passion than the accurate patient Trollope,

> It may be called the Empire-making stratum, and the profound feeling for the is, I have said, a liberal idealist, whose hopes are rooted in the tenacious, the Norman, the constructive aspirations of the ened by his outlook upon the European stir for freedom, which carries him beyond the political creed of the class he portrays. A rare reconciliation of ideals, that is free from any of the limitations imposed by irony. Music and freedom, the freedom of Italy and its signal, the animating powers. The compass of his gifts, both as an epical narrator and a painter of noble character, are best seen in the pair of stories that take us from struggle of Italian liberation. In Emilia in England, otherwise Sandra Belloni, and in Emilia in Italy, otherwise Vittoria (all three being names for one woman), he yet, a true artist-soul, with a patriot soul behind it of equal stature. The companion-book is Mr. Swinburne's Songs before Sunrise, for the spirit of Mazzini Mr. Meredith has found an air freer than that of England. There are bright and keen glimpses of France in Beauchamp's Career and in the gracious Renée de Helène de Racowitza, made from the authorities, in The Tragic Comedians, does not fully reach the high-strung purpose of

the writer, in spite of the elemental or tidal energy of Alvan-Lassalle. But Alvan is a relief after the manly, self-restrained, pattern Englishmen commonly invented by Mr. Meredith in order to find some one worthy of his heroines.

He seems to have 'reversed the order women first, and so to have had less clav at disposal for fashioning their mates. Renée, Emilia, Carinthia, Lucy, with their musical names - in their talk, and his talk clearest, and the colors of the portraits are unfading. Women are nearer to nature than men, and the power to paint through and transmuted into artistic form. Indeed, the business of 'reading the female heart' has not often been practised in English prose without a dispiriting efobstinate. It runs far back into the Renaissance romance, like Sidney's Arcadia -where, indeed, there is one tragic feminine figure, the queen Gynecia; and to the consumed by our seventeenth-century ancestresses. But those old romances were apt to be made either by courtly, artificial men or by spinsters without any profitable spinsters, Samuel Richardson, succeeded once, despite his fussy morals and clammy rhetoric. The laborious knife of George Eliot sometimes bites deep. But a man, if the natural barrier ('La haine entre les deux sexes,' says Joubert, 'ne s'éteint guere'), is the best and kindest painter of women and of their ailments of the soul, the event seems to have proved. This is not a reflection upon women; for, after all, it is better to belong to the class that is pictured than to the class that paints pictures.

Balzac and Mr. Meredith, diverse in almost all ways, have both left behind them a portrait gallery of actual and living women. Balzac excels with older, lishman, more of a poet at the heart, prefers to celebrate youth and beauty that are victorious after long inward and out-

ward trial. But he has, more than once, his Hermiones as well as his Perditas, figures of the 'sanctissima coniux,' September faces, thrown into contrast with those fresher ones without loss of charm. The friendship of Diana of the Crossways and her 'Tony' is an instance. One of Our Conquerors essays the hardest and nicest problem in Mr. Meredith's later of Paradise,' and to have created his books, as Rhoda Fleming does among the earlier. It is a demonstration of the mystery of pain in the hearts of a mother and a daughter. The mother dreads the disclosure, which the daughter has to face, about them, his style is at its purest and 15 of their socially unauthorized position. The girl is illegitimate, owing to a foolish marriage made by her father long ago. Words are found for her discovery of the them can only come straight from the circumstance; for this is required the breast of nature — from experience lived 20 delicacy of the great masters. The mother dies, the girl becomes a magnificent spirit, a sworn defender of the unfortunate among her own sex, and her own happiness is at last assured, a handfect. The tradition of unreality is old and 25 some and chivalrous hero being provided for her with some surface failings that

make him possible.

But for such work Mr. Meredith has had to invent his own dialect. He sets long-winded books in French and English 30 himself, continually, to realize motives that have their life only in the antechambers of consciousness, and sensations that fade in the effort to give them words. Here he forswears whim and witty fancy; experience of humanity. One of these 35 in the best passages, all is attention and grave precision. The bending of English prose to this finer purpose is one of Mr. Meredith's substantial glories. Undiscovered forces of vanity, of self-protection only he is great enough and can rise above 40 that is sure of its danger but not of its reasons, of self-regard and self-distrust. find their calculus. He is taxed with obscurity, but he is as lucid a writer, in this province, as the nature of the subject and the best describer of them. Or so 45 permits. He moves as safely in the dark as Dostoieffsky, the great specialist; and though, unlike him, he is sometimes hampered by the satiric aim, and is less content to let the nakedness of our nature 50 plead for itself, he is also free from the wildness and mirage and crazy touch that prove refracting elements in Crime and Punishment or The Idiot. In the scientific dissection of motive, filament by filaharder, and stranger natures. The Eng- 55 ment, Mr. Henry James ranks beside him. and in the power to realize deep-plotting, ambiguous natures, may be his superior, just as his hold on beauty of style is more

certain and steady. But the characters of Mr. Meredith are fuller than any other novelist's of strong, natural vitality; they fight, and swim, and wander in scented brows, and intercept mad dogs, and make love in their youth beneath the wild cherry-blossom, and give their lives to save some 'little mudlarking waif,' like Beauchamp; and his words accordingly 10 afresh. Historically, this kind of special ring and rush as the blood runs faster. power leaves him somewhat solitary Out of this kind of strength comes the power that lies behind the finer, tenderer passages that interpret obscure matters of the heart. The intellect remains the mas- 15 ter while threading the mazes of unuttered painful feeling. In the episode already mentioned, Natalie, the nominal wife, who is caught in the birdlime of false social which yet she fears to receive.

She bowed to her chastisement. motive in her consultation with him came of the knowledge of his capacity to inflict had to hear the truth loud-tongued from him: together with a feeling that he was excessive and satiric, not to be read by the letter of his words: and in conseand tell her soul that he overdid it, and have an unjustly-treated self to cherish. But in very truth she was a woman who loved to hear the truth; she was formed her to violate; she esteemed the hearing of it as medical to her: she selected for counselor him who would apply it: so far she went on the straight way: and the mouth of a trustworthy man set her hanging on his utterances with an anxious hope of the reverse of what was to come and what she herself apprehended; such as checked her pulses and iced her feet and 45 fingers.

Mr. Meredith's analysis, in serious rofinance, is nearly always moral analysis; it is concerned with complex refinements of the profounder pieties and veracities. 50 is only part of its essence. He is always testing human nature with his finger, like a glass, to see if it rings clear and right. Or rather, to read him, before the heart is hardened, is like going the nerve. This is another reason for his incomplete popularity; but, inasmuch as his science is genuine, it is also a reason

for his name enduring. In his dramatic, ironic way, he is one of the masters of the spiritual life:—not the life of the lonely mystic or thinker (for such persons forests, and wipe the sweat from their 5 do not figure in his books as they do in Balzac's) but the life of men and women in contact, snared by instinct or egoism, but capable of emerging with made souls, marked and scarred but ready to begin amongst English novelists.

There is, however, no monotony of tragic note. Mr. Meredith's chosen weapon is comedy, and his discourse On the Idea of Comedy, given in 1877 at the middle of his career, throws a backward position, asks a friend for the counsel 20 and forward light upon his artistic practice. It is a classic piece of criticism, written by a fellow of Hazlitt, with the advantages that the craftsman, like Dryden in the Discourse of Satire, is speakit and honesty in the act, and a thirst she 25 ing of his own craft; and that, like Dryden, he has ample reading and scholarship as well as the memory of his own creative processes. As we read, we feel that since Goldsmith the higher comic spirit, as disquence, she could bear the lash from him, so tinct from that of farce or irony, has fled from the stage to the novel. Mr. Meredith is not popular, because he is full of the comic spirit as he conceives it. It is not the high and bare cynicism of Conto love the truth her position reduced 35 greve, the emperor of phrasing. It is distinguished from farcical humor by its different treatment of the victim.

'If you laugh all around him, tumble him, roll him about, deal him a smack and desire for a sustaining deception from the 40 drop a tear on him, own his likeness to you and yours to your neighbor, spare him as little as you shun, pity him as much as you expose, it is the spirit of Humor that is moving you.'

But even this is not the whole of the comic spirit. Lessing had said that 'Comedy is laughter, not derision'; and derision with a moral purpose is still further off from comedy than farce. Even irony

'If instead of falling foul of the ridiculous person with a satiric rod, to make him writhe and shriek aloud, you prefer to sting him under a semi-caress, by which to the dentist, who does not spare to touch 55 he shall in his anguish be rendered doubtful whether indeed anything has hurt him, you are an engine of Irony.

In the view of Mr. Meredith the comic

spirit, as distinct from inferior or allied forms of humor, cannot flourish except in a disinfected society where manners are highly trained. Like most honest readers, acomedy, which records guite another society, generally dead and tiresome, presupposing as it does an audience not a little inhuman. The flowering of the the due position and honorable estate of women. Where they are the cheap butts, rather than the arbiters and voices of the comic spirit, there is no hope for it.

sense, not the less perfectly sound on account of the sparkle; and comedy lifts women to a station offering them free play for their wit, as they usually show The higher the comedy, the more prominent the part they enjoy in it. . . . Celimène is undisputed mistress of the attribute (of common sense) in the Misanthrope, wiser as a woman than Alceste 25 as a man. In Congreve's Way of the World Millamant overshadows Mirabel, the sprightliest male figure of English

comedy.

passion for Celimène conflicting with his passion for sincerity, is the higher of the two; but in respect of pure wit he is doubtless the smaller. It may also be often witty, or that when they are their wit is strained. But good sense, barbed with disconcerting smiles, they have in supreme measure. We can best underspirit from the malady which it is intended to show up and, if possible, to cure. That is 'sentimentalism'; and by the term is understood, not the simple movements untrained expression, but the impulses of vanity or selfish craving, masquerading as those of the heart and uttering phrases too big for the occasion or false to it. Senticlear reason, and also of the one other thing, besides religion and country, that the comic spirit respects, simple and healthy passion. Evan Harrington and of a vanity which is the target of thoughtful glancing ridicule, and which is at last exposed, if not cured, by the daylight of

reason — and banished, if at all, by the warmth of authentic love. Evan Harrington is a second Book of Snobs, the air being some hundred feet higher of he finds the Restoration and Revolution 5 social elevation, and the scene being laid amidst the classes where the sense of rank and caste, at the era depicted in the book, is Chinese in its strictness. It is the lightest and blithest of Mr. Meredith's English comic spirit is bound up, he insists, with so tales, and in it his tragic force is sleeping, while his heroic force is at play. Egoist, with its more intricate and mature subject, is now long established in all our affections, and answers best to the au-'Now, comedy is the fountain of good 15 thor's own 'idea' of the comic spirit. Here he writes intoxicated with his own wit, in the way that is so rare in Englishmen. He is like some irresistible executant, unafraid of the most discordant it, when they have it, on the side of good 20 or fantastic witch-dance of words, and yet striking continually into impeccable expression. The same relish is felt in all his later books, but never for so long.

Though no one speaks less from a chair or pulpit, Mr. Meredith stands to be judged as a teacher and prophet. He is not content to be an observer. Comedy It may be replied that Alceste, with his 30 and morality are in history old and lawfully wedded lovers. If we cannot have the perfectly free poetical life of Arden, then give us that L'Ecole des Femmes or The Egoist. In The Amazing Marriage, added that Mr. Meredith's women are not 35 in One of Our Conquerors, and everywhere, the pleasure of the educator is apparent. The characters are plunged into trial, they are beaten and tempered and annealed, partly by ridicule, partly by their stand Mr. Meredith's idea of the comic 40 own passion; and this is done in the name of Nature, to see how they will stand the shock. Mr. Meredith's ethic is best applied in his prose and best expounded in his verse, though his verse comes, far less of the heart in simple persons, with their 45 often than his prose, to rightness of form. He has his own divinity, pagan by name. Where other writers appeal to God or to Humanity, he speaks, somewhat insistently, of the Earth; and the Earth is not mentalism implies the absence both of 50 the malign stepmother of pessimistic theory, but a stern genial mother, if at times something of a governess. In Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's clear exposition of The Poetry and Philosophy of George Mere-The Egoist are built upon this conception 55 dith, there is heard a welcome note of caution:

'Some may think that the value of the lessons he would enforce is not much en-

hanced by the alleged sanction of Earth. They may think that it is really much the same as the more usual formula of the sanction of Heaven, and that it has equally much or equally little weight.'

Earth, however, is less a 'sanction' than an emotional symbol of Nature, and its incessant recurrence does more harm to Mr. Meredith's art than to his thinking. Earth lends us our bodies, our fund of 10 mentary, an emanation of bewildering power, and our capital of instinct, which may be turned to uses fruitful or sterile. Our life is the adjustment and realization of the forces that Earth has given us. It is love, rightly understood, that tasks and 15 terlude as drama. There is a heady, subrewards our power of directing those forces. Such love helps us, in its better forms, to the vision of those 'nobler races.' for out of love they must be begotten. The creed is not unlike Carlyle's in its 20 which leave a headache behind them and courage, but it is more possible, less savage, and less solitary. There is to be no tampering with the intellect by soothing and composition. But take the story, and illusions; 'we must do,' as George Eliot strip it, at whatever momentary sacrifice, said, 'without opium.' The volume called 25 of all but the actual narrative and dia-A Reading of Earth, and the poem therein called A Faith On Trial, give us Mr. Meredith's religion. Whatever the power or complexion of the enemy, whether it be ignorance, or languor, or bereavement, 30 go back again and put in as much of the or self-deception, he is always in the attitude of the challenger; like Ivanhoe, who rode up the lists, and in token of mortal combat touched the shield with the sharp end of his spear, despite the well-meant 35 working for the writer's cherished ethical hints of 'some of the lower classes.'

Soon or late has to be faced the hinness, which is still supposed to warrant or explain his slow acceptance by the public. The robust older critics, who were still flourishing when he began to write fifty years ago made much, it is said, 45 bear more of such vagrancy than poetry, of this hindrance. But they did not try and yet remain true to the law of its art) Their idea was to decree to understand. rewards and punishments to an artist so many stripes of the cat on the shoulders the sleeve. The author, if not a criminal, who had to come up for punishment, was a kind of ticket-of-leave man who must report himself under suspicion. And if the sentence was capital, the executioner 55 where the night-long wrestle with words wore a mask of blue or buff, according to the complexion of the journal that sheltered his anonymity. It was the kind of

criticism that trained its readers to lose the instinct for literary power, and it is now nearly dead. No doubt there was, at first sight, colorable matter for reproach. 5 In every book by Mr. Meredith, from The Shaving of Shagpat to The Amazing Marriage, the outline of the figures and even of the events is more or less veiled under a sparkling mist or spray of comlight.

Self-suppression does not enter into such a method, as it does into that of Flaubert, and there is as much choric intle element, which beguiles and dislodges the reader, and dazes him with myriads of epigrams. The epigrams of Mr. Meredith might be fairly divided into those those that do not. So great a rapidity of comment does not make for proportion logue, keeping also the passages that expressly describe motive and sensation, but leaving out the chorus of aphorisms, and the test will be nobly met. We can then rainbow as we will.

The difficulty of style is felt most keenly in Mr. Meredith's poetry. There, in its most restless form, is the swift intellect, or spiritual ideas, and working through a torrent of images, sometimes turbid, and sometimes abstrusely delicate, but huddling on one another as fast as in the dving drance of Mr. Meredith's verbal strange- 40 speech of Romeo. As Lamb said of Shakespeare, 'before one idea has burst its shell, another is hatched and clamorous for disclosure.' But the poetry also often suffers (the prose less, because prose will because the intellect, so far from being content to let the sensuous matter clear itself and rely on itself, as Keats in balanced by so many of good conduct on 50 his finest passages is content to do, is always interposing and enlisting that material in the service of the 'criticism of Many are the verses where the issue is doubtful, or rather not doubtful; is continued from sheer courage rather than in the hope of possibility of victory. Many, again, for instance in Modern Love, are those where the result is impeccable and the sense of strain is lost. More seldom are the imagery and the music all-sufficient to one another, in a kind of Goethe-like repose, as here:

The pine-tree drops its dead; They are quiet, as under the sea. Overhead, overhead, Rushes life in a race, As the clouds the clouds chase: And we go, And we drop like the fruits of the tree, Even we, Even so.

But commonly, in Mr. Meredith's verses, imagination is at war with and outraces its own power of expression, and thus is too frequently defeated, though its triand arrayed together, form a 'golden treasury' large enough. But, as with some older poets like George Chapman, words, lines, and passages, which are inso variably cast that the innermost soul of poetry must alternately repudiate and

welcome them. In the novels the proportion is differdo violence to the writer's own ideals of form are relatively fewer. The diction of Mr. Meredith in his prose is, for long spaces, pure, chosen, and simple. The of historic English, an unusual order of words, a curious disposal of particles and abstract nouns, which in cumulation give a superficial effect of freakishness. cipherer finds himself gazing at a sentence made up of common words without getting to their sense. The subject may be commended to some young Germanized tion. There is, indeed, no reason why a classic author should not be treated by the usual methods of scholarship, if they are applied with tact, as Mr. Trevelyan applies them. This is only a sign of re-50 spect, which we offer to Chapman or to Donne. But it may be well to have the transpicuous page of Fielding open before us, that we may keep our heads while we study the heir of his noble art.

VI

JOHN SYNGE 1

STUART P. SHERMAN

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John Synge was so skilful in eluding biographers that he was dead before it was generally known in this country that he had existed. Within the last year or two he has become one of the most con-15 spicuous figures in the literary world. Yet current discussion has proceeded for the most part in ignorance of the facts of his life and has confined itself mainly to one or two of the plays. Even among umphs are not rare, and would, if selected 20 the better informed there still remain the widest differences of opinion regarding his character, his relation to the so-called Irish Renaissance, and his appropriate niche in the temple of fame. And in conformed with lofty and gracious ideas, are 25 sequence of various non-literary forces, the division has been rather partizan than critical. It is darkly hinted in one quarter that he owes everything to the French decadents. On the other hand, ent; the pages that go quite amiss and 30 Mr. Yeats would have us believe that his work came straight from the heart of Erin. On the one hand it is argued that he is only a clever craftsman. But Mr. Howe holds that he stands by his absooddness is produced by slight dislocations 35 lute achievement only a little lower than Shakespeare, 'If he had lived,' says Mr. Howe, 'he could not but have added to the number of his plays; and yet in the six plays he has left us, what that is es-As so often with Latin or Italian, the de- 40 sential in life has he failed to include? This is the question one asks of the supreme geniuses; this is the question one

With the collected works of Synge now American for a golden or leaden disserta- 45 before us and with eager advocates and jealous disparagers on each side of us, it may be worth while to inquire in an entirely dispassionate way what manner of man this was.

1 The Works of John M. Synge. Boston: J. W. Luce & Co. 4 vols.

The Cutting of an Agate. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. In this are gathered up Mr. Yeats's principal articles on Synge; also articles on Lady Gregory, John Shaw-Taylor, Spenser, and miscellaneous thoughts on poetry and drama.

J. M. Synge; A Critical Study. By P. P. Howe, New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

asks of Shakespeare.

Synge was for a considerable portion of his life practically as well as theoretically a tramp. We know that he was sattempt to establish any affinity. But beborn at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, in 1871, and that he passed through Trinity College. Then the door is almost closed upon his occupations till 1898-9, when he was called from abroad to take part in policity that has its root in too much broodthe new movement in Ireland. Yet we are permitted to catch one significant glimpse of a poverty-stricken, silent, rather morose young man in ill health, who has left his native land and is ap- 15 Synge was steeped in Anatole France? parently seeking to escape from his memories in aimless wanderings among alien people and alien modes of thought. His first wayfaring was in Germany, where Heine was perhaps the will-o'-the-wisp to 20 of culture, the two men are absolutely at his feet, but all roads lead the literary vagabond ultimately to Paris, and when he had made his pilgrimages, he brought up in the Latin Quarter. 'Before I met him,' says Mr. Yeats, 'he had wandered 25 city. over much of Europe, listening to stories M in the Black Forest, making friends with servants and with poor people, and this from an esthetic interest, for he had gathered no statistics, had no money to give, 30 Synge acquired his humor from the Duband cared nothing for the wrongs of the poor, being content to pay for the pleasure of eye and ear with a tune upon the fiddle.'

into an Irishman of letters his sponsors represent to us as a kind of modern miracle. But they can preserve this air of mystery only by insisting that the return to Ireland meant an abrupt break and so day excited his irony; 'so far as casual a fresh beginning rather than the natural evolution of his career - only, in short, by maintaining that what is clearly illuminating is wholly irrelevant. Now about 1895 Synge installed himself in solitary 45 And it should help put to rest the legend lodgings in Paris and undertook to prepare himself to be a 'critic of French literature from the French point of view.' At this point our authorities diverge, and the Aran Islands, to be sure, which re-Mr. Yeats executes a bit of skilful and 50 veal high nervous excitement induced by characteristic legerdemain. He lifts the curtain in the garret of the Latin Quarter some four years later and discovers the author of two or three poor poems studying the works of Racine. George Moore, 55 is something more than a manly resoluon the other hand, says explicitly that Synge was writing indifferent impressionistic criticisms of Lemaître and Anatole

France. There is no necessary conflict between these two reports, but there is a noticeable difference of emphasis. tween Synge and Racine I should never tween Anatole France and Synge? - that is quite another matter. For the discreet discoverer of the new poet admits that he found Synge 'full of that kind of moring over methods of expression, and ways of looking upon life which come, not out of life, but out of literature.' Was that Mr. Yeats's covert way of confessing that This, at any rate, can be established: Synge's point of view in comedy is identical with that of Anatole France. Despite the Frenchman's vastly greater range one in their aloof, pyrrhonic irony and their homeless laughter - the laughter of men who have wandered all the highways of the world and have found no abiding

Mr. Yeats, who is crammed with convictions and constitutionally incapable of understanding this desperate and smiting skepticism — no one, I think, asserts that lin singers - Mr. Yeats gives a puzzled account of Synge's ideas which unintentionally confirms our conjecture. Synge had, he tells us, 'no obvious ideal'; he Synge's transformation from a tramp 35 seemed 'unfitted to think a political to an Irishman of letters his sponsors thought'; he looked on Catholic and Protestant alike with amused indifference; all which comes down to us from education, and all the earnest contentions of the eye could see,' he had 'little personal will.' This description of moral and volitional prostration would be applied with hardly an alteration to Anatole France. of the joyous Synge, bounding over the hills with the glad, wild life of the un-spoiled barbarian. There are passages in conflict with the elements. But there are also clear indications of chronic weariness and low vitality. In the grim humor of his little narrative, Under Ether, there tion in the face of death; there is in it the nonchalance of one who has long made death his familiar.

Synge's verse is what we should expect of a rather despondent young Bohemian, unsure of himself, and seeking among other poets food and forms for his melancholy. I wish to tarry for a moment upon his small collection of poems and partly because it reveals so clearly on a small scale the nature of his literary talent. The poems are due to the influence of various masters — to Villon. In about one-third of them he sings of death, and in nearly all of them there is a distinguishable echo of some earlier singer.

In the poem, 'To the Oaks of Glencree,' to take a single example, we notice how Maistre Villon helps him shape and round out the first pure impulse of lyric

exultation:

My arms are round you, and I lean Against you, while the lark Sings over us, and golden lights and green Shadows are on your bark. Black boards to cover me; Then in Mount Jerome I will lie, poor wretch. With worms eternally.

about this collection is that the original poems constantly remind us of some one else; the translations alone seem unmistakably Synge's. The original poems tion. They might have been written, however, by Stevenson or Lang or by Mr. Edmund Gosse, or by half a dozen other cultivators of old French verse. But neither Mr. Gosse nor Lang nor Steven- 45 son could have written a line of the poem that follows:

Are you bearing in mind that time when there was a fine look out of your eyes, and 50 yourself, pleased and thoughtful, were going up the boundaries that are set to child-hood? That time the quiet rooms, and the lanes about the house, would be noisy with that is right for women, and well pleased with the hazy coming times you were looking out at in your own mind.

May was sweet that year, and it was

pleasantly you'd pass that day.
Then I'd leave my pleasant studies, and the paper I had smudged with ink where I would be spending the better part of the day, and cock my ears from the sill of my father's house, till I'd hear the sound of your voice, or of your loom when your hands moved quickly. It's then I would set store and translations, partly because, though of the quiet sky and the lanes and little little known, it is intrinsically interesting, to places, and the sea was far away in one place and the high hills in another.

There is no tongue will tell till the judgment what I feel in myself those times.

Here are all the peculiar marks of Wordsworth, Swinburne, and, notably, to 15 Synge himself—the irresistibly quaint that fascinating outlaw, Maistre François idiom, the drifting rhythm, the loose senidiom, the drifting rhythm, the loose sentence structure, thought thrown out after thought, as it were, without premeditation, and blossoming from phrase to phrase, the 20 window opened upon a mist of vague and limitless emotion, the poignant and adorable Celtic wistfulness: while, as a matter of fact, these lines are a tolerably close translation of the first half of Leopardi's 25' Silva.' We are here in the presence of a pure miracle of that style which is Synge's special creation, and which distinguishes him not merely from Leopardi, but also from all his Anglo-Irish contemporaries. There'll come a season when you'll stretch 30 With all its apparent spontaneity, his style is as patiently and cunningly wrought out as the style of Walter Pater - wrought of a scrupulously select vocabulary, idiom, and images, with an ex-The startling and paradoxical fact 35 acting ear controlling the cadence and shepherding the roving and dreamy phrases. With the aid of this perfected instrument he is able to appropriate and seal as his own poems from authors as have the merits of skilful literary imita- 40 diverse as Petrarch and Walter von der Vogelweide, Leopardi and Villon. This fact, taken together with his dependence on the original poems, tends to justify a search beneath the surface of his other work for alien forces secretly shaping his emotions and determining his forms.

The orthodox method of 'explaining' Synge is to ignore the poems and translations and point to the volume on the Aran Islands. This is the record, we are told, of Synge's literary salvation; here your songs that were never tired out; the 55 lies the key to the dramas. In other words, we are asked to believe that Mr. Yeats's theory of poetry has been demonstrated. A stranded Irishman living

gloomily in Paris without ideal and almost without ideas is sent to a little group of lonely islands to the southwest of Galway, inhabited by stolid fisher-folk in a very backward state of culture. He spends 5 alone, and seemed a savage among the part of every year there — we pass over the fact that the other part is spent in Paris - wearing the rawhide shoes of the natives, warming his blood with their fires and their poteen, living in their kitchens, 10 hearing their legends, and sharing in their noble primitive customs till the folk passion streams through him and makes him a genius. If any one is skeptical, we point to the fact that something like the 'germ' 15 return to his own people. He went to this of two or three of Synge's plays is actually present here in the form of jottings on folk story and belief. Now, this is a delightfully simple recipe for making a genius. If this were the whole truth, one 20 might agree without reservation with one of the reviewers who declares that the Aran Islands is of 'vast importance as throwing light on this curious development.' and who adds that it 'is like no 25 tween the sophisticated son of the cities other book we have ever read.'

When I first read the Aran Islands, I thought of that much-experienced vagabond and subtle exploiter of exotic and primitive cultures, Pierre Loti; and I have 30 sense of the sundering gulf is emphasized learned recently with some satisfaction, by bringing the weary heir of all the ages from a foot-note in Mr. Howe's book, that 'Synge thought Pierre Loti "the best living writer of prose."' And when I found Synge comparing conditions in the Aran 35 smacks of the romanticism of the old Islands to a disadvantage with what he had seen in his rambles in Brittany, I thought of Anatole le Braz and all his charming studies of the songs and superstitions and customs and characters of that 40 sitory symbol of the 'soul' of the land other Celtic people. And then there in which she is found. In the Mariage de drifted into my remembrance the pensive face of another wanderer and exile, half-Irish and half-Greek, known in the Orient as Koizumi Yakumo, and in the Western 45 In truth, we were children of two naworld as Lafcadio Hearn. As I turned once more the pages of his book on Japan and ran through the Life and Letters, glancing at his Eastern costume and at the almond eyes of his sons, I reflected that 50 contemporary literature, Madame Chryshe, at any rate, had possessed the courage to realize the dreams of his favorite author. Théophile Gautier, and the Oriental reveries of Victor Hugo. Finally, I opened the book of Chateaubriand, great 55 takes pains to point out in the dedication father of them all, and read: 'When he arrived among the Natchez, René had been obliged, in order to conform to the

customs of the Indians, to take a wife, but he did not live with her. A melancholy disposition drew him to the depths of the forest; there he passed whole days savages.'

The attitude, the point of view - that is the question about this Irishman and his book on the Aran Islands. Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère? Now, it is an essential error to imagine that when Synge passed from the Latin Quarter to the Aran Islands he was returning to his own people. He never desired to group of islands, and then to the most remote and backward of them, because he wished to escape into a perfectly strange and virgin environment.

The peculiar charm of the Aran Islands and other books of its class consists not in the identification of the narrator with the life of the people whom he describes, but rather in accentuating the contrast beand the simple barbarian. It is the esthetic charm of looking upon illusions through the eyes of the disillusioned. In. the earlier examples of this genre the into sentimental relations with a 'noble' female savage — an unspoiled daughter of the wilderness. But the sentiment now school. In the various books in which Pierre Loti pictures his exotic amours, you may trace the declension of the lovely and beloved barbarian into a mere tran-Loti, for example, there is still a breath of strange passion for the poor Samoan girl, yet the lover comments as follows: tures, widely sundered and diverse, and the union of our souls could be only transitory, incomplete, and troubled.' But in that most heartlessly beautiful book in anthème, the breath of passion has given way to sheer nervous disgust. With the little yellow poupée, Loti has nothing in common, not even an emotion. As he to the Duchesse de Richelieu, though Madame Chrysanthème seems to have the longest rôle, it is certain that the three

principal personages are: 'Moi. le Japon et l'Effet que ce pays m'a produit,' 'My-self, Japan, and the Effect which that country produces in me'- the bitter per-Nagasaki exhales for the nostrils of a disillusioned Academician.

Essentially Synge was seeking the same Parisian. He, too, has transferred the sentiment, which was formerly attached to the fair savage, to the land itself. Despite his apparent solicitude for realistic detail. he is striving to capture. His book, like Loti's, is pieced together of short impressionistic sketches which are related to one another only through the mood of the few sentences,' he writes, 'or some fragment of melody that I catch the real spirit of the island, for in general the men sit together and talk of the tides and fish, and traditional lovely savage has here suffered a further declension into a peasant girl in her teens towards whom only a friendly attachment exists. Yet this girl, like her of what he has come to seek: 'At one moment she is a simple peasant, at another she seems to be looking out at the world with a sense of prehistoric disillusion and blue eyes the whole external despondency of the clouds and sea.' And after he has talked to her of the 'men who live alone in Paris,' he notes that 'below the symtween us.' I do not wish to push this parallelism farther than it goes. In the Aran Islands the Moi, as well as the maiden, is subdued almost beyond comparison. But both men, like all the chil- 45 nificant only as illustrating with especial dren of Chateaubriand, avail themselves of picturesque exotic scenes as a kind of sounding chamber to enlarge and reverberate the lyric cry of their own weariness in civilized life and their loneliness to The most France-like comedy that he ever out of it.

Synge's dramas are all sad, tragedies based upon a radical and hopeless disillusion. In them the native lyrical impulse, which in the poems we found checked by

the cynicism of Villon, and which in the Aran Islands expanded under the influence of Loti, is again checked and controlled by the irony of Anatole France. fume which a crushed chrysanthemum of 5 This is no doubt a bald and over-emphatic way of putting the case, but it may serve to indicate the general modes in which foreign forces determined his talthing — the perfume which the Aran Is- ent. Synge has been praised by many lands could yield to a disillusioned Irish- perities on the ground that he has reconciled poetry with life. In the sense that he has broken through the old 'poetic diction' and invented a new poetic dialect with a fresh savor of earth in it, it is the subjective soul of the islands that 15 this is doubtless true. But in a profounder sense it is nearer the truth to say that he has widened the rift that was between them. For the drift of all his work is to emphasize the eternal hostility author. 'It is only in the intonation of a 20 between a harsh and repugnant world of facts controlled by law, and the inviting realm of a lawless imagination. In one of the longest of his plays, The Well of the Saints, this idea becomes perfectly explicit. of the price of kelp in Connemara.' The 25 Two blind beggars who have long pleased themselves with thinking of each other's beauty are, through a miracle, restored to sight. But the vision of 'things as they are is so hideous that they fall into a famous predecessors, becomes the symbol 30 violent hatred of each other. And they are both so thankful when they go blind again that they reject with scorn the holy man's offer to repeat the miracle. perhaps the most elaborate expression of to sum up in the expression of her gray- 35 an idea in all Synge's works, and one is not surprised to learn that four years before The Well of the Saints there was performed and printed in Paris a 'Chinese' play by M. George Clemenceau, called the pathy we feel there is still a chasm be-40 Voile du Bonheur, which contains identically the same idea, and which, as Mr. Howe concedes, it is 'perfectly probable' that Synge knew.

For us The Well of the Saints is sigclearness that profound sense of disillusion which underlies all Synge's eccentric comedies, and constitutes, as I have said, his point of contact with Anatole France. conceived was never written, but the scenario is reported to us by Mr. Yeats.

'Two women, a Protestant and a Catholic, take refuge in a cave, and there quarrel and comedies alike, because they are all 55 about religion, abusing the Pope or Henry VIII, but in low voices, for the one fears to be ravished by the soldiers, the other by the rebels. At last one woman goes out because she would sooner any fate than such wicked company.' Now it is just this homeless elfishness of his mirth that distinguishes Synge from Jonson and Molière and Congreve, with whose names his has been so fearlessly coupled. In all the classical comedy of the world one is made aware of the seat whence the laughing spirit sallies forth to scourge the vices or sport with the follies and affectations repassed out of tribulation. It is not, at of men. When the play is over, something has been accomplished towards the clarification of one's feelings and ideas; after the comic catharsis, illusions dissolve and give way to a fresh vision of what 15 beauty and abiding harmony in all the is true and permanent and reasonable. Synge's comedies end in a kind of ironical bewilderment. His, indeed, is outlaw comedy with gipsy laughter coming from somewhere in the shrubbery by the road-20 mind, all passion spent' with which we side, pealing out against church and state, and man and wife, and all the ordinances of civil life.

It is not that many of the dramatis personæ are vagrants, but that the dram- 25 atist himself is in secret heart a vagrant, and his inmost vision of felicity is a purposeless vagabondage. What are the passages in these plays that all the critics delight to quote, and that the playgoer 30 hasten with somewhat suspicious eagercarries home from the theater - fragments of them - singing in his memory? They are the passages in which some queen or beggar, touched with lyric ecstasy, expresses a longing to go roaming 35 deprives his persons of personality and down the open road or into the wilderness. You will find this gipsy call in every one of Synge's dramas except The Riders to the Sea. Even to that piece built of the heroic stuff of the bards, Deirdre of the 40 of the sea, and he represents death, in Sorrows, he gives the same turn: here it is a wondrously fair woman scorning a share in sovereignty and the high king of Ulster to go salmon-spearing and vagabonding whose vision of joy we are invited to participate, life presents itself in its comic aspects as a juxtaposition and irreconcilable opposition of hideous realities and Neifin in the dews of night, realities like Old Mahon in the potato field — He was a dirty man, God forgive him.'

What, then, shall we say of his tragedy? Those who are sealed of the tribe 55 through all illusions, sitting there paof Synge speak high praise of The Riders to the Sea, that picture of the drear old woman who has lost all her sons. As Mr.

Edward O'Brien declares in the preface printed in the collective edition, this drama is set in the atmosphere of universal action; it holds the 'timeless peace' 5 that passeth all understanding. This were vision, indeed. It is a noble phrase, this 'timeless peace.' It connotes in my imagination the serene enduring forever of victorious heroes and saints who have any rate, an empty euphemism for annihilation, but a state in which those of the living dwell who, like the Stoic emperor, have caught a vision of the central works of God. It is the mood in which all high tragedy leaves us: the still elation into which we rise when blind Œdipus answers the call of the god; the 'calm of are dismissed by that superb last chorus in 'Samson Agonistes,' beginning,

> All is best, though oft we doubt What the unsearchable dispose Of Highest Wisdom brings about.

Such, they tell us, is the atmosphere of Riders to the Sea. It is like Lear, it is like Greek tragedy; it is not, as they ness to say - it is not like Maeterlinck's Home or The Intruder. Synge certainly does differ from Maeterlinck in two striking respects. While the Belgian 'mystic' locality and confers a kind of demonic personality upon death, the naturalistic Irishman steeps his lines in personality and the reek of the gray sky and the smell spite of the premonitions of Maurya, as only the old dark way of nature. But so far as what the Germans call the 'inner form' is concerned, Synge gives us simply with the sons of Naisi. To this man in 45 an Irish transposition of Maeterlinck. Strictly speaking, Riders to the Sea is not a tragedy at all, because it is not a drama. It might with more propriety be called a tragic idyl — a sombre picture, impressive hopeless dreams, dreams like the glens of 50 enough in its kind, with the fearful whispering of the young girls, whose necks have not yet bowed beneath the ancient burden, and the gray broken old mother, who looks before and after and has passed tiently, passively, receiving the tidings of disaster. Protagonist in the proper sense of the word there is none; no act of the will turning against destiny as a token of human participation in that divine energy into which death resumes us all. It is this turning of the will that makes just the what is not; and between the mood with which Samson in Gaza affects us when he says, 'And I shall shortly be with them that rest,' and the mood with which man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied.' It is the difference between Milton looking into the timeless peace and Synge looking into the noisome under the golden lights of the oaks of Glencree that in the end black boards would cover him and he should lie with worms eternally. Just that is the tragic the Sea.

VII

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW HARLEQUIN OR PATRIOT?

JOHN PALMER

The first fallacy is that Bernard Shaw is an immensely public person; that he is a sort of twentieth-century Grand Monlike Louis XIV in the presence of the people and receive the press in his dressing-gown. Now, it is true that Bernard Shaw has been photographed by Alvin Langdon Coburn without a stitch; that at 40 one period of his career he almost lived upon a public platform; that he invariably tells us the private history of each of his books and plays; that, partly from a sense that what he has seriously to say shall be heard, he talks and writes a good deal about himself; and that he has allowed Mr. Archibald Henderson to compile a sort of concordance to his personality.

Nevertheless, it is not true that Bernard Shaw is an immensely public person. Or perhaps I should put it this way: Bernard Shaw whom the public knows is tremely private gentleman who lives in Adelphi Terrace. The Bernard Shaw whom the public knows might more accu-

rately be described as a screen. What the public knows about Bernard Shaw is either trivial or misleading. Thus the public knows that Bernard Shaw can read diadifference between what is drama and 5 mond type with his left eye at a distance of twenty-eight inches; that he can hear a note the pitch of which does not exceed 30,000 vibrations per second; that, when he sits down upon a chair, the distance Maurya affects us when she says, 'No petween the crown of his head and the seat is 3 feet 1.8 inches. These things are trivial. Or the public knows that Bernard Shaw is a very striking and provocative writer of plays, that he is also a grave. We heard him before crying aloud 15socialist and a vegetarian; and these things are misleading.

That is why any satisfactory account of Bernard Shaw rendered to those who have allowed themselves to be deceived by comvision and significance of The Riders to 20 mon fame must necessarily take the form of a schedule of popular fallacies. Such a schedule will at any rate be found more useful, and certainly less hackneyed, than a personal 'interview' and description of 25 one who has been more often photographed and handled in the picturesque and familiar way of the expert pressman than the most popular member of the British Cabinet. Perhaps, therefore, I [Century Magazine, March, 1915. By permission.] 30 may regard myself as excused from accurately sketching the wicket-gate which leads to Bernard Shaw's private dwelling, or from telling the story of his velvet coat, or from-recording the number of times he arch who, if manners allowed, would dine 35 has been met upon the top of an omnibus (where he used virtually to live), or betraying what he writes to young people in confidence about the nose of a celebrated author.

Intimate revelations of this kind do not take the public far. They do not seriously disturb the inaccessible privacy which Bernard Shaw has always contrived to main-The truth is that the authentic auof fun, and partly from a determination 45 thor of Man and Superman has never really been interviewed; has never really plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut' to visitors who are likely to be hiding a kodak under their 50 coat or to be surreptitiously fingering a note-book. Bernard Shaw of the interviews and the funny stories is public enough; but this Bernard Shaw is almost entirely a legend. Before this legend gets not an authenic revelation of the ex-55 as firm a hold upon New York as it has upon London, it may be well to number some of the more striking fallacies of which it is composed. There is only one serious drawback to this method of anproach, and this drawback vanishes almost as soon as it is explained. Exploding popular fallacies is disagreeable work, and it usually gives to the sentences of the au- 5 nally. thor engaged upon it an air of quarreling violently with his readers and with his

subject. Such is not the intention or mood of this present article. I have an immense to Shaw, whether they are the cruel, illumienthusiasm and liking for Bernard Shaw and for the greater part of most of what Bernard Shaw has written. I claim, indeed, to admire Bernard Shaw for sounder and weightier reasons than have yet oc- 15 himself. Should you set out to extol or to curred to Bernard Shaw himself. reasons will be presented later in a postscript of appreciation. When the worst fallacies regarding Bernard Shaw have been briefly described and contradicted (it 20 on the other hand, set out to expose or would require a large volume to describe and contradict them in detail), I shall be in a better position to assert, briefly again, wherein Bernard Shaw's genius truly consists; exactly how serious he is; and, more 25 want to do the business effectively, and particularly, why he has just written a pamphlet about the war, and why he ought not to have done so. Meantime I hope that readers of this article will agree to digest the fallacies and to wait for the 30 slay him only in alliance with himself. It postscript; also to believe that my habitually indignant manner is simply the result of writing regularly about the British theater.

namely, that Bernard Shaw is a public person. The second fallacy is that Bernard Shaw is an easy and profitable subject to write about. He is not. It is true that Bernard Shaw's interviews with the 40 Shaw are simply not in the same class press are the best interviews, and that he invariably galvanizes the dullest of his appreciators into liveliness. Pronounce the name of Bernard Shaw in almost any company, and immediately every one perks up 45 sence of favor (which, again, is surpriswith an epigram or a paradox or an anecdote. Bernard Shaw, like Falstaff, is not only witty himself; he is the occasion that wit is in other men.

Nevertheless, Bernard Shaw is not a 50 when public men carefully cultivate a regood subject. It is not encouraging to utation for modesty). embark upon an enterprise with the sure knowledge that the thing has been done before and better done. Bernard Shaw is been exhausted. There is not more than one expert upon Bernard Shaw. Every one professionally required to write about

Bernard Shaw sets out under an unfortunate sense that the ground has already been covered; that the job has already been done brilliantly, thoroughly, and fi-

The best essays on the work of Bernard Shaw, the most impartial, authoritative, and penetrating, are by Bernard Shaw himself. The best stories about Bernard nating anecdotes which delight the envious, or the flashes of resource and honesty which are cherished by his friends and admirers, are once again by Bernard Shaw advertise Bernard Shaw, you know that this has already been done with incomparable energy and talent, and that it has been done by one who knows. Should you. pull to tatters the reputation and character of Bernard Shaw, again you know that you are the merest amateur compared with G. B. S.; know also that, if you leave Bernard Shaw obviously for dead on the field of controversy, you will have to call in G. B. S. to help you. It is possible to slay Bernard Shaw; but it is possible to is a joke of the two hemispheres that Bernard Shaw better understands his merits than any one else in the world. It is a finer joke, and not so threadworn, that he The first fallacy is already declared; 35 better understands his limitations. Either way, whether you are celebrating his genius or asserting your position as the candid friend, you are forced to acknowledge at the last that your researches into Bernard with his own either in intimacy (which is surprising in an age when the press is often more intimate with a man than his own tooth-brush); in detachment and abing, in an age when men of letters take themselves very seriously); or in a severely just recognition of the subject's merit (more surprising still in an age

SHAW NOT AN ORIGINAL THINKER

The third fallacy is that Bernard Shaw not a good subject because he has already 55 is a profoundly original thinker and a propagandist of absolutely new ideas. He has repeatedly told his readers and his friends that he is nothing of the kind.

His biographer somewhere quotes him as saying, 'I am an expert picker of men's brains, and I have been extremely fortunate in my friends.' Nor need we go to Bernard Shaw's biographer for this. Bernard Shaw has spent half his life in telling the world the exact scientific truth about himself, and of course the world has refused to believe him. It is hardly exag-Shaw tells people soberly and honestly exactly the sort of man he is, and exactly the kind of work he has done, they laugh heartily, and say that Bernard Shaw is a larly, whenever he ventures into fun and fiction, his hearers insist upon taking him as seriously as they would take a prophet.

It follows that Bernard Shaw, who is a and well-read man of letters, is commonly regarded as a reckless firebrand who lives by the cart and the trumpet, is up to his neck in all that is lawless and improper, is ways in paradoxes, and claims to be greater than Shakespeare. Not fewer than fourteen years ago Bernard Shaw told the world that he was an elderly gentleman being the best of a bad lot and by plagiarizing the English classics. He really meant what he said; but the preface in which he said it is still supposed to be the the author of Macbeth. Here, again, it is impossible to say of Bernard Shaw any true thing he has not already said of himself. He has repeatedly urged his critics and followers to reject utterly the legend 40 'I find myself,' Bernard of G. B. S. Shaw wrote in 1900, 'while still in middle life almost as legendary a person as the Flying Dutchman. Critics, like other peoactually before them. In my plays they look for my legendary qualities, and find originality and brilliancy in my most hackneyed claptrap. Were I to republish comedy, it would be hailed as a masterpiece of perverse paradox and scintillating satire.'

Nothing in modern literary history is more remarkable than the reputation of 55 G. B. S. for original and daring speculation; and no one, myself possibly excepted. more thoroughly appreciates the funny

side of G. B. S. as philosopher than the man to whom this reputation is so persistently attached. Five years ago I came to London burdened with the classic wis-5 dom of an ancient university. I had read some philosophy in one school and some economy in another. As a musician I had read Wagner for a venerable classic. As the merest Philistine in connoisseurship, I geration to say that whenever Bernard to recognized in Rodin a great sculptor of the last generation, as firmly established in immortality as Michelangelo, and I saluted in the New English Art Club a thoroughly respectable academy of paintvery funny and inventive person. Simi- 15 ing. As a playgoer destined to succeed Max Beerbohm, who himself in remote antiquity had succeeded G. B. S. on the Saturday Review, I had become weary of Ibsen, and had begun to wonder why modest, conscientious, kindly, industrious, 20 Granville Barker seemed old enough to be my uncle. Now, I do not regard myself as being in the least in advance of my time; yet when I came to London I found that Bernard Shaw, who still preached without compassion or shame, speaks al- 25 Ibsen and Wagner, who spoke with Rodin as a contemporary, who preached a philosophy which was already introduced into examination-papers at a place not suspected of modernism, who talked economy who had made an immense reputation by 30 out of university text-books which it was a scholarly and pedantic exercise to confute in the lecture-rooms of Oxford that this thoroughly safe, orthodox, and almost medieval Bernard Shaw was being locus classicus of his claim to supersede 35 received by the literary societies and the press of London as an original and revolutionary thinker. I then began to understand why Bernard Shaw has very little respect for some of his contemporaries.

THE 'BETTER THAN SHAKESPEARE' FALLACY

This brings us to the fourth fallacy. The fourth fallacy is that Bernard Shaw has made enormous and extravagant ple, see what they look for, not what is 45 claims for himself as a critic, philosopher, sociologist, and dramatist. Let us take a passage of Bernard Shaw's preface to the Plays for Puritans. It is the famous 'Better than Shakespeare' passage, the Buckstone's Wreck Ashore as my latest 50 foundation of a public charge that George Bernard Shaw thinks too highly of himself. It is a conclusive proof that he does nothing of the kind. It harks back to our second fallacy:

> My stories are the old stories; my characters are the familiar harlequin and columbine, clown and pantaloon (note the harlequin's leap in the third act of Cæsar and

Cleopatra); my stage tricks and suspenses and thrills and jests are the ones in vogue when I was a boy, by which time my grand-father was tired of them. . . . It is a dan-gerous thing to be hailed at once, as a few rash admirers have hailed me, as above all things original; what the world calls originality is only an unaccustomed method of who have followed many plows. No doubt I seem prodigiously clever to those who have never hopped hungry and curious across nence was due to the flatness of the surrounding country. In these days of Board Schools, universal reading, newspapers and the inevitable ensuing demand for notabilities of all sorts, literary, military, political and fashioneminence is within the reach of very moderate ability. Reputations are cheap nowadays.

Who, after that, will say that Bernard conceit? He has never claimed more than is due to him. There is not the least evidence of vanity or self-importance in the printed work of George Bernard Shaw, there is even less in his speeches, letters 30 handle the key to his achievement. You (the private letters of George Bernard Shaw will be his masterpiece when, and if, they ever come to be published), conversation, or general demeanor. It is true that he has frequently and vigorously 35 by nature able to regard himself and his claimed not to be entirely foolish, and that sometimes he has insisted that he really does know what he is writing about. But it is also true that no critic has more persistently assured the public 40 tive gift for regarding himself impartially, that there is nothing really important or new in any of the ideas and devices which so curiously amazed the first audiences of his early plays. Has he not soberly assured the American public that 'the nov- 45 vainglory, for it is a rooted idea with elties of one generation are only the resuscitated fashions of the generation before last'? And has he not proved this with instances out of The Devil's Disciple? Did he not prophesy that a few years so achievements is not within the power of would expose that play for 'the threadbare popular melodrama it technically is?

Nevertheless, though it is possible for any one read in the works of Bernard Shaw to parallel these instances of self- 55 criticism of Bernard Shaw, read as a assessment from almost any volume, pamphlet, speech, or anecdote of his life, the belief still rules that Bernard Shaw is

too highly appreciated by Bernard Shaw. The truth is that Bernard Shaw has had to expend vast stores of energy and time in reproving his friends for thinking too 5 much of him and in snubbing the worship of his followers. He has had continually to explain to the superior socialists that he tickling it. Meyerbeer seemed prodigiously is not really a great orator; to the draoriginal to the Parisians, when he first burst matic critics that he is not really the on them. Today he is only the crow who regreatest dramatist who ever lived; to men followed Beethoven's plow. I am a crow of science that he is not the erudite phyof science that he is not the erudite physician they have imagined from The Doctor's Dilemma and not the expert in acoustics they have inferred from Pygthe fields of philosophy, politics and art. acoustics they have inferred from Pyg-Karl Marx said of Stuart Mill that his emi- 15 malion; to distracted heads of families that he is not in the least qualified to tell them how to control their marriageable daughters. Bernard Shaw has worked harder to escape the greatness which is able, to write paragraphs about, that sort of 20thrust upon him than many of his contemporaries have worked to achieve wealth and a blue ribbon; and the harder he has worked, the more convinced the public has become that he is an incorrigibly insolent Shaw has in him a particle of author's 25 and pertinacious champion of his title to be infallible.

It is essential to get this notion of Bernard Shaw as the miles gloriosus corrected at the start, otherwise we shall never will ask how it has arisen. It has arisen simply and inevitably from the fact that Bernard Shaw was for many years of his life a professional critic, and that he was own performances with complete detachment. Naturally, when he came to write plays, and found that the said plays were incompetently criticized, he used his naand his acquired skill as a professional critic, to inform his readers exactly how good and how bad his plays really were. Hence he has acquired a reputation for some people that a man who talks about himself is necessarily vainglorious.

Bernard Shaw's detached and disinterested observation of his own career and the average man of letters. It was accordingly misunderstood. Not every one can discuss his own work as though it were the work of a stranger. The selfwhole, shows an amazing literary altruism. It shows exactly how far he is from consenting to occupy the throne into which he has been thrust. Bernard Shaw, in his prefaces, is not a prophet claiming inspiration for his script; he is one of the crowd that reads and judges for itself; only he reads and judges a little more closely and severely than the rest. Bernard Shaw's modesty — his curious aloofness from his own fame — is the more attractive in that it is absolutely innocent of stage-managecorners in retirement - men of whom it is at once exclaimed how humble and unspoiled they are. Shrewd observers will always suspect the man of letters who is think it positively indecent that his face should be seen; who has always 'just left the theater' when there is a call to be taken: who has a reputation for inaccestirely free of this organized and blushing humility. His very real modesty consists in his being able to assess himself correctly. He is one of the few living auown performances. It does not occur to him to divide the literature of the day into (a) the works of Bernard Shaw and (b) other people's works. He thinks of Man ver Box. It is a play of contemporary interest and of some merit, and he does not see why he should be barred from discussing it as an expert critic just because Shaw has certainly imposed upon many of his friends and observers. He has not imposed upon himself.

SHAW NOT A JESTER

The fifth fallacy is that Bernard Shaw is an incorrigible jester, that he is never serious, that he is ready to sacrifice his best friend and his firmest conviction for the sake of a really good joke. Now, the 45 Cæsar. first thing to realize about Bernard Shaw is his overflowing gravity. He has taken more things seriously in his career than any living and notable person. He has socialism and philosophy and politics and public speaking. He has taken the trouble to make up his mind upon scores of things to which the average heedless man hardly hygiene, vaccination, phonetic spelling, and vivisection. He has even taken seriously the English theater, unlike virtually

every other English man of letters who has had anything to do with it. Compare for a moment the conduct of Bernard Shaw at a rehearsal of one of his own splays with the conduct, say, of Barrie. Barrie is happy so long as no one takes any notice of him. He has so immense a disdain for the minutiæ of theatrical production that he would rather write ten There are men who have made to plays than control the rehearsal of one. Bernard Shaw, on the other hand, with the amazing industry of a really serious person, turns up with a closely written volume of notes, determining down to the famous for his modesty; who seems to 15 minutest detail where, how, and when his company shall deliver their lines and do their necessary 'business.' It is only because Bernard Shaw is so immensely serious that he can be so tremendously sibility. Bernard Shaw, of course, is en- ecasual and brilliant. He is ready for everything and everybody because he has seriously considered everything and seriously regarded everybody. A first-rate impromptu usually indicates a mind richly thors who has not been taken in by his 25 stored and well arranged. Bernard Shaw can extemporize on most subjects because he has seriously thought about them. more brilliantly he sparkles upon a given theme, the more sober has been his eduand Superman as he thinks of The Sil-30 cation in its rudiments. Unfortunately, many people have come to exactly the opposite conclusion. Because Bernard Shaw has a rapid and vital way of writing, because he presents his argument at a maxihe happens to be the author. Bernard 35 mum, seasons it with boisterous analogies, and frequently drives it home at the point of a hearty joke, he is suspected of sacrificing sense to sound. The dancing of his manner conceals the severe decorum of his 40 matter. It is true that Bernard Shaw can be funny, but it is wholly false that he is in the least a flippant writer or a careless thinker. He is as serious as Praise-God Barebones and as careful as Octavius

HIS REPUTATION OF REASON

The sixth fallacy has to do with the allhead-and-no-heart formula. It is said of taken music seriously, and painting and 50 Bernard Shaw by some very excellent critics that he is an expert logician arguing in vacuo, that he has exalted reason as a god, that his mind is a wonderful machine which never goes wrong because its owner gives a second thought — things like diet, 55 is not swayed by the ordinary passions, likes, prejudices, sentiments, impulses, infatuations, enthusiasms, and weaknesses of ordinary mankind. How the critics

square this notion of Bernard Shaw with the kind friend and counselor who lives in Adelphi Terrace they alone can tell. It is probably this idea of Bernard Shaw which Shaw would agree. No one, in habit or most heartily tickles him. Bernard Shaw 5 opinion, lives more remotely than Bergreatly enjoys contemplating the motley crowd of his legendary selves; but none can please him more thoroughly -- because none could be more outrageously fictitious -than Bernard Shaw the vivisector of 10 SHAW FAR FROM BEING AN ANARCHIST his kind, the high priest of reason and common sense.

This last superstition has grown mainly out of the simple fact that G. B. S. as a critic of music, art, and the drama was 15 himself. This idea of Bernard Shaw is so actually a critic. He took his criticism as seriously as he took his socialism or his conviction that tobacco was a noxious weed. Being a serious critic, he found it necessary to tell the truth concerning the 20 parents, or if any elderly gentleman abanartistic achievements of many sensitive and amiable young people. Naturally, Bernard Shaw got the reputation of being a heartless brute for his candor, and a logical brute, owing to the soundness of 25 the belief that they are disciples following his arguments. Then, when Bernard the lead of G. B. S. as prophet and mas-Shaw came to write plays, it was discovered that his young women behaved like reasonable creatures and that his young has pointed out in a popular play that men appreciated the importance of 5 per 30 children do not always agree in all points cent. This was unusual in the soft, romantic stage creatures of the late nineties; so here was more evidence of Bernard Shaw's insensibility, of his arid and merciless rationalism, of his impenetrable 3 utation won upon slenderer evidence? indifference to all that warms the blood of common humanity.

Of course there was not the slightest real evidence of all this. If there is one idea more than another that persists all 40 through the work of Bernard Shaw, and defines his personality, it is to be found in his perpetual repudiation of reason. Almost his whole literary career has been spent in adapting the message of Schopen-45 that British divorce is unnecessarily hauer to his own optimism and belief in the goodness of life. Not reason and not the categories determine or create, but passion and will. Bernard Shaw has always insisted that reason is no motive 50 power; that the true motive power is will; that the setting up of reason above will is a damnable error. Life is the satisfaction of a power in us of which we can give no rational account whatever - that is the 55 discovered, the ultimate supremacy of pasfinal declaration of Bernard Shaw; and his doctrine corresponds with his temperament. Rudyard Kipling has described

the rationalists as men who 'deal with people's insides from the point of view of men who have no stomachs.' Bernard nard Shaw from the clear, hard, logical devitalized, and sapless world of Comte and Spencer.

The seventh fallacy is that Bernard Shaw is an anarchist, a disturber of the peace, a champion of the right of every man to do as he pleases and to think for deeply rooted in the public mind, despite Bernard Shaw's serious and repeated disclaimers of its accuracy, that, if any young person in London runs away from her dons his wife and family, these things are not only regarded as the results of Bernard Shaw's pernicious teaching, but their perpetrators are upheld and justified by These startling misconceptions have arisen from the fact that Bernard Shaw with their parents, and that he has argued in a less popular play that one or two reforms in the marriage laws of Great Britain are already overdue. Was ever a rep-Why, Shakespeare told us three hundred vears ago how

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long That it had its head bit off by its young,

and it is now on record in a British bluebook that a committee of the most respectable gentlemen of the British bar and church have agreed with Bernard Shaw expensive, inequitable, and humiliating. The practical extent of Bernard Shaw's anarchism coincides with the anarchism of our judges and our bishops.

Those who dig deeper than this, with the preconceived resolution to find that Bernard Shaw is an anarchist, will only They will be more hopelessly misled. find that he preaches, as we have already sion and will; that he sees the gods and the laws of each generation as mere expressions of the will and passion of their

generation; and that he claims for posterity the right to supersede them as soon as posterity is moved by a higher will and a finer passion. But this is not anarchism. It is so far from being anarchism that side by side with these doctrines Bernard Shaw has, in The Sanity of Art, written down one of the best defenses of law and order - of the convenience and necessity of policemen, churches, and all kinds of public to authority — that has appeared in popular form within recent years. It is true that Bernard Shaw pleads for liberty, and points out that it is better for a man to to run to the nearest constable or parish priest. But it is also true that he wants people to have no more liberty than is good for them, and that he very seriously to think for himself. Bernard Shaw knows that the average man has neither the time nor the brains nor the imagination to be original in such matters as not to cut the throat of his neighbor.

Nothing could be further from the mind of Bernard Shaw than the philo-Mill. Bernard Shaw is not an anarchist either in speculation or in practice. He is as sound on the question of law and order as Mr. Asquith. He is as correct in dethe Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. The most pictorial way of emphasizing the difference between a real anarchist and Bernard Shaw is to compare the handwriting hame Graham. Bernard Shaw writes like a sensible citizen who intends his pages to be read. It is true that he asserts his individuality as one who values what is of any author living, just as he insists that his books shall be printed in a style that proclaims him a pupil of William Morris. But he writes mainly to be read, is not worth the trouble it would give to a community which practised it. writing of Cunninghame Graham, on the other hand, requires an expert in caligrahouses in London. It is the last, insolent assertion that every man has the right to do as he pleases regardless of the discom-

fort and loss of time he thereby inflicts upon his neighbors. It is, in one word, anarchic, a graphic illustration of the great gulf that is fixed between two pubslic figures of the time who, nevertheless, have impartially been described by the careless as anarchists.

SHAW A PRECISIAN RATHER THAN A CARELESS MAN OF LETTERS

The eighth fallacy is that Bernard Shaw is a headlong, dashing, and opinionative writer, without technical equipment, who succeeds by an impudent trust in his unact and think responsibly for himself than massisted genius, and brings off his best efforts by a happy fluke. This fallacy has stuck to Bernard Shaw all through his career as a critic of music, painting, the drama, as a playwright, as a pamphleteer, distrusts the ability of the average man 20 as a public speaker. When G. B. S., as Corno di Bassett, was writing about music for a London newspaper, the public insisted that his appointment was a joke. It was the public's own joke, and the crossing the road or getting married or 25 public enjoyed it immensely. Indeed, it determining whether he ought or ought chuckled so heartily that G. B. S. had not the malice to undeceive it. He played with this popular legend of himself, as he has so often played with a hundred sophic anarchy of Godwin or John Stuart 30 others. He was thought to be merely a rude young man who knocked the professors' heads together without the least idea of what they contained. Bernard Shaw's characteristic confutation of this public portment and as regular in his conduct as 35 error was to reduce it to absurdity. When people handed him a score, he held it carefully upside down and studied it in that position. When he was asked to play the piano, he walked to the wrong end. of Bernard Shaw and, say, of Cunning- 40 Bernard Shaw's conduct as a critic of music, acting under provocation, was very natural; but it was in the result unfortunate. Popularly imagined to be an irresponsible amateur with a literary knack, comely by writing the most beautiful hand 45 Bernard Shaw, in all he has undertaken, has, if anything, erred from an excessive knowledge and interest in the expert professional and technical side of his subject. Bernard Shaw knew years ago all about aware that the liberty of writing illegibly 50 the enormity of exploding undiminished chords of the ninth and thirteenth on the unsuspecting ear, just as today he thoroughly understands the appallingly scientific progressions of Scriabin. Similarly phy. It has baffled half the big printing-55 he can tell you the difference at a glance between real sunshine in an open field and the good north light of a Chelsea studio, or explain why 'values' are more difficult to capture when colors are bright than when they are looked for in a dark interior. As to the technic of the theatre well, the subject is hardly worth discuss-

if they are not technical.

The fallacy that Bernard Shaw is a happy savage among critics and artists. ignorant and careless of form, unread in at random with the confidence that only a perfect ignorance can give, is particularly deplorable, because it necessarily blinds its adherents to Bernard Shaw's most serious Bernard Shaw knows too much, rather than too little, of his subject. He is too keenly interested in its bones and its mechanism. His famous distinction besic which is dramatic is quite unsound, as I would undertake to show in nothing less than a small pamphlet; but it is not the mistake of a critic ignorant of music. absorbed in the technic of music.

If the professors in the early nineties had objected to G. B. S. because he was liable to lapses into the pedantry of which they themselves were accused, they would 30 fallacies about Bernard Shaw, but as most have been nearer the mark than they were in foolishly dismissing him as an ignora-Similarly, as a dramatic critic, G. B. S. erred not by attaching too little value to the forms and conventions of the 35 Shaw, who is as legendary as the Flying theatre, but by attaching too much. It is true that he did not make the absurd mistake of some of his followers, and regard Ibsen as a great dramatist on account of one or two pettifogging and questionable 40 masks, and rescued from the misconcepreforms in dramatic convention, such as the abolishing of soliloquies and asides and extra doors to the sitting-room. But he certainly attached too much importance to these things, mainly because he knew 45 since Goldsmith and Sheridan. We have so much about them; and this critical insistence of his as a Saturday Reviewer has had its revenge in some of his own plays, where his purely technical mastery of thecraftsman's virtuosity have led him into mechanical horse-play and stock positions unworthy of the author of John Bull's Other Island and Major Barbara. Berknowing his subject too well from the angle of the expert, and he has frequently fallen into the mistakes of the expert.

Far from being the happy and careless privateer of popular belief, he is usually to be found struggling for freedom under the oppression of things stored for refering. Some of his later plays are nothing sence in his capacious memory. The great critic, like any ordinary, unskilled spectator, should be able to look at a work of art without prejudice in favor of any particular form or fashion. It should not the necessary conventions, speaking always ∞matter to him a jot or influence his judgment in the slightest whether the music he hears is symphonic or metrical, whether the thirteenth is exploded as a thirteenth or prepared as a six-four chord. He defect both as critic and creator. Usually 15 should be similarly indifferent whether a dramatist talks to him in blank-verse soliloquy or in conversational duologue. Preoccupation with manner, apart from matter - usually implying an a priori tween music which is decorative and mu- 20 prejudice in favor of one manner over another — is the mark of pedantry; and of this pedantry - always the pedantry of a man who is expert and knows too much -Bernard Shaw is not always free, though is rather the mistake of a critic too keenly 25 he is far too good a critic to be often at fault.

THE REAL SHAW

We have not yet exhausted the popular of my readers will already be wondering what is left of the man who has just described Sir Edward Grey as a Junker, I will turn now from George Bernard Dutchman, to the very positive and substantial author of Commonsense and the War. I have yet to explain why Bernard Shaw, stripped of his professional tions of his admirers, remains one of the most striking public figures of our day, and must fairly be regarded as the most important apparition in the British theatre seen that Bernard Shaw is not original in what he preaches, is erudite rather than adventurous, is in no sense revolutionary or anarchical, is extremely serious, and is atrical devices, his stage-cleverness, and 50 far from being an orginatic and impudent rationalist for whom drifting humanity is stuff for a paradox. Bernard Shaw has not won the notice of mankind because he has thought of things which have nard Shaw has continually suffered from 55 hitherto occurred to no one else; nor has he won the notice of mankind because he has a native gift of buffoonery and a talent for the stage. The merit of Bernard Shaw has to be sought outside his doctrine. The secret of his genius lies deeper than his fun, and has scarcely anything to do with his craft.

HIS SELF-CRUSHING CRITICISM

It ironically happens that Bernard Shaw as a critic has virtually made it impossible for those who accept his criticism to allow has any right to be really famous. We have seen that Bernard Shaw as a critic repeatedly fell into the grievous error of separating the stuff he was criticizing into with the Elizabethan dramatists, Bernard Shaw always maintained that they had nothing to say and that they were tolerable only because they had an incomparparing Shakespeare with Ibsen, for example, he would point out that, if you paraphrased Ibsen's Peer Gynt, it still remained good intellectual stuff, and that, if you paraphrased Shakespeare's 'Life's but 25 that Bernard Shaw in doctrine and idea a walking shadow,' it became the merest commonplace. Bernard Shaw thence proceeded to draw the moral that Ibsen, apart from mere favor and prettiness, was tist. Fortunately for Bernard Shaw, as we shall shortly realize, this criticism of his is not only false in fact, but it is also nonsense in theory. It is false in fact, beparaphrased is commonplace whereas Ibsen paraphrased is an intellectual feast. It would be more to the point if Bernard Shaw had said that Shakespeare parathat Ibsen paraphrased is commonplace for only the nineteenth century. It would be still more to the point if Bernard Shaw had said that it is quite impossible to paragenius has gone to its making. It is absurd to talk of paraphrasing Shakespeare because Shakespeare is of genius all compact; and it is as true of Ibsen as genius and not merely a scientific naturalist, it is absurd to separate what he says from his way of saying it. When Shakespeare has written:

Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon the stage And then is heard no more: it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.

5 he has written more than the equivalent of 'life is not worth living.' If Bernard Shaw will not admit that Shakespeare in this passage is no more than an utterer of a universal platitude for pessimists, he that Bernard Shaw as a dramatic author 10 will have to agree that Ibsen is no more than an utterer of parochial platitude for the suffragette platform. Probably, however, now that Bernard Shaw has himself become a classical author, he has realized manner and matter. Thus, confronted 15 that to distinguish between the ideas of a literary genius and the language in which they are expressed is as absurd as to distinguish between the subject of a painter and the way in which it is painted, or beably wonderful way of saying it. Com- 20 tween the themes of a musician and the notes in which they are rendered.

At any rate, Bernard Shaw must realize

how very badly he himself would fare under such a distinction. We have seen

is in no sense original. His celebration of the state is as old as Plato. His particular sort of puritanism is as old as Cromwell. His particular brand of sothe greater and more penetrating drama- 30 cialism is as old as Owen. A paraphrase of Bernard Shaw — a reduction of Bernard Shaw to the bare bones of his subject matter — would be as intolerable as the speeches of his disciples and some of his cause it is quite untrue that Shakespeare 35 masters usually are. In a word, if Bernard Shaw is a genius, he is a genius for the same reason that Shakespeare is a gen-He is a genius not because he has anything new to say, but because he has a phrased is commonplace for all time and 40 passionate and a personal way of saying it. If I had the time to go deeper into this matter. I should like to ask whether it is really possible to get hold of a new idea as distinguished from a new way of phrase any work of genius in so far as 45 presenting an old one. But, at all events, I have already said enough to justify the assumption that, if Bernard Shaw can claim an immortality, however brief, it will not be by virtue of his original, novel, of Shakespeare that, so far as he is a 50 and startling opinions, but by virtue of his literary presentation of them in a manner entirely his own. The equations read:

The ideas of Bernard Shaw = the commonplaces of his time.

The ideas of Bernard Shaw + his way of presenting them = G. B. S.

PASSION AND STYLE THE SECRETS OF SHAW'S SUCCESS

Bernard Shaw, then, has won the attention of the present generation, and he 5 powerless to resist. will hold the attention of posterity not because he has new theories about the world, but because, by virtue of strictly personal and inalienable qualities, he is able to give to the most 'hackneyed clap- 10 trap' (Bernard Shaw's own description) an air of novelty. Were he baldly to tell us that incomes should be equally divided, and that interest is an iniquitous and pro-foundly unsocial device invented by those 15 feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and who have too much money for the purpose of levying blackmail upon those who have not enough, we should simply remember that we had read all this years ago in an old book and turn to something rather 20 conception of him as merely the acute raimore worth our time and attention.

But when Bernard Shaw writes Widower's Houses or Socialism and Superior Brains, it is quite another matter. Here we have original work of the first 25 cering make Bernard Shaw a vital influquality. The ideas are common to us all; but Bernard Shaw's presentation of these ideas thrills us with a conviction that nothing quite like it has ever come within our experience. We realize that we have 30 of genius, he is driven to say more than never before encountered just this blend of wit and sense, this intellectual wrestle and thrust, this fervor and fun, this argumentative and syllabic virtuosity, this aponly the more piquantly emphasizes a perfectly individual and highly cultivated literary art. Then we begin to wonder what is the inspiration of this rapid Jehu; these ancient ideas so furiously through the modern world. How are we to explain the passion that fills him and lifts his work to levels higher than the platform he undertakes to fill? We are sensi- 45 ble in Bernard Shaw's best work of a horse-power, of a spiritual energy, which is no more the product of his doctrinal prejudice against rent and interest than pose the Nibelung's Ring was the product of his desire to justify his revolutionary principles or to improve the operatic stage scenery of his generation. We know that something deeper than a dislike of Roebuck Ramsden or a desire to abolish Mr. Sartorius. We know, in fact, that Ber-

nard Shaw, like every man of genius, is the happy agent of a power and a passion which uses his prejudices, memories, and doctrines, in a way he is intellectually

The real thrill of his work is conveyed in some sentences of his preface to Man and Superman - sentences used by him in quite another connection:

This is the true joy of life: the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap-heap; grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.

To apply this passage to the work of Bernard Shaw is again to destroy the popular sonneur, the intellectual critic of his kind, with a wallet of revolutionary propaganda whereby his reputation lives or dies. Not his doctrine and not his deliberate pulpit-The real seence in modern literature. cret of his influence can be explained in a sentence: Bernard Shaw has passion and he has style. Therefore, like every man he intends, and to say it in an arresting voice.

It remains to ask what is the prime irritant of this passion in Bernard Shaw. parently impudent disregard of style that 35 Where are we to look for the catfish which keeps his mental aquarium alive and astir? First, without preliminary, let us dart on that preface 'Why for Puritans,' which more than any other gives us whence does he get his impulse to drive all 40 the key to Bernard Shaw's work and character. Bernard Shaw writes as follows:

I have, I think, always been a Puritan in my attitude towards Art. I am as fond of fine music and handsome buildings as Milton was, or Cromwell, or Bunyan; but if I found that they were becoming the instruments of a systematic idolatry of sensuousness, I would hold it good statesmanship to blow every cathedral in the world to pieces with dynathe energy which drove Wagner to com- 50 mite, organ and all, without the least heed to voluptuaries.

Bernard Shaw's primal inspiration, that is to say, is not esthetic or intellectual, the inspiration of Bernard Shaw must be 55 but moral. We have to reckon with a moral fury where he most individually rages. The demon which seizes his pen at the critical moment, and uses him for its own enthusiastic purpose, is the demon which drove Milton to destroy Arminius. When Bernard Shaw imagines that he coolly and reasonably desires, simply as a practical socialist and in the name of common sense, to nationalize land and capital, and give to everybody as much money as he requires, he is mistaken. Like every other prophet who has succeeded in moving his generation, Bernard Shaw begins to denounce should be the sin of complawith a passion and a prejudice, and afterward manufactures and systematizes the evidence. That Bernard Shaw is a socialist is an accident of the time. The essenately hates all that is complacent, maleyolent, callous, inequitable, oppressive, unsocial, stupid, irreligious, enervating, narrow, misinformed, unimaginative, lazy, extravagant. Hating all this with the positive, energetic, and proselytizing hatred of an incorrigible moralist, he has naturally seized on the biggest and most the nineteenth-century sinner. This stick happened to be the socialist stick. If G. B. S. had lived with Grosseteste in the thirteenth century, it would have been the no-taxation-without-representation If he had lived with Star Chamber in the sixteenth century, it would have been the Habeas Corpus stick. If he had lived with Rousseau in the eighteenth century, it would have been the social-contract- 35 success. and-law-of-nature stick. Bernard Shaw's socialism stick is simply his weapon — the most convenient weapon to hand — with which to convict a society founded upon capitalism of the greatest possible amount 40 of sin with the least possible opportunity of an overwhelming retort from the sinner. The important thing is not that Bernard Shaw preaches socialism, but that Cromwell's troopers used the psalms of David or as Tolstoy used the gospels of Christ - namely, to put the unjust man and his evil ways out of court and countenance. To this end he employs also his 50 to convict the Englishman, above all men, craft as a dialectician, his gift as a stylist, his clear exposition and wit, his fun, irony, observation of men, genius for mystification and effective pose — all, indeed, that enters into the public idea of G. B. S. 55 ever, in fact, it thinks it has a reason to These things are merely auxiliary; any moment they are likely to be caught up in the service of his passionate mission -

a mission of which Bernard Shaw is often himself aware when he is most firmly under its dominion.

OUR MODERN TREATMENT OF PROPHETS

This brings us within view of Bernard Shaw's pamphlet on the war. It is natural in a preacher that the most unpardonable sin of the many he is called to cency; for the sin of complacency virtually amounts to the sin of refusing to hear what the preacher has to say, or, at all events, of refusing to take it seriously. tial thing is that Bernard Shaw passion- 15 Bernard Shaw has said continuously for many years that the average man is an unsocial sinner; and the average man, instead of hanging his head and mending his ways, has smiled in the face of the envious, unclean, disloyal, mercenary, and 20 prophet. At one time the prophet was stoned, and at another time he was poisoned or ostracized or pelted in the pillory. But we have lately learned a more effective way of dealing with a prophet: adequate stick in reach with which to beat 25 either we turn him into a society preacher and enjoy his denunciation of what our neighbors do, or we pay him handsomely to amuse us in the theater. We have thus improved immensely on the methods of stick. 30 the scribe and the Pharisee; for where the scribe and the Pharisee destroyed only the bodies of their prophets, we, with an even more thorough complacency, aim also at destroying their souls — usually with some

But the British public has not succeeded with Bernard Shaw, who continues to be periodically stirred to frenzy by his inability to make every one realize that he or she is directly responsible for all the crimes and miseries of modern civilization. Moreover, because Bernard Shaw has lived most of his life in England, and has therefore been less seriously taken in he uses the doctrines of socialism as 45 England than elsewhere, he has concluded that the English are more complacent than any other people in the world. More and more he has come to regard it as his special mission to humble this complacency. of sin, and of the necessity for humility and repentance. Therefore, whenever the British public becomes, in the view of Bernard Shaw, unduly exalted - whenbe proud of the British name - Bernard Shaw is at once suspicious and usually incensed. Latterly he has been unable to

resist any occasion of pricking the inflation, real or imagined, of the British spirit; and latterly, misled by habit, and exaggerating the sins he was born to chastise, Bernard Shaw has made some serious mistakes.

SHAW A PROPHET OF HUMILITY TO THE ENGLISH

the whole British nation was struck with grief at the loss of the Titanic, and was reading with a reasonable pride of the splendid behavior of her heroic crew, Bernard Shaw rose in his robe of the prophet speneficial that Bernard Shaw should imand told the public not to exaggerate its vicarious gallantry. Then in August, 1914, when Great Britain was straining every nerve to get her army to the Continent in time to save Belgium from the 20 satirical, ironical, comic, or didactic reworst of war, Bernard Shaw published an article in the British press virtually to the effect that Great Britain was not fighting for the sanctity of treaties or the rights of a little nation, but for British homes and 25 the British as a nation are any more com-British skins. Maliciously he chose for the publication of this assault upon British complacency the most obstinately and hatefully complacent British newspaper at his disposal.

Finally there came the celebrated pamphlet Commonsense and the War. This must be read as Bernard Shaw's most audacious effort to puncture the selfesteem of the British public. It has 35 struggle in which Great Britain is now caused much brain-searching among those engaged. But the patriotism of Comwho have simply regarded George Bernard Shaw as a very discreet and financially mountebank: for Bernard successful Shaw, in writing this pamphlet, has done to gard him as a privileged fool at the court a clearly unpopular thing. Undoubtedly he has angered and estranged many of his admirers. Some regard the pamphlet as an obscure attempt to discredit the allied cause. Others regard it as an escapade 45 enemies without a preliminary inquiry of revolting levity, inexpedient from a patriotic point of view and essentially wrong in its conclusions. The real point that concerns us here is that the pamphlet formance of Bernard Shaw, but a natural sequel of all he has hitherto written. Those who have followed Bernard Shaw to the threshold of his pamphlet on the ished or to refuse him their applause. Commonsense and the War is simply a topical and a later edition of Widow-

That is to say, it is a tract er's Houses. in which the case against British complacency is put at a maximum by a fearless and passionate advocate for the prosecu-

Not Bernard Shaw, but the time, has changed. Here we strike at the root of Bernard Shaw's mistake. Hitherto, he was doing salutary work in his campaign Thus when, more than two years ago, reagainst the silent self-assurance of the mean, sensual man. There are as many complacent persons in Great Britain as elsewhere, and so long as Great Britain was at peace with her neighbors, it was agine that the British, among whom he lived, were more guilty in this respect than any other extant community, and that he should lose no opportunity for proof. But when Great Britain and her allies had their back to the wall, when there were opponents to be countered and met, Bernard Shaw's insular mistake that placent than any other nation with a past to be proud of and a future to believe in became a really injurious heresy. It began, indeed, to look rather like giving 30 away his people to the enemy. Of course it was nothing of the kind. Commonsense and the War, intelligently read, vibrates with patriotism, and it proudly proclaims the essential rightness of the engaged. But the patriotism of Com-monsense and the War is less apparent to the audiences which laugh at Bernard Shaw in the theater and outrageously reof King Demos, than the fact that it begins by asserting that Sir Edward Grey is a Junker, and goes on to examine whether we really have the right to condemn our into our own consciences and affairs.

Bernard Shaw has made a mistake, but it is a natural, not an ignoble, mistake. It will have no permanent effect upon is not a new, unexpected, or isolated per-50 those who are sensible, even in Bernard Shaw's most special pleading, of the passionate moral sincerity which gives consistency and fire to all he writes. Comto the threshold of his pamphlet on the monsense and the War was a blunder; war have no right at this time to be aston-55 but it was also an act of disinterested courage. It was not dictated by any wish to stand in front of the picture or to splash in a sea too deep for purposes of exhibition. Bernard Shaw, in writing Commonsense and the War is simply the priest who insists upon sacrifice before going into battle, or believes that every good fight should be preceded by confes- 5 sion, absolution, and high mass.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION IN SHAW

One word more. Bernard Shaw, the But the passion which gives him uniformity and purpose as a public figure has not impaired his personal humor, his tolerance for all that is sweet and commendinquisitive outlook upon life, his candor and honesty of mind, his generous welcome of new ideas, his love of beautiful things, his ability to appreciate and symnathize even with those forces which are 20 handed to destroy him. These are the qualities which have obscured from contemporaries the essential simplicity of his mind, and have warmly endeared him to the younger generation of authors and 25 critics who have learned from their master how profitably they may supersede This younger generation, though it very frequently turns the weapons of forget or neglect the debt it owes to the helpful, patient, and wise counselor it has been privileged to observe and know.

$_{ m VIII}$

TOLSTOY'S RELIGION

EDWARD A. THURBER

[Open Court, January, 1914. By permission of author and publisher.]

quate road-book to his religious experiences, that, like a conscientious traveler who wishes to get certain things over with, I shall begin this sketch by quoting cerning his beliefs. The first occurs at the opening of the twelfth chapter of his tractate, My Religion, and bears the date 1884 or thereabouts, Tolstoy being at the time in his fifty-seventh year.

'I believe in Christ's teaching, and this

is my faith:

'I believe that my happiness is possible

on earth only when all men fulfil Christ's

'I believe that the fulfilment of this teaching is possible, easy and pleasant.

'I believe that even now, when this teaching is not fulfilled, if I should be the only one among all those that do not fulfil it, there is, nevertheless, nothing else for me to do for the salvation of my life from prophet and the puritan, lives in his work. with certainty of eternal loss but to fulfil this teaching, just as a man in a burning house, if he find a door of safety, must go

'I believe that my life according to the able, his broadness of view and eagerly 15 teaching of the world has been a torment, and that a life according to Christ's teaching can alone give me in this world the happiness for which I was destined by the

Father of Life.

'I believe that this teaching will give welfare to all humanity, will save me from inevitable destruction and will give me in this world the greatest happiness. Consequently, I cannot help fulfilling it.'

The second statement which I shall quote was written some seventeen years later when Tolstoy was seventy-three. It was occasioned by the act of excommunication directed against him by the Holy Bernard Shaw against himself, will never 30 Synod on account of a chapter in his great book, Resurrection, relative to mass and the eucharist.

> 'I believe in God, who is to me the Spirit, Love, the Principle of all things. 35 I believe that he is in me and I in him. I believe that the will of God has never been more clearly expressed than in the teaching of the man, Christ, but we may not think of Christ as God and address 40 him in prayer without committing the greatest sacrilege. I believe that the true happiness of man consists in the accom-

plishment of the will of God. I believe that the will of God is that every man A man's creeds provide such an inade- 45 should love his neighbor and do unto him as he would be done by; herein is contained, as the Bible says, all the law and the prophets. I believe that the meaning of life for each one of us is solely to three statements made by Tolstoy con- 50 increase this love within us; I believe that the increase of our power to love will bring about in this life a joy which will grow day by day, and in the other world will become a more perfect happiness. I

55 believe that the growth of love will contribute more than any other force to establish on this earth the kingdom of God. that is, will replace an order of life in which division, guile and violence are all powerful by another order in which concord, truth and brotherhood will reign. I believe that for the increase of love there is but one means - prayer. Not the 5 the life and makeup of this remarkable public prayer in temples, which Christ expressly reproved, but the kind of prayer of which he himself gave an example, solitary prayer, which reaffirms in us a consciousness of the meaning of life and 10 Tolstoy had more than his share, and also the knowledge that we depend absolutely on the will of God. I believe in life eternal. I believe that we are rewarded according to our acts here and everywhere, now and forever. I believe all 5 sessed the cruelty of a confirmed and this so firmly that at my age—on the eager hunter; indeed, hunting was the borders of the grave - I ought often to make an effort to think of the death of my body as merely the birth of a new life.

My third quotation is taken from a letter written by Tolstoy the year before he died, that is, in 1909, when he was eighty-

which we have received from Egyptian, Jewish, Hindu, Chinese, Greek, antiquity. The two great principles of Jesus: the love of God, that is, absolute perfection, 30 and the love of one's neighbor, the love of all men without any distinction whatsoever, have been preached by all the sages of the world,—Krishna, Buddha, Lao-tze, Confucius, Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, 35 of all.' Gambling was one of the routine Marcus Aurelius, and among the moderns, Rousseau, Pascal, Kant, Emerson, Channing, and many others. Religious and moral truth is everywhere and always the same. I have no predilection for 40 which he sold to an editor for \$500 to pay Christianity. If I have been especially interested in the teachings of Jesus, it is, first, because I was born and have lived among Christian people; second, because I have found a great intellectual pleasure 45 autobiographical books, Childhood, Boyin disengaging the pure teaching from the surprising falsifications affixed to it by churches.

These professions I do not intend to dwell upon except to note that Tolstoy, 50 in his very old age, seemed inclined on occasion not to realize that his religion was after all profoundly Christian. In the crisis of it or at the time of what we drawing very little inspiration from Krishna, Confucius, Epictetus; the fountain of his religious experiences was the

Scriptures and their teaching, as it culminated, to him, in the character of Jesus. But ignoring his dogmas for the moment, I wish simply to present in brief outline man as a sort of background for the conclusions he came to, and also to his multi-

farious and powerful influence. Of our primary, our animal passions, of those other more human passions, expressed most unequivocally perhaps in that sharp conflict between fact and dream in violent, tumultuous natures. He poslast pleasure of all vicious and cruel pleasures, as he called them, which he sacrificed. After giving an account of the 20 slow death of a wolf which he had killed by hitting it with a club on the root of the nose, he adds, 'I fairly reveled as I contemplated the tortures of that dying animal.' Nor to jealousy, as well as to 'The teaching of Jesus is to me but 25 cruelty, was he a stranger, as many a one of the beautiful religious teachings story of his boyhood testifies. In a fit of jealousy he once pushed from a balcony a little playmate of his, a girl. She was lame for a long time afterward.

Here is an early note in his journal concerning the three demons that were tormenting him: '1. Gambling. Can possibly be overcome. 2. Sensuality. Very hard struggle. 3. Vanity. Most terrible pastimes of young men born in Tolstoy's social environment. As late as the year before his marriage, a night's high play cost him the manuscript of The Cossacks,

his debts of honor.

Vanity, pride, conceit and self-pity were companions of his early years. Mention of them crops out constantly in his half hood, Youth. 'I imagined there could be no happiness on earth for a man with so big a nose as I had, such thick lips and little eyes.' He speaks disconsolately of this face without expression. These feeble, soft, characterless features remind me of peasants' features — these great hands and feet.' 'I wanted everybody to know me and love me,' he writes, 'I might call his final conversion, he was 55 wished that merely on hearing my name all would be struck with admiration and thank me.' From his journal again, 'My great fault, pride. A self-love immense. I am so ambitious that if I had to choose between glory and virtue (which I love), I am ready to believe that I should choose the former.' Turgenev spoke at one time blustering and braggadocio. Those who have read his book, Childhood, will recall the tears that Tolstoy poured forth, tears of self-pity, Werther tears, expressive of were the tears of a self-conscious, imaginative, sentimental boy. At five years of age, he felt (he says) that life was not

a game, but a long, hard travail.

marshal and direct vehement passions, then Tolstoy was rich in his endowment. His quiver was full of the arrows of wrath - more akin to Milton, I should in letters I can think of - to Milton whom one has called the most emotional of our English poets. Tolstoy's path was blazed with zeal, rage, indignation — boisterous, get drunk,' he says, 'with this seething madness of indignation which I love to experience, which I even excite when I feel it coming because it throws me into ments at least, an extraordinary elasticity, the energy and fire of all physical and moral capacities.' 1 This riotous temperament was housed, as we know, in a superb great passion to serve mankind. This is why one likes to dwell upon the wrath of Tolstoy.

Tolstoy divides his life into three periods which he calls, characteristically, 40 conduct. They were greedy, sensual and the period in which he lived for himself; the period in which he lived for mankind; and the period in which he lived it emphasizes rather conveniently certain crises in his life. The first period came to an end at the time of his marriage; it Greek church, and as a boy accepted frankly its ritual and its dogma. Many pious and simple-hearted people were of the estate. They and he were instinctively drawn to one another. He ad-

¹ From the journal of Prince Nukludov, 1857.

mired, he could not help admiring, their poverty of spirit, their loyalty, their unquestioning self-sacrifice. He used watch old men at prayer in silent reverof Tolstoy's stupid, nobleman's pride, his sence. And naturally with his own frankness and sympathy and love of truth, he was just the sort of boy to win the confidence of these great-hearted people. Tolstoy owes them much both on account the sorrows that were engulfing him; they to of their real wisdom of character and on account of the stories they used to tell him, those embodiments of joys and sorrows, actual, undefiled.

But Tolstov's world was after all not If it is part of the office of genius to 15 this peasant world, but the world of the landed proprietor. As a young man at college he threw off all beliefs of the church and became an out and out nihilist, — he believed in nothing at all. This insay, than to any other figure of his rank 20 deed was the correct attitude of the young blades of his day. It was the exaltation, one might say, and in his case a perfectly honest exaltation, of the intellect. A man must submit the beliefs of uncontrolled, calm even, satisfying. 'I 25 the world to the scrutiny of his reason, and if his reason says 'reject,' rejected they must be. It is a pure matter of logic, the cruel, uncompromising logic of youth.

This, I presume, was the most unhappy a sort of calm and gives me, for some mo- 30 period of Tolstoy's life and it lasted a good many years. Here was a man who earnestly desired to make a signal contribution, to impress a glowing personality upon the life of his time, and his body; it was employed ultimately in a 35 intellectual philosophy was negation. He looked about him and discovered that many who believed as he did - the great majority of them, he averred - were plain rascals; gain was the key to their quarrelsome; they sneered at piety and were themselves master hypocrites. And yet the creed or lack of creed of these for God. Though such a division is nihilists was unimpeachable. Tolstoy put somewhat arbitrary, I shall adopt it, as 45 all this down in the journal; he weighed the problem, analyzed himself scathingly, and yet could come to no other conclusion. Here, then, was an impasse. There was, indeed, one way out of it; that was to had lasted thirty-four years. He was indeed, one way out of it; that was to brought up like a good Russian in the 50 kill himself. The demon of suicide kept Tolstoy pretty close company for many a day. Just why he did not put an end to his life is a little hard to explain, if he about him, some of them relatives, some has given us absolutely just data of his servants in the house, and others peasants 55 experiences. Why did not St. Augustine kill himself? They are comparable characters; both were miserably unhappy. The demon of suicide appears to have

been superseded at critical moments by a divinity that was shaping his ends. Perhaps, too, he exaggerated. Men like this always overstate; they also in their fury that transcend their logic.

There was in his case, to be sure, an alleviation other than suicide - story writing. In the distribution of talents that goes on in this world, Tolstoy was pover with astonishment. That one man invested with an almost uncanny creative imagination. He could put himself definitely in the place of other people. And so intense and of so wide a range were his experiences and his sympathies that 15 ever, likely to be. For those later pages this talent of his allowed him to ignore momentarily his philosophy. I shall not dwell upon his early stories. They were received with immediate applause, and placed him at once in the front rank of 20 novel. The lessons in a work of art fol-Russia's writers. Later, in his religious zeal, he rejected them almost entire as examples of perverted art. A vain disclaimer! They were uneven, of course; of a hundred stories not all can be su-25the imagination can never be logically repreme. Yet I am not aware that one could honestly call any one of them feeble; many are masterly - none artistically untrue; nor was Tolstoy capable of writing an impure story. His intuitions be- 30 stoy should have been a preacher is, I lied his reason. These stories express the sort of man Tolstoy was, and Tolstoy the man, Tolstoy as he appeared in his creative work, was, I am inclined to believe, a

I do not mean by this statement, of course, that an imaginative writer should not possess a philosophy of life. The truth lies in the opposite direction. Great the sole desire of getting rid of it with all poets are seers; their wisdom is the wis- 40 possible speed.' Tolstoy was not bored dom of the searching minds. The poems of Homer epitomize Greek wisdom of the heroic age; Don Quixote, the plays of Molière and of Shakespeare stand for definite views of life, unexpressed, to be sure, 45 soul, his personal responsibility, was its in the language of philosophy, but still there, and there, I assume, consciously. A poet should not be deprived of his humanity. This view was realized most clearly, I imagine, by the Greeks in their 50 the stages of his progress from his first attitude toward their great dramatists. The Greeks expected from their dramatists distinct and tangible interpretations, and they were not disappointed. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes 55 and the ignorant; the pilgrims, the monks, analyzed for them the principles of moral and religious conduct.

With such a conception of art no one

could have been in greater sympathy than Tolstoy, and nowhere did he practise it on a greater scale than in the two great novels of his maturity, War and Peace, fail to account for the hidden influences and Anna Karenina. The former of these novels comes as near being a cosmos as any single work of the nineteenth century. It soon forced itself into translation, and was received the civilized world could know so much of life! And vet this book bears evidence of a troubled, discordant mind. That may not be a misfortune in a great work of art; it is, howof dialogue in Paradise Lost justifying the ways of God to man are no more surely an artistic blemish than are the chapters of preaching in Tolstoy's great low a far different lead from the lessons in a sermon. In the former case you gather them as you may, you are somewhat loath to restate them; an appeal to stated. But a sermon is statement: the preacher is at pains to tell you precisely in terms of reason what he means. These two methods will not combine. That Tolthink, to our great advantage, but he might have spared us his philosophical discussions in his novels.

This distinction of mind is thrown into finer personality than Tolstoy the thinker. 35 relief by a couple of sentences taken from his correspondence. 'At this moment,' he writes, 'I am yoking myself anew to that tiresome and vulgar Anna Karenina, with merely with Anna Karenina; he was weary of art. The life of this modern St. Augustine had been a prolonged agony of religious doubt; the salvation of his chief concern. How he ultimately came to see the light, he has told us in My Confession. From that tractate, begun in 1879, I shall quote a few passages to mark period of denial to his final period of faith.

> 'I began,' he says, 'to draw nearer to the believers among the poor, the simple, the peasants. The doctrines of these men of the people like those of the pretended believers of my own class, were Christian.

Here also much that was superstitious was mingled with the truths of Christianity, but with this difference, that the superstition of the believers of our class was entirely unnecessary to them, and never influenced their lives beyond serving as a kind of Epicurean distraction; while the superstition of the believing laboring class was so interwoven with their lives that it was impossible to conceive them without sodently never known what faith was.' it—it was a necessary condition of their living at all. The whole life of the believers of our class was in flat contradiction with their faith, and the whole life firmation of the meaning of life which their faith gave them."

And so he began to study the lives and the doctrines of the 'people.' He returned, as it were, to the past, to his child- 20 tions. hood and youth. 'I united myself,' he says, 'to my ancestors — to those I loved, my father, mother, and grandparents. I joined the millions of the people whom I in all this, for bad with me meant the indulgence of the lusts of the flesh. When I got up early to attend divine service. I knew that I was doing well, if it were only bethe sake of a closer union with my ancestors and contemporaries, and, in order to seek for a meaning in life, sacrificed my bodily comfort.'

It was the same with preparing for the 35 true.' communion, the daily reading of prayers, with genuflections, and the observance of all the fasts. 'However insignificant the sacrifices were,' he says, 'they were made communion, fasted, and observed regular hours for prayer both at home and at church.

Such is the picture of Tolstoy, a communicant of the orthodox church --- as we 45 sible. But at the same time in the shall see, a somewhat uncertain figure.

'I shall never forget,' he goes on, 'the painful feeling I experienced when I took communion for the first time after many years. . . . It was such happiness for me 50 Not only murder in actual warfare was to humble myself with a quiet heart before the confessor, a simple and mild priest, and, repenting of my sins, to lay bare all the mire of my soul; it was such happiness to be united in spirit with the 55 I looked round on all that was done by meek fathers of the church who composed these prayers; such happiness to be one with all who have believed and who do be-

lieve, that I could not feel my explanation was artificial' . . . 'But,' he adds, 'when I drew near to the "holy gates" and the priest called on me to repeat that I beslieved that what I was about to swallow was the real body and blood, it cut me to the heart; it was a false note, though small; it was no unconsidered word; it was the cruel demand of one who had evi-

In this condition Tolstov lived for three years; it was while he was writing Anna Karenina. The ideals of his own class, represented by the chief characters in that of the believers of the people was a con- 15 book, had become odious to him, he was turning for religious guidance to the peo-They only were on the right track; they only had grasped the teachings of Jesus. Yet a searcher must make distinc-'The people,' he affirms, 'as a whole had a knowledge of truth; this was incontestable, for otherwise they could not live. Moreover, this knowledge of truth was open to me; I was already living by respect. Moreover there was nothing bad 25 it, and felt all its force; but in that same knowledge there was also error. Of that again I could not doubt. All, however, that formerly repelled me now presented itself in a vivid light. Although I saw cause I tamed my intellectual pride for 30 that there was less of what had repelled me as false among the people than among the representatives of the church, I also saw that in the belief of the people what was false was mingled with what was

Tolstoy is now passing into his third period — as he puts it, the period in which he lived for God. The immediate occasion of his break with the church was the in a good cause.' He prepared for the 40 Turko-Russian war of 1877. 'At this time,' he says, 'Russia was engaged in war; and in the name of Christian love. Russians were engaged in slaying their brethren. Not to think of this was imposchurches men were praying for the success of our arms, and the teachers of religion were accepting these murders as acts which were the consequence of faith. approved, but, during the troubles which ensued, I saw members of the church, her teachers, monks and ascetics, approving of the murder of erring and helpless youths. men who professed to be Christians, and I was horrified.'

The Tolstoy who now emerges, Tolstoy

at the age of fifty, is the man we know best. 'Leon is always working,' his wife writes. 'Alas! he is writing some sort of religious treatises. He lies and reflects until his head splits, and all to prove that 5 tled, the world about him counts for noththe church is not in accord with the teaching of the Gospels. I doubt if his efforts interest a dozen people in Russia. But there is nothing to do for it. I only hope that it will be over with quickly, and pass to cheap way out of it. Tolstoy is not at away like a disease.' To him she wrote: 'That you should waste such extraordinary intellectual force in chopping wood, heating the samovar and in cobbling simply an inevitable offshoot of their shoes, saddens me.' And later: 'Well, I is faith. Thus, in spite of the denial I have take comfort in the Russian proverb, "Let the child have his way, provided he does n't crv."'

This is expert testimony; yet the views do not coincide fully, I imagine, with our own. A prophet, to be sure, is likely to be troublesome about the house. Tolstoy, we must know, was what William James calls a twice-born man. His 25 life his art always served his religion. In mother gave birth to him in 1828; but one birth is never enough for a saint. The Isaiahs and the Pascals and the Bunyans always have to be born again; otherwise, like most of us, they die. No Greek 30 To his mind the artistic activity is simply that I know of, and no Roman, was ever born more than once; they were, as Carlyle says, the best of them, terribly at ease in Zion. But the Hebrews and the Christians, the prophets and the saints 35 others may be infected by these feelings among them, were never satisfied — are never satisfied - with but one birth. Tolstoy had several of them, and the latest was always prone to be a little more painful than the one before. Such profusion 40 and bad art do not interest Tolstoy, alis undomestic. Let us now turn to one or two other considerations.

If you recall the statements I quoted at the beginning of this sketch, you noted vinity of Christ. Tolstoy was excommunicated from one church and could have joined no other, Catholic or Evangelical; nor could he have become an acnections of such a nature would have entailed an intellectual compromise as abhorrent to him as it was impossible. To Tolstoy's imperious, Russian mind, creeds far removed from a mere moralist as was a medieval saint. His religion was a religion of faith, it rested not at all on

'good works.' The first article in the creed of a man of religion is to get himself right with his God. This becomes his passion and until that matter is seting. The words, 'benevolence,' 'philanthropy,' 'horse-sense,' while the struggle is on, bring no comfort to such a man. They appear rather as mere babblings, a home with the moralists; his place is among that rarer, more positive company of men of religion, whose good works are mentioned. Tolstoy ranks with the great

religious leaders.

A question naturally arises, Can a man be at once both a prophet and an artist? of Mme. Tolstoy concerning her husband a And the answer is, I take it, Yes, religion and art may lie down together like the tiger and the lamb, but the lamb must always lie inside the tiger. Tolstoy remained a great artist, but during his later his book, What is Art? published in 1898, Tolstoy being at the time seventy years of age, he denies to art the quality of beauty. a quality which the Greeks insisted upon. the evoking in oneself feelings one has once experienced and then having evoked them, consciously handing them on, by means of certain external signs, so that and also experience them. His definition proper goes no further than this; but the definition is not the most significant part of that book. Distinctions between good though he uses those words constantly; his distinctions, as a man of religion, are between art 'worth while' and art perverted. Art worth while, he affirms, one spirited denial, the denial of the di-45 should in the first place express those primary emotions - love, hatred, jealousy, fear — in such terms that all people, the peasant as well as the philosopher, may understand them. Ibsen's The Mastive member of the Y. M. C. A. All con- 50 ter Builder is intelligible only to a class; it is therefore an example of perverted The Odyssey is an example of art worth while. In the second place, great art, supreme art, should have as its fundacould not be 'restated,' and yet he was as 55 mental theme the Christian gospel of brotherly love. That is art most worth while. Adam Bede, The Christmas Carol, the works of Dostoievsky, the story of Joseph and his brethren, are a few examples of art on the theme of brotherly

Those who have familiarized themselves with the sequence of Tolstoy's imaginative 5 adds naïvely, 'that this was perfectly just, writing have noticed the effect of these theories upon it. His art undergoes a renewal. No longer are his stories mere transcripts of life; in fact, most of them. his assertions to the contrary notwith- to finally to die alone. standing, were never quite that. But now they serve much more consciously his religious ideals. Among them appear what might be called parables, Two Old Men. Man - with this distinction: The characters in Tolstoy's finest parables, unlike those in the parables we are most familiar with, are never types; they are always inof sermonizing with a difference. I seem to see the lamb of art lying down most trustfully very near but yet outside the tiger of religion. Resurrection, the great ress through a real world. Perhaps the main characters are not so sharply defined as in Anna Karenina; Tolstoy did not know them quite so well. He is an old man of youth have in part escaped him. But the critic approaches Resurrection softly, for it stands among the fairest and most authentic 'poems of human compassion.'

the complexity of the modern age, yet so sharp are its main features that it seems at times almost simple. It was a brutal act, perhaps, for him to thrust his diary that she would read it in tears; the act may have been brutal; to him it was a gage to sheer honesty. On the evening of his return from a visit to the slums of but with such warmth and so angrily that his wife rushed in from an adjoining room to ask what had happened. It appeared,' 2 he says, 'that I had, without being aware of it, shouted out in an agon- 50 ized voice, gesticulating wildly, should not go on living in this way! We must not live so! We have no right!"' He was rebuked for his unnecessary excitement, was told that he could not talk 55 quietly upon any question, that he was irritable, and it was pointed out to him that

From What Shall We Do?

the existence of such misery as he had witnessed should in no way be a reason for embittering the life of the home cir-Simple-minded Tolstoy! 'I felt,' he and held my tongue; but in the depth of my soul I knew that I was right, and I could not quiet my conscience.' It was this unquiet conscience that sent him off

In the morning papers of December 8, 1912, there appeared among the headlines the announcement of the printing of Tolstoy's diary. The appended article gave The Death of Ivan Iliitch, Master and 15 a few extracts, evidently from a preface. From this, in closing, I shall quote briefly, Tolstoy the ultimate word. allowing 'After all,' he wrote, 'let my diaries remain as they are. It may be seen from dividualized. The stories wear their rue 20 them that in spite of the misery of my youth, God did not abandon me and that as I grew older I learned, however little, to understand and to love Him.' 'I have had moments,' he continues, 'when I have novel of his old age, is a Pilgrim's Prog- 25 sometimes been so impure and so subject to personal passions that the light of this truth has been obscured by my own obscurity; but in spite of all, I have served at times as the intermediary for now, and the turmoil and contradictions 30 His truth, and those have been the happiest moments of my life.' What a change here from that head-long Tolstoy who one day came from the Caucasus to ally himself with the devotees of art! Tolstoy's character takes on much of 35 And what a contrast, too, between the fine renunciation of these words and the arrogance of that other confessor of a century before - Rousseau! 'May God will that, passing through me, these truths into the hands of his betrothed, knowing 40 have not been sullied, and may mankind find in them its pasture. It is only in that that my writings have importance. Finally, 'If the people of the world wish to ready my writing, let them dwell on Moscow, he began to argue with a friend, 45 those passages where I know the Divine power has spoken through me, and let them profit from them throughout their lives.'

IX

RUSSIAN NOVELISTS AND **ENGLISH**

[Nation, New York, February 25, 1915. By permission.]

When the uttermost causes of the present war are recorded some day in the

great Blue Book of history, a fair measure of responsibility will fall upon Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, and their successors. Such a Blue Book will print copious extracts tracts from the younger English novelists, and will show how the Anglo-Russian entente which made the present conflict possible had been encouraged, or at least ment between Russian fiction and the newest British schools. The influence of Dostoievsky, as the most typical representative of the Slav soul, upon the ideals and bert Cannan, and half a dozen others, is unmistakable. It is an influence acknowlmen have gone in for the novel of psychology, or in their discovery of the 'lower classes,' or in their exploiting of the lower emotions, or in their extreme frankness. acter upon character, and almost of phrase upon phrase. One might take Mr. Cannan's latest story, Young Gilbert Earnest (Appleton), and point out peomodified - and not infrequently misapplied - in accordance with the English temperament and the writer's special ishment has been for some time a sort of Bible to the circle of younger writers in

themselves to the influence of the Russians, have followed not only the masters but the third-rate men. Even the Rusin Russia half a dozen years ago, and is now put forth in an English translation (B. W. Huebsch), with an introduction the introduction admits that the book is an uncomfortable one. What he seems to overlook is that Sanine is uncomfortable in an utterly different way from Crime and Punishment. The Russian novel has 55 from formula. always been sincere, outspoken, and faithful to the complexities of life. Sanine is fearfully outspoken, and is probably sin-

cere, but it is not a novel of life, but a novel with a purpose. It inculcates the ideal of the man who stands beyond good and evil with almost exclusive emphasis from the Russian novelists and copious ex- 5 on the dogma that the aim of life is in the satisfaction of physical desire. Sanine has been explained as marking the reaction from the shattered hopes and ideals of the Russian revolution. Since altruaccompanied, by a remarkable rapproche- wism, self-sacrifice, had been proved a failure in the thousands of Russian youth who had gone to the gallows in vain, there must be a sharp swing towards egoism, self-indulgence in a very specific method of writers like Compton Macken- 15 sense. In this sharp reaction from pole zie, W. B. Maxwell, J. D. Beresford, Gil- to pole the book is typically Russian. It is not typical in the lifelessness of its principal characters. For all his playing edged. Imitation of the Russians is rethe Superman, Sanine is an abstraction vealed not only in the way these younger 20 and a good deal of a bore. He is utterly removed from the flesh and blood that crowd the pages of Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, and Turgenieff.

Plainly, the writers of the English novel It is shown in a close modeling of char- 25 who would master the secret of the great Russians must study their 'Bible' more carefully; though even then it is evident that they will assimilate the new teaching under the limitations of racial temperaple, situations, turns of expression, which 30 ment and social tradition. The one lesare straight from Dostoievsky, though son they should and may acquire is that son they should and may acquire is that the great Russians never worked by formula, even when they worked for a purpose. It is true that Turgenieff's novels have a equipment. Dostoievsky's Crime and Pun- 35 social meaning in the sense that his successive stories chronicle the emergence of new types from changing social condi-England. tions. Only Turgenieff's characters are Unfortunately, there is evidence that the never 'types,' but intensely living men younger English novelists, in subjecting 40 and women. It is true that Tolstoy in Anna Karenina is already the moralist, but his ethical purpose is quite submerged in the epic of life, the preacher is sians can do fairly poor work at times. drowned in the artist. And so in Dos-As an example there is the famous Sanine, 45 toievsky, that gospel of redemption by Michael Artzibasheff, which appeared through suffering, which comes nearest to being a formula, is always exemplified in men and women of an almost terrifying reality. It follows that the outspokenness by Mr. Gilbert Cannan. The writer of 50 of the Russian masters arises entirely out of an inner necessity, out of the need of depicting the truth. Their frankness may at times be excruciating, but it is never shocking. It proceeds from life and not

Whereas formula, in setting or in expression, is very prominent among the English imitators of the Russians, just as it is prominent in Sanine which is scarcely anything but imitation. It is prominent in the English writers who are apt to think that sincerity is that which shocks the bourgeois. Mr. Gilbert Cannan, for example, is realistic by formula and idyllic by formula. When realistic he is very, very realistic. On such occasions men and women 'hunger for the possession' of each other, and their kisses are 'bitter 10 sweet.' When idyllic, he is very idyllic, and men and women run hand in hand down sun-kissed slopes - pure spirit, in fact. Now, the great Russians are neither blend spirit and body, sin and ecstasy, into that single thing called life.

X

HUGH WALPOLE AND THE NOVEL

H. W. BOYNTON

[Evening Post, New York, April 24, 1915. By permission.]

It was very recently that England found newly risen novelists who seemed to be bringing fresh matter, or at least a fresh flavor, to English fiction. They owed much to Messrs. Wells, Bennett, and Galstinental masters, French and Russian, with whose weapons the death-blow (we flatter ourselves) has at last been dealt to Respectability and Victorianism. Their to which British authorship has recently been speeded up. And there is something approaching uniformity in the larger process behind their virtuosity. Henry James 'The process of squeezing out to the utmost the plump and more or less juicy orange of a particular acquainted state, and letting this affirmation of energy, however directed or undirected, constitute 50 piness; and so it is with Maradick. for them the "treatment" of a theme that is what we remark them as mainly Applying this generalizaengaged in.' tion, Mr. James observes that Arnold Ben-Wells's, that of the extraordinarily intense and versatile experiences of his own

mind; Hugh Walpole (to come to our particular instance) that of Youth. 'Mr. Walpole offers us indeed a rare and interesting case,' says Mr. James. 'We see sabout the field none other like it; the case of a positive identity between the spirit, not to say the time of life or stage of experience, of the aspiring artist and the field itself of its vision.

We wonder if this is the right explana-

tion of the phenomenon. It is true that, under the age of thirty, Mr. Walpole has produced six novels tingling with the consciousness of youth. But is normal youth sultry by rule nor idyllic by rule; but they 15 quite so conscious of itself? Are not your middle-aged novelists and poets the ones who really worship it? What if Mr. Walpole were simply precocious? His six novels, saturated with the worship of 20 youth, are in much the mood that inspired The Princess and the Butterfly. When that play was written, Mr. Shaw, then a dramatic critic, at once nicknamed it Turning Forty. Its author, Mr. Pinero, 25 had just passed the turn, and its mood, however coddled for dramatic purposes, was natural. For a boy in his twenties, on the other hand, to write a Maradick at Forty seems unnatural — until we pertime to be interested in certain rising or soceive that by an excess of sensibility and out of the very intensity of his worship of youth, he has dramatized his dread of its loss. And he has not perceived that the mood in which middle-age regrets worthy, and probably more to the Con-35 youth is incidental and relatively slight. Youth, after all, is not the only thing worth having.

Because he thinks it is the only thing, or the chief thing, Mr. Walpole's middleworkmanship is of the uniform brilliancy 40 aged men are represented as mainly occupied in clinging to it. The hero of his first novel, The Wooden Horse, is a man with a grown-up son and the heart and mind of a healthy boy. His triumph is has called it a process of saturation: 45 precisely that he himself has not grown This is true also of Mr. Zanti, in Fortitude. The pathos of the protagonist of The Gods and Mr. Perrin is that he has lost, with youth, his chances of hap-

Therefore, although the later novels of this writer show a steady advance in workmanship, and the emergence of a desire to interpret life in its larger aspects, nett's saturation is that of a special pro-55 we never quite get away from that initial vincial milieu, the Five Towns; Mr. H. 5 preoccupation. Mr. Walpole's first book, The Wooden Horse, is (like most first books) so far inferior to its successors

that it may safely be ignored. His 'Trojan' family are the aristocratic puppets of tradition; the types appear again in The Duchess of Wrexe, but greatly humanized and individualized. It is almost possible to believe in the Beaminthe Trojans. The sters - never in Wooden Horse was written while Mr. Walpole was teaching in an English school. On the strength of its acceptance wa decade or two. There is an advantage by a publisher, he made the plunge from schoolmastering to professional authorship. The Gods and Mr. Perrin is evidently based on his experiences as a schoolmaster. It is much shorter and, in 15 be worth while, the companion of so long scope, less pretentious than any of the other stories except The Prelude to Adventure, and this is perhaps why these books seem to me his strongest pieces of work. There is a grim intensity and econ-zoin fact the offspring of a strange mésalomy about them which is far more im-liance. We cannot believe that there is pressive than the diffused enthusiasm and at times strained sensibility of the longer novels. They spring more directly from the writer's experience - or perhaps we 25 their easy habit of bursting into floods of should say they spring from experiences which the writer is better able to inter-The Gods and Mr. Perrin is subtitled A Tragi-Comedy, and is, in fact, a well-nigh terrifying study of the mental 30 grel that he is — Tolstoy, as it were, out and moral desolation of a certain type of Mrs. X — Y —. Mr. Walpole's of provincial school. Moffat's is in its way as dreary as Do-the-Boys Hall, but here it is the dreariness of the masters upon which the eye is focussed. Mr. 35 free from strained emotionalism. Forti-Perrin is simply the most hapless of a hapless group, hating their task and each other to the verge of murder and mad-That he falls short of murder and is rescued from madness is hardly more 40 that by losing the world a man may gain than a piece of luck. The 'unconvincing' part of the story is that in which he is represented as deliberately planning, in a spirit of heroic bravado, to turn back and he was happy, happy as he had never again to the dreadful existence which he 45 before known happiness, in any time, behas roused himself to fling off. The Prelude to Adventure, which followed Mr. Perrin in point of time, deals with a sort of obverse problem: it begins with a murder, and goes on to show that even such 50 to be ready for everything - love, friendan act may not be the be-all and the endall of character and experience for the murderer — may, indeed, be but the rising of the curtain, a 'prelude to adventure.' brave."' So the book ends as it has be-How it happened that our Cambridge 55 gun, with a cry for courage — a cry with undergraduate killed his man, that he was never legally brought to book, and that his life was not hopelessly ruined by the

episode, is the subject of this strangely

original and powerful tale.

Its successors, Fortitude and The Duchess of Wrexe, have won a much wider 5 audience and more enthusiastic praise.

Fortitude is a story upon the big scale, a 'life' novel of the type to which novelists are so generally returning from the novel of episode which supplanted it for in following a human experience from beginning to end, or at least from infancy to maturity for which the episodic method has no equivalent. Only the pursuit must a journey must be something more than a weakling. The heroes of these young English novelists are too often mere bundles of desire and sensibility. They are a new race of Englishmen whom they fairly represent. If any proof were needed of their alien blood, it would be in tears. Some day one of them will forget and kiss his comrade on both cheeks. after which the very finest of Oxford accents will not be able to conceal the monyoung men are more manly and more English than Mr. Compton Mackenzie's or Mr. Gilbert Cannan's; but they are not tude, the book which made the writer known in America, is a sort of extended prelude to adventure.' At the end of it Peter Westcott has just learned the lesson his soul. We leave him baring his bosom, a trifle theatrically (he is always selfconscious), to the storm. 'He was alone, fore. . . . The rain lashed his face and body. His clothes hung heavily about him. He answered the storm: "Make of me a man - to be afraid of nothing . . . ship, success . . . to take it as it comes ... to care nothing if these things are not for me - make me brave! Make me brave."' So the book ends as it has bea touch of hysteria in it. With The Duchess of Wrexe, Mr. Wal-

pole has begun, it is clear, a new adven-

ture of his own, an adventure towards the interpretation of society as contrasted with the individual. This story is the first of a group to be called The Rising City, but for some reason the writer has taken 5 creators to our attention, there are simpler special pains to disclaim it as a trilogy. 'The Duchess of Wrexe,' he says, 'is entirely a novel complete and independent in itself. . . . The three novels will be connected in place, in idea, and in sequence to criticism might well attempt to answer the of time. Also certain of the same characters will appear in all three books. But the novels are not intended as sequels of one another, nor is The Rising City a Trilogy.' Mr. Walpole's people have a 15this hand made of my world? For it is way of reappearing in later books, but, trilogy or not, something more than that seems to be here presaged. The Duchess of Wrexe, in its larger aspect, is a study British 'Autocrats,' as typified by the Beaminsters, with the old Duchess of Wrexe at their head. The Duchess dies at the democracy kept, for the most part, within strictest bounds. The moral drawn is that tigers must have some sort of freedom, and that democracy can succeed only thy neighbor as thyself, may be looked for as the upshot. 'That's my Individualism, my Rising City,' says the chorusphilosopher of the book; and seems to give which are to be its successors, if not in a strict sense its sequels. Mr. Walpole still has youth, and if, as Mr. James surmises, what he needs is to 'work free of this mature work, that is a matter which time will doubtless attend to.

XI

MRS. WHARTON'S WORLD

ROBERT HERRICK

[New Republic, February 13, 1915. By permission of author and publisher.]

The exclusive aim of literary criticism can hardly be that of drawing the mental sonality, as Mr. Brownell, reaffirming the faith derived from his master Sainte-Beuve, has recently asserted. That may be a fruitful enough ideal for the professional critic reading anew the ancient monuments; but for the less exacting task of reckoning the claims of contemporary methods than an elaborate portraiture of what may very possibly prove to be lacking in salient or permanent traits. least before undertaking any such task, question that every thoughtful contemporary must put to an imaginative effort, especially to the novel which deals with the known appearances of life: what has here that the novelist touches us all most

closely.

What has Mrs. Wharton done for our world - for the American scene, to use of the passing of an ancient order, the 20 Mr. Henry James's somewhat precious phrase? The experts have told us again and again that Mrs. Wharton's touch is the deftest, the surest, of all our American moment when the relief of Mafeking lets manipulators in the novel form. Quite loose the 'tigers' of London, the mongrel 25 recently Mr. James has reiterated in his reverberating periods his authoritative praise of Mrs. Wharton's accomplishment. Hers is the only American name he has found occasion to mention in his latest when it has had free play - when 'Love 30 appraisal of contemporary English fiction. The ground for according such distinction to Mrs. Wharton is plain to one acquainted with the craftsman's side of the novelist's business. Mrs. Wharton writes wella key to the treatment of the two novels 35 perhaps too consciously well. Technically she has formed her method on the approved tradition of French fiction, the tradition of refinements and exclusions, of subtleties and intentions, the tradition of primitive predicament,' in order to do 40 Flaubert and Turgenieff, on which Mr. James admiringly formed himself a generation ago, rather than on the richer if less esthetically satisfying tradition of English and Russian fiction, of Fielding 45 and Thackeray, of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky. In this approved school triumphs are more easily won, at least more enthusiastically recognized by the expert who has served his term there, than in the other 50 looser tradition.

Technical proficiency of any sort, according to any intelligent ideal, is commendable surely, but only in measure as it achieves the purpose of all technique, and spiritual portrait of a creative per-55 which is effective creation. No true artist can be content with a triumph of manner alone. If Mrs. Wharton were forced to remain on a solitary pedestal of tech-

nical proficiency, hers would be a lonely position in this day of unacademic freedom in all creative effort, and her admirers by dwelling too insistently on her excellent manner would do her a dubious service, all the more as their praises seem to deny the validity of other and robuster ideals for the novel. It may well be, inof that freer, more epic treatment of life so much deprecated by Mr. James in his comments on Tolstoy.

However all this may be judged by the few who are absorbed in the how rather 15 deed, so far to the extravagant verge of than the what of the finished product, it is futile to deny that the what is always of first importance to that large mute audience of the uninitiated to which every creator must appeal in the last resort. 20 names of the heroine and of her origin, And respecting Mrs. Wharton's content, it has been her misfortune that her publishers should have advertised so persistently and complacently her peculiar advantage in possessing an accurate knowledge 25 names. One feels that extremely little of of her material, for observing, that is, that small portion of American humanity intensively occupied with purely social ambitions. Mrs. Wharton, we have been told, has actually been part of what she 30 They emerge from beneath her trained presents as fiction, the inference being that the fiction must inevitably be the better for this fact. It is a naïve conviction that intimate experience is a condition of imaginative realization. The truth seems to 35 istic of imaginative presentations is that be that the least influential factor is the observed fact, while the personality through which the fact must pass with its fundamental knowledge and power of realization is the controlling one. It scarcely so or man. But one doubts Undine Spragg, needs the illustrious example of a Balzac, who constructed solidly an entire social system out of the meagerest of observed data, to suggest that Mrs. Wharton may actually have been hampered in her im- 45 which the newspaper paragraph must peraginative representations by a too exclusive and intimate acquaintance with her material. Certainly she has not done least - been least convincing - in those occasional excursions into the less familiar 50 reer? reaches of her field such as Ethan Frome.

Possibly it was an instinctive realization of this commonplace that led Mrs. Wharton in the three American novels of which I am especially thinking to choose 55 hearth, I suspect, than that of the two that portion of the abundant material at her command which presumably appealed least to her own heart and soul - the

shoddy part. For it is the shoddier part of rich and fashionable New York, indubitably authentic as 'society' though it be, that preponderatingly occupies the scene in The House of Mirth and The Custom of the Country - the part Mrs. Wharton has least zealously embraced, however carefully she may have studied deed, that the French tradition with all its its manifestations. The House of Mirth, reservations is already doomed in favor 10 offering that most significant of Mrs. Wharton's discoveries, the lamentable. Lily Bart, contains less of obvious shoddy than The Custom of the Country, with its Undine Spragg and Elmer Moffatt. Inthe social world has Mrs. Wharton moved in this latter novel that it remains fantastically unreal, with the generic unreality of the parable, betrayed even by the stage 'Apex City.' Apex City! As expert a realist as Mrs. Wharton must have been aware to what unreality of the typical she was surrendering herself with those satiric this variegated chronique of marriage and divorce, of 'Wall street deals' and vulgarian millionaires, ever really entered into Mrs. Wharton's delicate perceptions. hand almost as raw as from the reportorial insignificance of the newspaper to which she so often refers the reader for corroboration. The singular characterthey provide their own test of their validity, whether or not the reader has happened to have similar experiences. Crusoe's island was never doubted by boy Apex City, Elmer Moffatt and their world, although the newspapers authenticate them daily with precise detail. That something human, essential for conviction, force omit, the novelist should provide at any rate a novelist such as Mrs. Wharton. Otherwise why piece together the shoddy chronicle of Undine Spragg's ca-

In The Fruit of the Tree Mrs. Wharton has largely ignored the loud, the shoddy, the super-fashionable. Yet the world here displayed is scarcely more of her own others mentioned. The reforming, sociological hero is an emanation of the serious world that customarily revolves somewhere within hail of the more hectic orbit of 'society.' But Amherst and his philanthropic yearnings over the Westmore mills has the fatal stamp of amateurishas the preposterous Spragg family. With all his earnest intention Amherst merely scratches the surface of the immense field of American social endeavor. His creator of 'doing good' and 'social settlements.' Fortunately The Fruit of the Tree holds much else that is better realized if not better worth realizing than social service: it contains the soft, shallow Bessie, the 15 best done of Mrs. Wharton's many rich women, as well as Justine, the most daring of her young women. And the conflict between the rich wife and the idealistic venturous second wife, are all much more in Mrs. Wharton's real province - the analytic and psychological province where the subtleties of the subtly-minded are neatly unraveled.

What has Mrs. Wharton done toward painting in our national canvas? Granting the utility and significance of all elements in the scene, granting at least for Tree, the authenticity of portrayal, nevertheless, beyond the single figure of Lily Bart, which is doubtless the most authoritative version ever rendered of the shalcan girl, there is little of importance that remains. For one reason, Mrs. Wharton's stories are almost manless in any real conception of the sex, and in spite of the cial world we have not yet reached the point where men are utterly negligible, where Selden or Marvell. Rosedale or Gus Trenor will answer for men. As for the ton's chosen contribution has been quite exclusively in the realm of social passion, which she has correctly portrayed as the pathological absorption of American knowledge have not saved her from exaggerations, unrealities, and repetitions. The prevailing tone, the final taste of this American society is that of a marvelous thinness — tinniness, rather. Are we as a 55 people when we evolve into 'society,' are our women, even, as mentally and spirit-

ually anemic as Mrs. Wharton's world betrays them? Without too easy a patriotism it may be doubted whether this clever observer has 'been fair' even to our ness — the unrealized — almost as plainly 5' most fashionable circles.' Certainly she has not cared to tone her pictures by vigorous contrasts or shaded examples. Instances of these she has offered, but with little enthusiasm; they are pallid ghosts, still thinks of these matters in the terms wher 'nice' people, who by right of soul as well as of blood belong to the world she has chosen to exploit. Why has Mrs. Wharton never cared to do more for them,

for the Seldens, the Marvells?

The explanation may lie in the truth of which I have already hinted, that Mrs. Wharton is not primarily a social historian, that she does not use the novel for this epic purpose, although these longer husband, the reactions of Amherst and his 20 American stories suggest quite naturally such a presumption, Ethan Frome betrays the secret of her true power. This shortened novel, this monochrome prose tragedy so exquisitely dealt with, reveals 25 the spiritual interest with which Mrs. Wharton is innately sympathetic — this and the suppressed drama of Bessie and Amherst, the expressed drama of Amherst and Justine. These spiritual conflicts in-The House of Mirth and The Fruit of the 30 volve no necessity of picturing a civilization; they are universal. Just because, perhaps, they are not conditioned by special environment or caste, because they lie outside the hard actualities of her perlowly rooted and socially obsessed Ameri- 35 sonal contracts, their creator's imagination seems to have been happily released, to work more freely and convincingly in them. Ethan Frome conceivably sprang from no more intimate experience than dominance of American women in our so- 40 Undine Spragg and her crew, yet his subdued and twilight tragedy of relaxed will spoke to his creator with all the fidelity of high art. This is the field of creative interest to which Mrs. Wharton has repaired woman side of the picture, Mrs. Whar- 45 more frequently in her short stories than in her novels. Her talent, a defining, analyzing, and subtlizing talent, has found little that was really congenial or suggestive in the common run of our coarsely women. Even her skill and her special 50 accented national life. She has rarely caught its more significant notes or tried to peer beneath its obvious superficialities, nor has she been warmly charmed by its kaleidoscopic glitter. The larger canvas, therefore, I infer, is not her natural opportunity, competent artist that she is.

XII

THE SALAMANDER

[Times (London, England) Literary Supplement, April 2, 1915. By permission.]

The Salamander, by Owen Johnson (Martin Secker), though it has undoubted merits as a novel, must equally be nour younger novelists on this side of the described as a sociological monograph on a very extensive scale. It is an exact report of the conditions of the life led by the Salamander. What, then, is a Sala- which animates Mr. Johnson, will often mander? From a portentously serious 15 be well rewarded. For one thing, his foreword, in the best manner of the sociological treatise, we learn that the Salamander is a type of young woman that has been rapidly developing in New York, whose 'passion is to know, to leave no otress is explained in perfectly candid decranny unexplored, to see, not to experience, to flit miraculously through the flames - never to be consumed!' Out of the States somewhere she flings herself, unintroduced, upon New York, determined 25 American push and American slang. But to 'see the world' like her brothers. She sticks at nothing, except the loss of her 'virtue'; and the more perilous the adventure, the more 'dangerous' the man, the better she likes it. How does she live? 30 out, dissected, and discussed with much Well, as she represents one side of the feminist movement, which would encourage women to share with men the work of life and be economically independent, the answer is an odd one. She gets some easy 35 ine emerges from the whole a sympathetic occupation - she typewrites or 'plays at art,' or 'touches the stage,' or does a little journalism — and so gets 'the little ready money she needs.' But she lives in taxis and motors, dines at a new restaurant 40 every night, 'knows the insides of pawnshops, has secret treaties with tradesmen, and by a hundred stratagems procures herself presents which may be converted into cash.' The day of the Salamander is from 45 eighteen to twenty-five; then she either marries, as does Doré, the heroine of this novel, or takes up some serious career, or flouts the true gospel of a Salamander by definitely stepping outside the social pale. 50 of that city of surprises, New York.

The Salamander is undeniably a portent, at least to the American sociologist. But it must be doubted whether even that resolute inquirer, in his thirst for knowledge, could stand any long experience of 55 inal twenty-five. It plays with fire to the the Salamander's world. To ordinary individuals the unending whirl of buzzing telephones, joyrides, noise, kisses, orchids,

champagne, and surreptitious banknotes must become, almost at once, inexpressibly tedious. It is just that to which Mr. Johnson has devoted nearly 400 pages of 5 close print, and it loses none of its tediousness at second hand. But to complain that the subject is immensely over-weighted is only to recognize that Mr. Johnson is following the approved method of some of Atlantic. And, indeed, the reader who persists with the story, nerved by the same devotion to social science as that searchlight plays relentlessly into the recesses of New York life. The method of the procured husband who can frank all escapades of his wife in her rôle of mistail; and in a lighter vein the story of how Estelle Monks became Ferdie Amsterdam, of the famous Society column of the Free Press, is a master-picture of there are plenty of effective scenes, genre pictures worked up with an immense amount of vivacious realism; the amours of men and women rigorously followed skill and insight - though the serious intensity with which they are handled would not be excessive if the fate of the United States depended upon them; and the herofigure whom we gladly resign at the end to a conventional matrimonial career.

XIII

THE SALAMANDER

[Punch, April 21, 1915. By special permission of the proprietors.]

I have just read The Salamander (Secker) of Mr. Owen Johnson — a name new to me and one to keep on the select list - and I feel I know just all about one side Salamander is either a native of New York or a migrant thither from a Western State. It is of the so-miscalled gentler sex, of any age from eighteen to nomextent of eating it and living on it - that, roughly, is Mr. Johnson's idea. It can (as the saying is) take care of itself. Naturalists observe that it has a long head and a little heart. Quintessentially a cold and dishonest reptile, it offers all and gives nothing in particular in exchange for anything from 'bokays' to automobiles. Beginning with male flappers, preferably the young of plutocrats, it later fastens on the plutocrats themselves or their robust enemies. Strong men, at whose nod railroad and chewing gum trusts go quaking, fight 10 right to live in the sun. Nash and John publicly over it in equivocal restaurants. Mr. Johnson's particular salamander, Doré by pseudonym, eschews the rigor of the game. She allows herself to be hard hit. and, instead of running away with the 15 the house. You are in quarantine.' So hitter, is betrayed by a maternal instinct (with which she has, properly speaking, no business) to take unto herself a young rotter with a determined spark of character glinting behind his eyes, who has for her 20 to the cholera-quarters, and so gets him-fair sake fought himself free of the widow self permanently out of the way, Louis is Cliquot and others. This, I suppose, is a concession to the molasses formula, though our author is too sincere a person to accept it, and hints in an epilogue that 25 burnt salamanders don't dread the fire as much as would be comforting to their converted husbands to believe. This clever novel has n't the air of caricature which the subject might seem to invite. Doré 30 herself is made plausible enough - no mean feat. Salamanderism is presented as a phase of the new feminism in U.-S. A. An allied species has been reported in Chelsea by detached observers.

XIV

WIFE AND NO WIFE 1

[Evening Post, New York, April 24, 1915. By permission.]

The place is Shanghai, the time the men, all in love with her — the situation therefore an advance upon the consecrated one, by virtue of being a quadrangle instead of a triangle. It is a very pretty reroine, has once (innocently) planned to become John's mistress, but has withfrawn at the last moment and married Nash. After four years of marriage she Nash is about to sail for Manila; Hilary

plans to lose the boat and Nash, and become Louis's mistress. But John is in Shanghai and has learned their plans. He calls at Louis's bachelor establishment at 5 the moment when Hilary has joined it. He remonstrates. Nash presently drops in also, knows what is happening, but is prepared to give the lovers a blessing, though not a divorce. Hilary asserts her are about to go their ways, when 'Stop!' came an order like a pistol-shot - to the two men about to pass out of the door. 'No one leaves here. There is cholera in there we are. In the end (the quarantine lasts eight days) Hilary discovers that John is the only man she has ever loved. Nash, the husband, crosses the chalk line disposed of readily, and all ends comfortably for people who take comfort in this kind of nonsense.

xv

SHOCKING REVELATIONS 1

[Nation, London, England, February 13, 1915. By permission.]

Armageddon has discovered the governess. Next to the Archangelic hosts, 35 there has been no more popular legend than that of the German governess in the household of the Prime Minister (or was it the Foreign Secretary? or the First Lord of the Admiralty?) whose bedroom, 40 when searched, yielded diagrams of every fort in the kingdom and a bonnet-box lined with bombs. Then, shortly after the outbreak of war, came the entertaining memoirs of Miss Anne Topham, ex-govpresent, the persons a woman and three 45 erness to the Kaiser's children; and now we have the revelations of an anonymous lady, for five years English governess to a princely family in Germany.

It is instructive to compare these two complication, to begin with. Hilary, the 50 memoirs. Miss Topham's, written some years before the war, was a candid and friendly account of the Imperial family, valuable because of its cordial sincerity and freedom from prejudice. The vol-1as fallen in love with young Louis. 55 ume before us is a remarkable example of the psychological effects of war. With-

The Chalk Line. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Company.

¹ What I Found Out. By an English Governess. (Chapman & Hall.)

out for a moment suggesting that the anonymous lady is actuated by any motive other than the strictest regard for accuracy, the reader cannot but be struck by the almost uncanny precision with 5 the General's card enclosed. No harm which these notes ring true to the tune of the moment.

The public mind, for instance, is anxiously engaged in the consideration of 'Anonyma's' volume to planation: a Zeppelin raid. opens with an account of her arrival in Germany: her princely charges, boys of five and six, are discovered at play, and so absorbing is their game that the entrance of the governess is unheeded. And 15 what is this game? It is a Kriegspiel for infants, manufactured by Count Zeppelin, consisting of miniature airships supplied with sugar bombs, and a costly and elabocomes into the room, she overhears the tutor exclaiming: 'Now, watch again the way I do it. One over Westminster Ab-

is conveyed in turn by every member of the German war party. Take General von Bernhardi: 'the most ruthless, brutallooking man I had ever met, the very type cially blood.' With a bow so stiff that it 'seemed as though he grudged bending his thick, short neck for my benefit,' the Genton,' tactfully explains Herr Krupp, hurry-

'Ach, that is better,' the General grunts. A few minutes later, however, the govadmiration for England. 'That is nonsense,' observes Bernhardi savagely:

ing to the rescue of an awkward situation.

'You have only to read their newspapers generating fast. But the hand of Fate is on them. They are asleep, and will wake up with a rude shock only when it is too late.'

As he departs, Bernhardi observes (aside) to Krupp, 'Ah, you will have your big so What do you suppose brought it.... Schloss?' enquires an artful baroness. surprise all ready for us at the Festakt!'

Or turn to Von Kluck, with his 'great dome head' and his 'air of being absentminded and thinking deeply of something far away in space,' and he will be 55 Machiavellism can go no further.

overheard remarking mysteriously that "they" wanted him to go to France to look at it.' A few days afterwards a box of chocolates arrives from France with surely in a box of chocolates? Why, then, does the Prince chuckle when he sees it and exclaim ecstatically, 'The old dare devil!' Anonyma is ready with the ex-

'I have heard it said since I came back to England, by a Frenchman, that General von Kluck is supposed to have visited France incognito, to look at some quarries near Soissons, which Germans bought and secretly made ready to use as trenches a year before the war broke out.'

Thus, cunningly, by the method of innurate model of London. As the governess zendo and suggestion, the governess works her fateful spell. Everything utters the same note of secret menace. Out of the mouth of babes Bernhardism babbles unchecked; the very servants give away im-The same ominously apposite impression 25 portant political secrets as readily as they receive tips. All is in order, from the German governess spy story (with names and addresses complete) to the improper proposals of the Prussian Lieutenant. It of militarism in flesh and blood -- espe- 30 would be unjust to Anonyma to quit this notice without a reference to the Kaiser. One afternoon as she is reading quietly in the garden, two gentlemen in uniform are eral raps out the harsh inquiry: 'You seen approaching. The governess looks are English?' 'She was born in Washing- 35 up, and is so startled by the sight of one of them that she overturns her chair. The Emperor (for it is he) gallantly replaces it, remarking as he does so, 'Ah, I see that I have upset the United Kingerness is indiscreet enough to express her 40 dom!' The two enter into an animated conversation, but the governess observes, 'an occasional odd, wandering look come into his eyes'; and that his left hand, 'although beautifully kept, is not an attracto see that the English know they are de- 45 tive shape, and looks somehow unhealthy.' The left hand is bad; but the motive for the Kaiser's visit puts the crowning seal on our suspicions:

> 'What do you suppose brought Him to the it was not to see the children, nor the Prince, nor Lieutenant von X—, he's seen them all—he came to see you!'

H. DRAMATIC CRITICISM

The purpose of dramatic criticism is to do for a play or a playwright very much what literary criticism does for a book or its author. There is, however, in dramatic criticism a less general agreement of critical opinion and, owing to the changing character of modern drama, a less definitely organized hody of critical theory for the guidance of individual judgment. It must also be remembered that the time limitations under which the average first night notice is produced, while they no doubt tend to preserve freshness and vividness of impression, at the same time do not allow for that slow process of maturing thought which gives to good writing the smoothness and flavor of old wine.

The student who looks forward to the writing of dramatic criticism should have a knowledge of the history of dramatic literature and an acquaintance with the best of the numerous recent books on the drama and the stage. He needs also to keep in close touch with the better newspapers of such cities as London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and New York, which are noteworthy for the number and character of their dramatic productions, nor should he neglect the magazines devoted to the drama, where he will find good examples of dramatic

criticism and carefully written reviews of the season's productions.

Careful distinction should be made between the conscientiously written, independently formed judgment of a play and the commonplace and valueless press-agent kind of notice so common in the newspapers, a notice usually as lacking in literary skill as it is in critical discrimination. While the technique of the dramatic review has fortunately not yet become so stereotyped as that of the news-story, some of the topics which are ordinarily included may be mentioned: the name of the play, the author, the theater, the occasion (first performgace, anniversary, revival, or benefit), the star or chief actors (sometimes the whole cast), a summary of the action, and some statement as to the character of the production, the quality of the acting, and the general impression made by the play. The hybrid nature of many of the recent theatrical productions makes it impossible to predict in any given case how much space should he given to any of the factors enumerated above, but it is safe for the young critic to remember that 'the play's the thing,' and that its importance should not be overshadowed by actors or scenery or audience.

In the illustrations of dramatic criticism which follow the student will find not only the brief (Rosy Rapture) and the more lengthy notice ('Typically American'), but also examples of the revival of the preface (Barker's Midsummer Night's Dream), of the critical article on a dramatic movement or school (W. B. Yeats on 'The Irish Drama'), of the appreciation of a playwright (W. P. Eaton, 'Concerning David Belasco'), and of the author's personal attitude toward his craft (Arnold Bennett, 'Writing Plays,' and B. Veiller, 'How I

Wrote Within the Law').

T

WRITING PLAYS

ARNOLD BENNETT

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There is an idea abroad, assiduously to have written neither novels nor plays, that it is more difficult to write a play than a novel. I do not think so. I have written or collaborated in about twenty

convinced that it is easier to write a play than a novel. Personally, I would sooner write two plays than one novel - less expenditure of nervous force and mere 5 brains would be required for two plays than for one novel. (I emphasize the word 'write' because if the whole weariness between the first conception and the first performance of a play is compared fostered as a rule by critics who happen with the whole weariness between the first conception and the first publication of a novel, then the play has it. I would sooner get seventy and seven novels produced than one play. But my immediate novels and about twenty plays, and I am 15 object is to compare only writing with writing.) It seems to me that the sole persons entitled to judge of the comparative difficulty of writing plays and writing novels are those authors who have succeeded or failed equally well in both departments. And in this limited band I imagine that the differences of opinion on the point could not be marked. I would like to note, in passing, for the support of novelists not infrequently venture into the theatre with audacity, established dramatists are very cautious indeed about quitting the theatre. An established dramaand naught else; he will not affront the risks of coming out into the open; and therein his instinct is quite properly that of self-preservation. Of many established affirmed that if they were so indiscreet as to publish a novel the result would be a great shattering and a great awakening.

SEVEN FAULTLESS BROMIDES

An enormous amount of vague reverential nonsense is talked about the technique of the stage, the assumption being that in difficulty it far surpasses any other quired a respectable play cannot be written. One hears also that it can only be acquired behind the scenes. A famous actor-manager once kindly gave me the said was that a dramatist who wished to learn his business must live behind the scenes - and study the works of Dion Boucicault! The truth is that no techtechnique of the stage, and that the proper place to learn it is not behind the scenes, but in the pit. Managers, being the most conservative people on earth, except comnaïve dramatist that effects can only be obtained in the precise way in which effects have always been obtained, and that this and that rule must not be broken on it is natural that managers should talk thus, seeing the low state of the drama, because in any art rules and reaction always flourish when creative energy is will ever say that a technique which does not correspond with their own is no technique, but simple clumsiness. There are

some seven situations in the customary drama, and a play which does not contain at least one of those situations in each act will be condemned as 'undramatic' or 5' thin,' or as being 'all talk.' It may contain half a hundred other situations, but for the mandarin a situation which is not one of the seven is not a situation. Similarly there are some dozen character my proposition, that whereas established to types in the customary drama, and all original — that is, truthful — characterization will be dismissed as a total absence of characterization because it does not reproduce any of these dozen types. Thus tist usually takes good care to write plays revery truly original play is bound to be indicted for bad technique. The author is bound to be told that what he has written may be marvelously clever, but that it is not a play. I remember the day — and it dramatists all over the world it may be zois not long ago - when even so experienced and sincere a critic at William Archer used to argue that if the 'intel-lectual' drama did not succeed with the general public, it was because its tech-25 nique was not up to the level of the technique of the commercial drama! Perhaps he has changed his opinion since then. Heaven knows that the so-called 'intellectual' drama is amateurish enough, but literary technique, and that until it is ac- 30 nearly all literary art is amateurish, and assuredly no intellectual drama could hope to compete in clumsiness with some of the most successful commercial plays of modern times. I tremble to think what the benefit of his experience, and what he 35 mandarins and William Archer would say to the technique of Hamlet, could it by some miracle be brought forward as a new piece by a Mr. Shakespeare. They would probably recommend Mr. Shakespeare to nique is so crude and so simple as the 40 consider the ways of Sardou, Henri Bernsfein and Sir Herbert Tree, and be wise. Most positively they would assert that Hamlet was not a play. And their pupils of the daily press would point out — what positors, will honestly try to convince the 45 surely Mr. Shakespeare ought to have perceived for himself - that the second. third, or fourth act might be cut wholesale without the slightest loss to the piece. In the sense in which mandarins under-

pain of outraging the public. And indeed 50 stand the word technique, there is no technique special to the stage except that which concerns the moving of solid human bodies to and fro, and the limitations of the human senses. The dramatist must sick. The mandarins have ever said and 55 not expect his audience to be able to see or hear two things at once, nor to be incapable of fatigue. And he must not expect his interpreters to stroll round or come on or go off in a satisfactory manner unless he provides them with satisfactory reasons for strolling round, coming in, or going off. Lastly, he must not expect his interpreters to achieve physical impossibilities. The dramatist who sends a pretty woman off in street attire and seeks to bring her on again in thirty secands fully dressed for a court ball may fail that stage technique is tremendously diffi-

cult; he has proved something quite else. One reason why a play is easier to write than a novel is that a play is shorter than that it takes six plays to make the matter of a novel. Other things being equal, a short work of art presents fewer difficulties than a longer one. The contrary is majority, having never attempted to produce a long work of art, are unqualified to offer an opinion. It is said that the most difficult form of poetry is the sonnet. But epic. The proof that the sonnet is the most difficult form is alleged to be in the fewness of perfect sonnets. There are, however, few more perfect sonnets than a heavenly accident. But such accidents can never happen to writers of epics. Some years ago we had an enormous palaver about the 'art of the short story,' to write novels pronounced to be more difficult than the novel. But the fact remains that there are scores of perfect short stories, whereas it is doubtful write a perfect novel. A short form is easier to manipulate than a long form because its construction is less complicated, rapid survey, because it is lawful and even necessary in it to leave undone many things which are very hard to do, and because the emotional strain is less prois to maintain the imaginative tension unslackened throughout a considerable period.

'ENTER MILLICENT'

Then, not only does a play contain less matter than a novel - it is further simplified by the fact that it contains fewer kinds

of matter, and less subtle kinds of matter. There are numerous delicate and difficult affairs of craft that the dramatist need not think about at all. If he attempts to 5 go beyond a certain very mild degree of subtlety he is merely wasting his time. What passes for subtlety on the stage would have a very obvious air in a novel, as some dramatists have unhappily disin stage technique, but he has not proved to covered. Thus whole continents of danger may be shunned by the dramatist, and instead of being scorned for his cowardice he will be very rightly applauded for his artistic discretion. Fortunate predicaa novel. On the average one may say 15 ment! Again, he need not - indeed he must not - save in a primitive and hinting manner, concern himself with 'atmosphere.' He may roughly suggest one, but if he begins on the feat of 'creating' an held true by the majority, but then the 20 atmosphere (as it is called), the last suburban train will have departed before he has reached the crisis of the play. The last suburban train is the best friend of the dramatist, though the fellow seldom the most difficult form of poetry is the 25 has the sense to see it. Further he is saved all descriptive work. See a novelist harassing himself into his grave over the description of a landscape, a room, a gesture — while the dramatist grins. perfect epics. A perfect sonnet may be 30 dramatist may have to imagine a landscape, a room, or a gesture; but he has not got to write it - and it is the writing which hastens death. If a dramapalaver about the 'art of the short story,' tist and a novelist set out to portray which numerous persons who had omitted 35 a clever woman, they are almost equally matched, because each has to make the creature say things and do things. But if they set out to portray a charming woman, the dramatist can recline in an whether anybody but Turgenieff ever did 40 easy-chair and smoke while the novelist is ruining temper, digestion and eyesight, and spreading terror in his household by his moodiness and unapproachability. because the balance of its proportions can The electric light burns in the novelist's be more easily corrected by means of a 45 study at 3 A.M.—the novelist is still endeavoring to convey by means of words the extraordinary fascination that his heroine could exercise over mankind by the mere act of walking into a room; and longed. The most difficult thing in all art 50 he never has really succeeded and never will. The dramatist writes curtly, 'Enter Millicent.' All are anxious to do the dramatist's job for him. Is the play being read at home - the reader eagerly and 55 with brilliant success puts his imagination to work and completes a charming Millicent after his own secret desires. (Whereas he would coldly decline to add one touch to Millicent were she the heroine of a novel.) Is the play being performed on the stage - an experienced, conscientious and perhaps lovely actress will strive her hardest to prove that the 5 be hailed as the supreme craftsman. dramatist was right about Millicent's astounding fascination. And if she fails nobody will blame the dramatist; the dramatist will receive naught but sympathy.

THE PLAY STORY VS. THE NOVEL STORY

And there is still another region of superlative difficulty which is narrowly circumscribed for the spoiled dramatist - I mean the whole business of persuading the 15 will listen for two hours to 'talk,' and public that the improbable is probable. Every work of art is and must be crammed with improbabilities and artifice; and the greater portion of the artifice is employed in just this trickery of persua- 20 trained to marvelous feats of prolonged sion. Only, the public of the dramatist needs far less persuading than the public of the novelist. The novelist announces that Millicent accepted the hand of the wrong man, and in spite of all the nov- 25a complete story — that is, arouse a curielist's corroborative and exegetical detail the insulted reader declines to credit the statement and condemns the incident as unconvincing. The dramatist decides that Millicent must accept the hand of the 30the curiosity, settle part of the question. wrong man, and there she is on the stage in flesh and blood, veritably doing it! Not easy for even the critical beholder to maintain that Millicent could not and did not do such a silly thing when he has actu- 35 technique of the play. ally with his eyes seen her in the very act! The dramatist, as usual, having done less, is more richly rewarded by results.

Of course, it will be argued, as it has not written novels, that it is precisely the 'doing less'-the leaving out-that constitutes the unique and fearful difficulty of The skill to leave out 'dramatic art. But, in the first place, I do not believe that, having regard to the relative scope of the play and of the novel, the necessity for leaving out is more acute in the one than the other. The adjective graphic' is as absurd applied to the novel as to the play. And, in the second place, other factors being equal, it is less exhausting, and it requires less skill, to rewhen to refrain from doing may be hard. but positively to do is even harder. Sometimes, listening to partizans of the drama, I have been moved to suggest that, if the art of omission is so wondrously difficult, a dramatist who practised the habit of omitting to write anything whatever ought to

Whether in a play or in a novel, the creative artist has to tell a story - using the word story in a very wide sense. Just as a novel is divided into chapters, and for to a similar reason, a play is divided into acts. But neither chapters nor acts are necessary. Some of Balzac's chief novels have no chapter-divisions, and it has been proved that a theater audience can and even recitative singing, on the stage, without a pause. Indeed audiences, under the compulsion of an artist strong and imperious enough, could, I am sure, be receptivity. However, chapters and acts are usual, and they involve the same constructional processes on the part of the artist. The entire play or novel must tell osity and reasonably satisfy it, raise a main question and then settle it. And each act or other chief division must tell a definite portion of the story, satisfy part of And each scene or other minor division must do the same according to its scale. Everything basic that applies to the technique of the novel applies equally to the

DRAMA NEED NOT BE DRAMATIC

In particular I would urge that a play, any more than a novel, need not be draalways been argued, by those who have 40 matic, employing the term as it is usually employed. In so far as it suspends the listener's interest every tale, however told, may be said to be dramatic. In this sense The Golden Bowl is dramatic: so are lo! the master faculty of the dramatist! 45 Dominique and Persuasion. A play need not be more dramatic than that. Very emphatically a play need not be dramatic in the stage sense. It need never induce interest to the degree of excitement. 'photo- 50 need have nothing that resembles what would be recognizable in the theater as a situation. It may amble on — and it will still be a play, and it may succeed in pleasing either the fastidious hundreds or the frain from doing than to do. To know 55 unfastidious hundreds of thousands, according to the talent of the author. Without doubt mandarins will continue for about a century yet to excommunicate certain plays from the category of plays. But nobody will be any the worse. And dramatists will go on proving that whatever else divides a play from a book 'dramatic quality' does not. Some arch- 5 other artist. mandarin may launch at me one of those mandarinic epigrammatic questions which are supposed to overthrow the adversary 'Do you seriously mean to at one dart. to be used in the mandarinic signification. I mean to state that some of the finest plays of the modern age differ from a psychoform of telling. Example, Henri Becque's La Parisienne, than which there is no better. If I am asked to give my own definition of the adjective 'dramatic,' I would told in dialogue imagined to be spoken by actors and actresses on the stage, and that any narrower definition is bound to exclude some genuine plays universally acbe it noted that the mandarin is never consistent.

My definition brings me to the sole technical difference between a play and a novel of dialogue. It is a difference less important than it seems, and not invariably even a sure point of distinction between the two kinds of narrative. For a novel plays may contain other matter than dialogue. The classic chorus is not dialogue. But nowadays we should consider the device of the chorus to be clumsy, as, nowadays, it indeed would be. We have grown so is the base — but he is not the apex. very ingenious and clever at the trickery of making characters talk to the audience and explain themselves and their past history while seemingly innocent of any such tist has to face a difficulty special to himself, which the novelist can avoid. I believe it to be the sole difficulty which is peculiar to the drama, and that it is not third-rate dramatists have generally vanquished it. Mandarins are wont to assert that the dramatist is also handicapped by the necessity for rigid economy in the use omy in the use of material is equally advisable in every form of art. If it is a necessity it is a necessity which all artists

flout from time to time, and occasionally with gorgeous results, and the successful dramatist has hitherto not been less guilty of flouting it than the novelist or any

And now having shown that some alleged differences between the play and the novel are illusory, and that a certain technical difference, though possibly real, is argue, sir, that drama need not be dra- rosuperficial and slight, I come to the fundamatic?' I do, if the word dramatic is mental difference between them—a difference which the laity does not suspect, which is seldom insisted upon and never sufficiently, but which nobody who is well logical novel in nothing but the superficial 15 versed in the making of both plays and novels can fail to feel profoundly. The emotional strain of writing a play is not merely less prolonged than that of writing a novel — it is less severe even while it say that that story is dramatic which is 20 lasts, lower in degree and of a less purely creative character. And herein is the chief of all the reasons why a play is easier to write than a novel. The drama does not belong exclusively to literature, cepted as such — even by mandarins. For 25 because its effect depends on something more than the composition of words. dramatist is the sole author of the play, but he is not the sole creator of it. Without him nothing can be done, but, on the —in the play the story is told by means 30 other hand, he cannot do everything him-He begins the work of creation, which is finished either by creative interpreters on the stage or by the creative imagination of the reader in the study. It is may consist exclusively of dialogue. And 35 as if he carried an immense weight to the landing at the turn of a flight of stairs, and that thence upward the lifting had to be done by other people. Consider the affair as a pyramidal structure, and the dramatist play is a collaboration of creative faculties. The egotism of the dramatist resents this uncomfortable fact, but the fact exists. And further, the creative faculties are not intention. And here, I admit, the drama- 45 only those of the author, the stage-director (producer) and the actors—the audience itself is unconsciously part of the collaboration.

Hence a dramatist who attempts to do acute is proved by the ease with which 50 the whole work of creation before the acting begins is an inartistic usurper of the functions of others, and will fail to proper accomplishment at the end. The dramatist must deliberately, in performing his of material. This is not so. Rigid econ-55 share of the work, leave scope for a multitude of alien faculties whose operations he can neither precisely foresee nor completely control. The point is not that in

the writing of a play there are various sorts of matters - as we have already seen - which the dramatist must ignore: the point is that even in the region proper to him he must not push the creative act 5 work on it which still remains to be done to its final limit. He must ever remember those who are to come after him.

AUTHOR GIVES WAY TO PRODUCER

When the play is 'finished,' the proc- 10 esses of collaboration have yet to begin. The serious work of the dramatist is over, but the most desolating part of his toil awaits him. I do not refer to the business for the production of the play. For, though that generally partakes of the nature of tragedy, it also partakes of the nature of amusing burlesque, owing to the doubt inevitably - theatrical. Nevertheless, even the theatrical manager, while disclaiming the slightest interest in anything more vital to the stage than the boxoffice, is himself in some degree a col- 25 suggests the casting. 'What do you think laborator, and is the first to show to the dramatist that a play is not a play till it is performed. The manager reads the play, and, to the dramatist's astonishment, reads quite a different play from that 30 the play? X would be preposterous as the which the dramatist imagines he wrote. old man. But the producer goes on talk-In particular the manager reads a play which can scarcely hope to succeed - indeed a play against whose chances of sucadduced. It is remarkable that a manager nearly always foresees failure in a manuscript, and very seldom success. The profoundest instinct - selfmanager's if he accepts, it is against the grain, against his judgment — and out of a mad spirit of adventure. Some of the most glittering successes have been rehearsed in an atmosphere of settled despair. The 45 dramatist naturally feels an immense contempt for the opinions, artistic and otherwise, of the manager, and he is therein justified. The manager's vocation is not them, nor to direct the rehearsals of them, and even his knowledge of the vagaries of his own box-office has often proved to be pitiably delusive. The manager's true and plays. Despite all this, however, the manager has already collaborated in the play. The dramatist sees it differently now. All

sorts of new considerations have been presented to him. Not a word has been altered; but it is noticeably another play. Which is merely to say that the creative has been more accurately envisaged. This experience could not happen to a novel. because when a novel is written it is finished.

And when the director of rehearsals, or producer, has been chosen, and this priceless and mysterious person has his first serious confabulation with the author. then at once the play begins to assume new of arranging with a theatrical manager 15 shapes - contours undreamed of by the author till that startling moment. And even if the author has the temerity to conduct his own rehearsals, similar disconcerting phenomena will occur; for the fact that theatrical managers are - no 20 author as a producer is a different fellow from the author as author. The producer is up against realities. He, first, renders the play concrete, gradually condenses its filmy vapors into a solid element. . . . He of X for the old man?' asked the producer. The author is staggered. Is it conceivable that so renowned a producer can have so misread and misunderstood ing. And suddenly the author sees possibilities in X. But at the same time he sees a different play from what he wrote. cess ten thousand powerful reasons can be 35 And quite probably he sees a more glorious play. Quite probably he had not suspected how great a dramatist he is. . . . Before the first rehearsal is called, the play, still without a word altered, has gone preservation again - is to refuse a play; through astounding creative transmutations; the author recognizes in it some likeness to his beloved child, but it is the likeness of a first cousin.

THE ACTORS FINISH THE WORK

At the first rehearsal, and for many rehearsals, to an extent perhaps increasing, perhaps decreasing, the dramatist is forced into an apologetic and self-conscious to write plays, nor (let us hope) to act in 50 mood; and his mien is something between that of a criminal who has committed a horrid offense and that of a father over the crude body of a new-born child. Now in truth he deeply realizes that a play is a only vocation is to refrain from producing 55 collaboration. In extreme cases he may be brought to see that he himself is one of the less important factors in the collaboration. The first preoccupation of the interpreters is not with his play at all, but quite rightly - with their own careers; if they were not honestly convinced that their own careers were the chief genuine excuse for the existence of the theater and the play they would not act very well. But more than that, they do not regard his play as a sufficient vehicle for the furtherance of their careers. At the most favorare permitted to exercise their talents on his play there is a chance that they may be able to turn it into a sufficient vehicle for the furtherance of their careers. The attitude of every actor toward his part is: 15 'My part is not much of a part as it stands, but if my individuality is allowed to get into free contact with it, I may make something brilliant out of it.' Which attitude is a proper attitude, and 20 an attitude, in my opinion, justified by the facts of the case. The actor's phrase is that he creates a part, and he is right. He completes the labor of creation begun ducer, and if liberty is not accorded to him — if either the author or the producer attempts to do too much of the creative work — the result cannot be satisfactory.

changes from day to day. However autocratic the producer, however obstinate the dramatist, the play will vary at each rehearsal like a large cloud in a gentle wind. gether. Nor is this surprising, seeing that every day and night a dozen, or it may be two dozen, human beings endowed with the creative gift are creatively working on himself well knows that, though his play is often worsened by his collaborators, it is also often improved — and improved in the most mysterious and dazzling manducer and actors do not merely suggest possibilities, they execute them. And the author is confronted by artistic phenomena for which lawfully he may not claim confronted by inartistic phenomena in respect to which lawfully he is blameless, but which he cannot prevent; a rehearsal is like a battle—certain persons are thing principally fights itself. And thus the creation goes on until the dress rehearsal, when it seems to have come to a

stop. And the dramatist lying awake in the night, reflects stoically, fatalistically: 'Well, that is the play that they have made of my play!' And he may be 5 pleased or he may be disgusted. But if he attends the first performance he cannot fail to notice, after the first few minutes of it, that he was quite mistaken, and that what the actors are performing is still anable what they secretly think is that if they nother play. The audience is collaborating.

II

THE IRISH DRAMA WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

[Twentieth Century Magazine, November, 1911. By permission.]

I will not criticize the contemporary theater as a whole. If you were satisfied with it you would not have formed yourselves into a Drama League. If I were by the author and continued by the pro- 25 satisfied with it I should not have spent so much time over our Irish players. all know, owing to the commercial conditions of the times, contemporary drama, as a whole, does not take its place beside As the rehearsals proceed the play 30 the best painting, the best music, and the best books of our times; the contemporary theater makes a pretense of representing reality — of showing us people no more exciting than we are ourselves, no more It is never the same play for two days to- 35 eloquent than we are ourselves, no more picturesquely dressed than we are ourselves, and it is right that it should do Reformers of the theater, for the most part, accept the same idea. And it. Every dramatist who is candid with 40 they, at least, do give you reality, and they make it interesting to you, as Mr. Galsworthy does in his Strife and in his Justice, by showing the great hidden forces of the modern world—the strife between ner — without a word being altered. Pro- 45 capital and labor, the contest of men against theological institutions, against the accepted social code, etc. There is another way to change the stage, and that is to show there a life, whether ideal or credit. On the other hand, he may be 50 real, that is exciting and picturesque in itself. Italy, where they have made the verse drama once more a really popular thing, is doing that in one way. In Sicily, where Grasso is creating a wonderful theoretically in control, but in fact the 55 school of players, and in Ireland, it is being done in a different way. We are putting upon the stage a real life where men talk picturesque and musical words, and where

men have often strange and picturesque characters; that is to say, the life of faraway villages where an old leisurely habit of life still remains.

movement in Ireland, our faith in success has come from our knowledge of the life of the country places, and the imaginative beauty of their speech. One discovers fashioned farces at a coffee palace in thoughts there not very much unlike those 10 Dublin, and when they gave up their of Homer, not very unlike those of the Greek dramatists. Of course there is a great deal that is crude, but there are songs and stories, showing an attitude of mind that seems the very root of art.

Close to the house where I spend every summer there is the little picturesque village of Ballylee, two or three houses gathered about an old castle, a very old bridge, and beside the bridge great stones that 20 conceptions of Irish character. And yet helped the traveler when the stream was flooded, probably for centuries before the bridge was built. Seventy years ago there died in that village Mary Hynes, a beautiful peasant girl, and the poet Rafftery anational demand by slandering our charput her into a song. A few years ago I heard old men and women describe her beauty after all these years with wonder and excitement in their voices. 'The sun and the moon,' said one, 'never shone 30 speeches and in newspapers. He was upon anybody so lovely.' 'I tremble all represented as half animal, or as all but over when I think of her,' said another. Nor was the poet's praise that made her so famous unworthy praise. 'Mary Hynes, the calm and easy woman, has 35 upon earth, Ireland created a whole literbeauty in her mind and beauty in her That's what Rafftery said of her. It is like hearing the old men on the walls of Troy speak of Helen.

the further fascination that it is the only thoroughly Irish life that is left. Everywhere else English influence has made a conquest more thorough than any that the movements go back to the peasant, just as similar movements have done in Norway. We try to re-create Ireland in an Irish way by mastering what he knows, and by scripts contain. To understand the peasant by the Saga, the Saga by the peasant - that was the Norwegian formula. you keep this in mind it will show you that our theatre of folk art is no artificial 55 set upon the stage was in Irish. Our creation of a literary clique, but an expression of the Irish mind of today. It will explain to you also how our players,

who are not peasants, but young men and women taken from various businesses in Dublin, have come to understand the peasant so well. We took them at the start From the first start of our intellectual 5 from different patriotic societies, where everything encouraged them to study the country life. In 1902 a group of young men and women were playing oldfarces and took to our plays instead, they did it in the first instance more from patriotism than anything else. Many of them belonged to the Gaelic League; some 15 of them knew Irish, and living Irish is a peasant speech. But if politics helped us, politics injured us also. We did not realize when we began that we should have to fight and conquer conventional we should have foreseen it.

All Irish thought has been artificial for years. In the earlier parts of the nineteenth century England had met the Irish acters. She did not wish to give us selfgovernment and so she said we were unworthy of it. The Irish peasant, for instance, was caricatured in Punch, in a savage. To meet this, beginning, I think, with O'Connell, who said that the Irish peasantry were the finest peasantry ature of national glorification. We repeated to one another the real or supposed virtues of our people. We had them always ready to meet the foreign In Ireland the country life has for us 40 slander. This attitude of mind lasted long after the need for it had gone by. Every kind of enthusiast, political, religious, social, had endowed some section of Irishmen with the virtues he most adsword could make. All our patriotic 45 mired, and national song and national novel - we used the word nation constantly --- were expected to show Ireland in the best possible light. 'We were not a people curious about life, looking at it using it to understand what the old manu- 50 with disinterested contemplation, but a kind of army organized for offense and defense. We understood nothing propaganda.

> The first play of country life that we own players had not then come together and we got players from a branch of the Gaelic League. At the last moment one

player refused to go upon the stage because the cottage he was to play in was too shabby to do credit to his country, and another demanded the banishing of group of young men who were to sit playing in the corner. He admitted that he spent most of his own evenings playing cards, but he did not think it right

playing them upon the stage.

The history of imaginative thought is generally a history of violent reactions. Synge came to destroy all that unrealfrom a Gaelic professor at Trinity College, Dublin, and had spent some years wandering through Europe. Nothing interested him but the life of the poor, not 20 because they were poor, for he was nothing of a philanthropist, an artist merely, but because there was something in their way of thinking that excited him. He was very poor himself, though of an old fam- 25 ily, and a fine scholar. He had lived with German peasants in the Black Forest and with a chairmaker in Paris, and brought his fiddle everywhere that he would be to Ireland, and there in the Arran and Blasket Islands he found a life after his own heart. There he escaped the squalor of the poor and the nobility of the rich. tarian; he had no interest in economics, no interest in social forces, and he had little of the Irish politician. He was a Nationalist, but he never spoke of politics; nothin fact I think his own ill health and poverty had made individual destiny momentous to him. All the things that we forget in the excitements of newspapers present to him. In one of his early poems he asks on his twenty-fifth birthday if the twenty-five years to come are to be as evil as the twenty-five gone by. But gradually ing to see in his individual infirmities but a sort of burning glass that gathered for his study the general lot of men. All became but a subject for artistic creation, and an occasion for the creative joy.

It was inevitable that a man like this, who seemed ignorant of the mere existence of all these Irish controversies.

should outrage the feelings of the crowds. Just as he felt in his own life continual struggle between his ideal purpose and his infirmity and his poverty, so did he see in a pack of cards that had been given to a 5 the world about him an ideal dream and a grotesque reality. He knew the country places as no Irish writer for fifty years had known them, but he selected from them strange, passionate and grotesque that the Irish should be represented as to types, to set beside his dream. It was no malice, no love of mischief, that made him imagine instead of colleens of the old sort, and the good young men of Boucicault, blind Martin and his wife in The Well of ity. I met Synge in 1897, in a students' 15 the Saints, the erring wife in The Shadow hotel in Paris. He had learned Irish of the Glen, the fantastic, mistaken heroworship of the people in his Playboy of the Western World. He took his types from reality indeed, but exaggerated them and arranged them according to his fancy, until he had created something as strange as the wandering knight and the Sancho Panza of Cervantes. I can imagine some patriotic Spaniard saving to Cervantes. 'Do you really pretend that this fat, cowardly peasant, and this crack-brained knight are typical of the peasants and the gentlemen of Spain?' I can imagine others even without any patriotic bias askmore welcome. I got him to come back 30 ing why he gave them such strange types. He, too, took from life the violent and incomplete that through its symbolism he might reveal a heroic dream. When we have filled our minds with the work of He had nothing of the modern humani- 35 Synge, we remember, even more vividly than the strange persons he has created, blind Martin's dream of the splendid life that might be, Nora Bourke's pre-occupation with the fine men she fancied, the ing interested him but the individual man: 40 Playboy's poetical reveries of far-off exciting things. Dublin for a time saw but one-half his meaning and rejected him, rioting for a week after the first performance of his greatest play, rejecting and crowds and business, were always 45 him as most countries have rejected their greatest poets. But Dublin has repented sooner than most countries have repented, and today the Playboy is played constantly in Dublin to good houses, drawn he attained happiness through his art, com- 50 from all political and social sections. The six days' rioting was his laurel wreath.

Lady Gregory's plays were accepted from the first, for she is attracted, not by the harsh, but the gracious elements in 55 life. She has no sarcasm. It was sarcasm, aimed at the whole of life, that made Synge his worst enemies. There is no bitterness in her laughter, in her vision no delight in the grotesque things. Some of her plays, those that touch upon some patriotic emotion, are so well loved that men passing the Abbey Theater door and seeing some favorite name upon the bill will pay their sixpence, and having seen, say, The Rising of the Moon, for perhaps the fortieth time, will come out after twenty minutes of emotion and go upon their way. No new play can mean as wend the golden fairies play hide-and-seek much to them, and so they only stay for the old one. Our other dramatists, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Murray, Mr. Boyle, Mr. Irving, are less full of the folk life; probably they may be half conscious of some 15 on the mind the strange, new impression reaction against us older writers, because of the play as golden, a 'golden book of at moments they seem almost as much in
spirit and sense.' Who is the magician terested in economic problems as a Galsworthy or a Shaw; but what interests me Mr. Barker or Mr. Norman Wilkinson? most in their work is that by their means 20 One might perhaps have had misgivings we are setting upon the stage the life of most classes in Ireland that have anything Irish about them. We have begun to go beyond the peasant to find themes in the workhouse parlor, the house of the strong 25tion, something to strike us all with wonfarmer, in the seminary and the shop.

III

GRANVILLE BARKER'S PRO-DUCTION OF 'A MIDSUM-MER NIGHT'S DREAM'

[Times, London, England, February 7, 1914. By permission.]

Is it Titania's 'Indian Boy' that has given Mr. Barker his notion of Orientalizing Shakespeare's fairies? Or is it Bakst? Anyhow, they look like Cambodian idols 40 is this time really a he—is Mr. Donald and posture like Nijinsky in Le Dieu Bleu. But the most startling thing about them is that they are all gold - gold hair, gold faces, gold to the tips of their toes. A golden Oberon is flouted by a golden Ti- 45 canny Puck, this scarlet patch. tania, Peas-Blossom and Cobweb and Moth and Mustard-Seed are golden children - the only children among these fairies, three in flakes of gold and the fourth in golden baggy trousers out of Sumurûn. 50 palace unearthed in Crete? But some of The rest are 'golden lads and lassies,' who, some of them, dance old romping, obviously English, dances, while the others, the Cambodian idols, fall into stiff postures in corners. One with a scimitar stalks like 55 of Pyramus and Thisbe, they, so to speak, a black marionette, with His scimitar, in Petrouchka. Evidently the Russian ballet, which has transformed so much in

London, has transmogrified Shakespeare. The golden fairies chase one another through the woods in single file or lie prone on a low green mound, grouped s round Titania, under great shafts of green mounting to the sky, against a purple back-This color-effect, the heavy mass of old gold against the purple and the green, is wonderfully beautiful. In the round the columns of Theseus's palace. Gradually their numbers dwindle. At last only one, a girl, is left — the last patch of gold to fade from the sight, and to leave who invented these golden fairies? Is it about the thing in advance, a fear of tawdriness, dreadful associations with the golden image in Kensington-gardens. But the thing turns out to have been an inspirader and delight. As soon as you see the thing you know that Mendelssohn would never do. For our part, we should have welcomed Stravinsky. But Mr. Cecil 30 Sharp has given us old English folk-music, rather dolorous, always piano, more quaint than tuneful. Well, somehow or other, as the Americans say, it 'goes.' It goes quite well with the gold.

A PATCH OF SCARLET

On the gold is one single patch of scar-This is Puck, with a baggy wig and baggy breeches, a hobgoblin. He - Puck Calthrop, gyrating, sitting at Oberon's feet cross-legged, tumbling head over heels, or, like a mischievous boy, putting finger to nose behind Bottom's back. A most un-

As for Theseus and Hippolyta and their train, we do not know where their dresses come from. We can only make shots. Is it from the mural decorations of Minos's them seem Byzantine and suggest a Ravenna fresco. All, men and women alike, wear 'peg-top' trousers, tight at the ankle. But in the last scene, at the performance put on their evening clothes — flowing Greek robes. So clad, they recline on couches in the very front of the stage

(Mr. Barker's now familiar 'apron stage') while the performance of Quince and his fellows takes place on the palace steps in the rear. This, again, is a novel arrangement and an admirable. Quince 5 thinking that silence, too, has been said (Mr. Whitby) is impayable, Bottom (Mr. Playfair) immense, Flute (Mr. Quartermaine) deliciously absurd as Thisbe. And then the 'Bergamask' dance! It never through all Shakespeare in the spirit of came out of Bergamo, but is right War- 10 daring artistic adventure with which he wickshire, the acme of the clumsy grotesque, with vigorous kickings in that part of the anatomy meant for kicks. Perhaps the best thing in the performance, however, was the behavior of the audience; 15 Theseus's courtly lead in the applause, the whispered comments of Demetrius and Lysander, the lively interest of the courtiers. It was all alive, this scene, all at the high water mark of excitement.

As always in A Midsummer Night, the difficulty is with the bewitched quartet of The difficulty is that they are often in imminent danger of becoming bores. said to have succeeded. We are not sure that the men did altogether escape; but the ladies, Miss McCarthy and Miss Cowie, were more lucky. Miss McCarthy hardly doubt she must needs be contrasted with Miss Cowie's brunette. The quarrel of the two girls gives, as always, a tremendous 'lift' to this part of the play. Miss - an anticipation of Carmen.

THE GOLDEN OBERON

But it is not of these one thinks in the fairies, and one's memories of this production must always be golden memories. The golden Oberon, Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry, is a figure of slim, noble, and are grace itself. His voice, with the familiar family timbre, is the very voice for some of the most beautiful lines Shakespeare ever wrote. This Oberon, for the first time, dominates not only the scene, 50 but the whole play, informs it with graciousness and majesty (fairy majesty, golden majesty) and exquisite rhythmic beauty. Miss Christine Silver's Titania is The little golden child-fairies are delighttully childish, even in their stiff Cambodian-idol attitudes. There was a great

outburst of enthusiasm - pent up in silent absorption during the evening - at the fall of the curtain. Mr. Barker, standing amid his golden fairies, seemed to be to be golden; but he was compelled, nevertheless, to utter a word of thanks. If only he can keep it up! If only he can run has turned the fairy-land of A Midsummer Night into gold.

IV

A PREFACE TO 'A MIDSUM-MER NIGHT'S DREAM'

GRANVILLE BARKER

[New York Times, February 17, 1915. By permission of author and publisher.]

'September 29, 1662 . . . and then to If they escape being bores, they may be 25 the King's Theater, where we saw Midsummer Night's Dream, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that I ever saw in my life. I saw, I conshows at her best in a flaxen wig, but no 30 fess, some good dancing and some handsome women, which was all my pleasure.' How many of us nowadays would dare confide that even to a cipher diary? But Pepys, as usual, is in the fashion. Shakes-Cowie makes a surprisingly intense vixen 35 peare was out-moded, and the theatre manager was already bolstering up his mere poetry with sensuality and display. We have, of course, reformed all that. Still, if I must choose between this cheerend. The mind goes back to the golden 40 ful Philistine, and the pious, awestruck commentator, who tells me that 'the germs of a whole philosophy of life are latent in the wayward love scenes of A Midsummer Night's Dream, I turn rather Giorgionesque beauty. His movements 45 to Pepys. He has done less to keep Shakespeare from his own. If you go to a theatre to scoff you may remain to enjoy yourself; if you go to pray (once in a while) you likelier leave to patronize.

Why waste time in proving that A Midsummer Night's Dream is a bad play, or proving otherwise, since to its deepest damnation one must add: - Written by a man of genius for the theatre, playwright a delicate, fragile pendant to the Oberon. 55 in spite of himself? Does not vitality defeat doctrine? The opening of the play may be bad. The opening speech surely is even very bad dramatic verse. There is nothing much in the character of Theseus; there's nothing at all in Hippolyta. The substance of the opening scene is out of keeping both with its own method and with the scope of the play. But before 5 to be. Did Quince write it? If he is the end of it, earlier than usual even in his later days, Shakespeare has begun to get into his stride. If he could n't yet develop character he could write poetry, and:

... O happy fair. Your eyes are lode stars and your tongue sweet air. appear.

At the sound of that we cease to demand from Helena - for the moment, at least - any more material qualities. How he could and seemingly could n't help but 20 ten for the stage, cannot be put on the flower into verse! It was still a question, stage, the playwright, it seems to me, has I suppose, whether he remained a poet or became a dramatist. He was, in every sense, nearer to Venus and Adonis than pray for a little genius, too? The fairies Macbeth. If he hadn't been a man of 25 are the producer's test. Let me confess the people, if he had n't had his living to earn, if he hadn't had more fun in him than the writing of lyric poetry will satisfy! If it was he made the English theatre, did not the theatre make him what 30 method of staging can compass the diffihe is — what he might be to us?

Next come the clowns. It is necessary, I am ashamed to say, to remark, that Clown does not, first of all, mean a person who tries to be funny. A clown 35 these small folk who war with rere-mice is a countryman. Now, your Cockney for their leathern wings; that goes withaudience finds a countryman comic, and your Cockney writer to this day often makes him outrageously so. Shakespeare presumably knew something about coun- 40 use children. To my mind neither chiltrymen, and he made the simple discovery dren nor animals fit with the theater. and put it into practice for the first time in this play, that, set down lovingly, your clown is better fun by far than mocked at; if, indeed, apart from an actor's gri- 45 and Co. It's possible, even probable, that maces, he had then been funny at all. Later on Shakespeare did this, as he did most other things, better, but he never did it so simply. If Shallow and Silence are finer, they are different; moreover, 50 singing of anthems. That there might be though countrymen, they are not clowns. If Dogberry is as good, he has n't, for me, quite the charm. There are little sketches in the last plays; that delightful person, for instance, at the end of An- 55 soprano, through Bach's Matthew Pasjoy of the worm.' But from the moment Bottom, gloweringly mistrustful of poor

Snug, asks, 'Let me play the lion, too,' from that moment they have my heart, all five forever. It is a little puzzling to discover just how bad their play is meant guilty of 'now I am dead,' then is not the prologue a plagiarism? But a good deal of more respectable play-writing than this was plagiarism, as who knew better than 10 Shakespeare? I suspect he was of two minds himself on the point, if any at all.

Then come the fairies. Can even genius succeed in putting fairies on the stage? More tuneable than larke to shepherd's ear. The pious commentators say not. This When wheat is green and hawthorn buds 15 play and the sublimer parts of King Lear are freely quoted as impossible in the theatre. But, then, by some trick of reasoning they blame the theatre for it. I cannot follow that. If a play, writfailed, be he who he may. Has Shakespeare failed, or need the producer only that, though mainly love of the play, yet partly, too, a hope of passing that test, has inspired the present production. Foolhardy one feels, facing it. But if a culties of A Midsummer Night's Dream, surely its cause is won.

> Lacking genius one considers first how not to do a thing. Not to try and realize out saying. In this play I can visualize neither a beginning nor an end to realism of either scenery or action. Nor yet to Perfect in their natural beauty, they put our artifice to shame. In this case one is tempted, one yields a little, over Cobweb children served Shakespeare. But I expect that the little eyases of that time were as smartly trained in speaking verse as is a crack cathedral choir now in the a special beauty, an impersonal clarity, in a boy's Oberon or Titania, I can well believe. To take a nearly parallel case who would not choose to hear treble than sion? This is an interesting point, and it opens up the whole question of the loss and gain to pure poetry on the stage by

the coming of women players. But where are our children with the training in fine speech and movement? Stop beneath the windows of an elementary school and listen. Or worse, listen to the chatter of a smart society gathering; in the school playground at least there is lung power. It will take some generations of awakening to the value of song and dance, tune beauty in the English language.

The theater might help if it were allowed. Though, first of all, heaven knows, it needs to help itself. One may on the English stage is almost dead. So much the better. Our latest inheritance of it, at the least, was unsound, dating not from Shakespearean times, the great age Rowe and Otway; later from the translators of 'the immortal Kotzebue' and the portentous Sheridan Knowles. Comic verse found its grave (at times a charm-Planché and Byron, But lesque of Shakespeare was a classic and must be 'classically,' and what could n't speak classically you had betbooks of even the last few years and see how mercilessly rhymed couplets were got rid of, blots upon the dignity of the play. From this sort of thing William Poel has In the teeth of ridicule, he insisted that for an actor to make himself like unto a human megaphone was to miss, for one gradations sudden or slow into vowelled liquidity, its comic rushes and stops, with, above all, the peculiar beauty of its rhymes. We have had, of course, indigenius (one instances Forbes Robertson), and there might be now and then a company inspired by such scholarly ideals as Benson could give, but Poel preached a gospel.

What else was Shakespeare's chief delight in this play but the screeds of wordmusic to be spoken by Oberon, Titania, and Puck? At every possible and impossible moment he is at it. For Puck's de- 55 be more poignantly beautiful? scription of himself there may be need, but what excuse can we make for Titania's thirty-five lines about the dreadful

But weather except their sheer beauty? what better excuse? Oberon is constantly guilty. So recklessly happy in writing such verse does Shakespeare grow 5 that even the quarrel of the four lovers is stayed by a charming speech of Helena's thirty-seven lines long. It is true that at the end of it Hermia, her author allowing her to recollect the quarrel, says and rhythm, to reëstablish a standard of 10 she is amazed at these passionate words, but that the passage beginning, 'We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,' is meant by Shakespeare to be spoken otherwise than with a meticulous regard to its every say that the tradition of verse-speaking is beauty is hard to believe. And its every beauty will scarcely shine through throbbing passion. No. his heart was in these passages of verse, and so the heart of the play is in them. And the secret of the of verse, but from the 'heroic days' of 20 play - the refutation of all doctrinaire criticism of it — lies in the fact that though they may offend against every letter of dramatic law they fulfil the inmost spirit of it, inasmuch as they are dramatic ingly bedizened grave in the rhymed bur- 25 in themselves. They are instinct with that excitement, that spontaneity, that sense of emotional overflow which is They are as carefully constructed for effective speaking as a messenger's ter cut. Look at the Shakespeare prompt- 30 speech in a Greek drama. One passage in particular, Puck's 'My mistress with a monster is in love,' is both in idea and form, in its tension, climax, and rounding off, a true messenger's speech. Shakebeen our saviour, and we owe him thanks. 35 speare, I say, was from the first a playwright in spite of himself. Even when he seems to sacrifice drama to poem he — instinctively or not - manages to make the thing, the whole merit of Elizabethan poem itself more dramatic than the drama verse with its consonantal swiftness, its 40 he sacrifices. And once he has found himself as a playwright, very small mercy he has on verse for its own sake. seems to write it as the fancy takes him, badly or well, broken or whole. Is there vidual actors or speakers of taste and 45 a single rule he will not break, lest his drama should for a moment suffer? Is there a supreme passage in the later plays but is supreme more in its dramatic emotion than its sheer poetry? Take for an 50 instance the line in King Lear — 'Never, never, never, never, never.' Can you defend it as poetry any more than you can 'Oh, Sophonisba, Sophonisba, defend oh'? As a moment of drama what could

> Whence comes the tradition that a blank verse play is, merely by virtue of its verse, the top notch of achievement?

Shakespeare's best work, seen alive in the theatre, gives, I maintain, no color to Verse was his first love, his natural medium - the finest medium for the theatre in general of his day, I'll admit. 5 must ask a modern audience to sit through But how far he was, in principle and two hours and a half of Shakespeare practice, from those worthy disciples who without a break; the play would gain have for these centuries attempted and do indeed still attempt to drag us wearily up their strictly decasyllabic pathway to Par- 10 Folio, for which, of course, there is no nassus, only a placing of their work and authority. his side by side in the living theatre will show. It has all come, I suppose, from learned people elevating him to the study from the stage. Despise the theatre; it 15 revenges itself. I digress.

The fairies cannot sound too beautiful. How should they look? One does one's best. But I realize that when there perhaps is no really right thing to do one is 20 always tempted to do too much. One yields to the natural fun, of course, of making a thing look pretty in itself. They must be not too startling. But one I won't have them dowdy. They must n't warp your imagination — stepping too boldly between Shakespeare's spirit and yours. It is a difficult problem: we (Norto carp) have done our best.

One point is worth making. Oberon Titania are romantic creations: sprung from Huon of Bordeaux, etc., say steppe of India, says Shakespeare. But Puck is English folklore.

How should the fairies dance? Here I give up my part of apologist to Cecil truck with a strange technique brought from Italy in the eighteenth century. If there is an English way of dancing - and Sharp says there is — should not that be their way?

And what tunes should they sing to? English tunes. And on this point Sharp has much to say - more sometimes than I can quite follow him in. I have no of the play, and to set a tune to the rhythm of Oberon's spoken words seems absurd. If this most appropriate one we borrow from Two Noble Kinsmen is was), I'm sorry. I'm sorry, anyway, if it's vandalism, but something has to be done.

Finally I divide the play into three parts. I don't defend the division; it only happens to be a convenient one. I can't defend any division, and some day I really two hours and a half of Shakespeare without a break; the play would gain greatly. This is less absurd, that is all, than the Jonsonian five-act division of the

CONCERNING DAVID **BELASCO**

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

[American Magazine, January, 1913. By permission.]

If the average theatregoer were asked who is the commanding figure on the American stage today, he would probwishes people were n't so easily startled. 25 ably reply without hesitation, 'David David Belasco, indeed, has Belasco.' been an important figure on our stage since 1882, when he first came from California to New York. With all his theatman Wilkinson and I - he to do and I rical and rather tiresome tricks for obtaining publicity, he could not, of course, have achieved and maintained his eminence without solid and unusual artistic merit. But his merit is so conspicuous in the commentators; come from the farthest 35 one particular line, that of creating scenic and histrionic illusion, that it seems completely to have blinded many people to his shortcomings in many other important respects. Even the critics, in New York at Sharp. I only know they should have no to any rate, completely lose their faculty of judgment when he mounts a new play, and mistake illusion for intellect, scenic realism for reality. Because the acted drama is composed of many elements, and 45 because illusive scenery and naturalistic acting are only a part of perfection, and ultimately not the most important part, it is time we considered David Belasco and his work a little more dispassionately. doubt there is a lyric missing at the end 50 When considering him and his work at present, we are in grave danger of forgetting altogether that literature has some claims, that dramatic realism is as much a matter of character selection and deeds not Shakespeare's (Swinburne thought it 55 as of scenery or acting, that progress in the drama is marked not only by the multiplication of electric switchboards, but by the increased power of the stage

interest people in the vital problems f the life about them. Mechanically, avid Belasco's productions are in the ery van of dramatic progress. Spiritully, they mostly belong back in the days f Dion Boucicault, whom Mr. Belasco

nce served as secretary. It is rather important that this distincon should be made, and made clearly, ciousness. Progress in any branch of uman endeavor is difficult enough, and he theatre is peculiarly conservative. Vhen, therefore, a leader arises who can ee him neglect his opportunities, and still nore a pity to see the crowd, deceived by he outward show of progress, fancy they re marching on when they are only bly set a new standard of production on ur stage; he has, just as unquestionably, one almost nothing to advance the standrd of play-writing, to substitute reality tory-telling, poetry for pasteboard, ideas or tradition. As far as advancing the rt of play-writing is concerned, apart n his line, that line is narrow, so narrow hat, until it is widened, he cannot justly e regarded as a true leader, nor his laims either as a dramatist or an adapter 35 Lady. of other men's dramas be taken very seri-

In a book called The American Dramaist, by M. J. Moses, there is a chapter ial list of the plays which he either vrote, adapted, or collaborated on, after e came to New York in 1882. While e came to New York in 1882. onnected first with the Madison Square Belasco wrote wholly or in part, accordng to Mr. Moses, La Belle Russe, The tranglers of Paris, Hearts of Oak (with Ioonlight Marriage, The Doll Master, A hristmas Night, Within an Inch of His ife, The Lone Pine, American Born, Not fuilty, The Haunted House, Cherry and he Curse of Cain, The Millionaire's aughter, The Ace of Spades, and The coll of the Drum. Not one of these has

uslv.

With Mr. De Mille, Belasco wrote The Charity Ball, Men and Women, The Wife, and Lord Chumley (acted by E. H. Sothern). The first three were seffective dramas in the prevailing manner - nothing more; the last was a character sketch. In 1893 Belasco collaborated with Franklyn Fyles on The Girl I Left Behind Me. In 1895 he brought out nd driven if possible into the public con- 10 Mrs. Carter in The Heart of Maryland. Soon after, the same actress appeared first in Du Barry and then in Zaza, the latter a sentimentalized adaptation from the French. Since 1900, when Blanche arry the crowd with him, it is a pity to 15 Bates acted John Luther Long's pathetic Madame Butterfly under his management, he has capped one popular success with another. Merely out of David Warfield's acting of Charles Klein's sentimental play, narking time. Belasco has unquestion- 20 The Music Master, he would have made a snug fortune. He has mounted a pseudo-Japanese play, The Darling of the Gods; a sentimental melodrama of the Fortyniners, The Girl of the Golden West; a or sentimentality, literature for trivial 25 Civil War drama, The Warrens of Virginia; a California play, The Rose of the Rancho; a French adaptation, The Lily; Viennese adaptation, The Concert; a rom the art of play-producing, he has drama of the supernatural, for David een as negligible a factor as was Joseph 30 Warfield, The Return of Peter Grimm; efferson. Indubitably a supreme artist Eugene Walter's The Easiest Way; a play about dual personality, called The Case of Becky; a political play, The Woman, and latest of all, The Governor's

This is a long list, and it is by no means complete either. It represents almost no popular failures, and it represents a great deal of remarkably good theatrical enterevoted to Belasco, which contains a par- 40 tainment, for which we should be, and are, rightly grateful. But it represents, nevertheless, almost no new dramatic literature, and it includes no classics; it marks no development of the art of play-writing; nd then with the Lyceum Theatre, Mr. 45 as a body, it takes almost no account of the new forces of social criticism at work in our drama and our literature; it makes almost no contributions to the American ames A. Herne), May Blossoms, Va-stage, apart from the individual produc-erie, Miss Hellyet, Pawn Ticket 210, The 50 tion of each work under the Belasco guid-

Most of these plays were not written by Mr. Belasco himself. But so potent is his individuality as a producer, and so air Star, Sylvia's Loves, Paul Arniff, 55 slight is the personality and message of the author behind each one, that each seemed, when seen, to bear in every detail the Belasco stamp. There are at least

two striking exceptions, Eugene Walter's acid drama of the Tenderloin, The Easiest Way, and Leo Dietrichstein's adaptation of Herman Bahr's satiric comedy, The Concert. In each of these plays the 5 last September with great acclaim, is personality of the author emerged, because in each there was a definite, vital idea which was the author's own, and to express which he wrote his play. Each of these works approximates, at least, 10 of the decade, he is talking nonsense. It dramatic literature, and each can have, and has had, an independent existence and a pronounced influence, quite apart from the Belasco production. So too, in lesser

degree, has Madame Butterfly.

Now, the very fact that so few of the Belasco productions speak the author's individual message, that so very few of them emerge as independent plays, is a pretty good indication that he is n't doing 20 disguised and persistent plea for our much as a producer to encourage authorsentimental sympathy, and this sympathy ship. He took *The Easiest Way* after is to be extended to a woman who is a Walter had made a reputation. He took The Concert after it had been produced all over the Continent. He has appar- 25 made his pile, built a magnificent house in ently dropped John Luther Long, who a Western city, wishes to go to the opera, brought him his one touch of poetic fancy. Charles Klein, who wrote The Music Master and The Auctioneer for Music Master and The Auctioneer for and humble, and absolutely refuses to as-Warfield, produced independently his 30 sist him in his ambitions. She will not more important dramas, such as The Lion and the Mouse, in which he tried, at least, to touch on real American problems. Nearly all the rest of Mr. Belasco's authors are quite negligible. They exist for a generally more eager to go to the opera the public only as the Belasco wizardry of stage manipulation can give their concoctions illusion. This is the very negation of leadership in the progress of a native drama.

The true first and fundamental duty of a producer is not to reflect the perament and tastes, but to reflect the author's, to stage the author's message, not his own. Most of Belasco's authors, 45 still loving his wife, and the wife as still loving Daniel. The young woman is replaced by the bad no message. Can loving Daniel. The young woman is replaced to the product of the bad no message. She it be that he has preferred it so? Can it be that he has preferred to take a negative drama and shape it into a stage puts his wife aside, not because her pigentertainment of sure popularity, com- so headed selfishness has killed the subtle pounded of old-fashioned sentimentality and new-fashioned superficial and scenic realism, rather than to work with material which he could not in conscience bend to his own purposes? That is a 55 despicable. In the clear light of logic, in question Time is going to answer for Mr. Belasco, and answer not uncertainly, unless he takes care.

Let us consider for a moment his latest production. The Governor's Lady, written by Alice Bradley (whoever she may ! be). This drama, shown in New York perhaps one of the most marvelously mounted plays of the decade. But when a certain hypnotized New York critic declares it one of the most marvelous plays is a false, sentimental, trivial play, perverted in ethics and twisted in logic, not worthy of an hour's serious consideration, apart from its superb production on Mr. 15 Belasco's stage. And the greater the genius of production, the greater the pity that it should be wasted on such trashy material.

In The Governor's Lady we find an unbad wife. Daniel Slade, it seems, started life as a poor, rough miner, but he has entertain important people, get elected governor. His wife, however, is homely even try. Of course it is never safe to say that anything is n't possible where a woman is concerned, so we will pass over the point that the rough miner's wife is than he is. The indubitable fact remains that Mary Slade was a bad wife, and stupidly, stubbornly, and intentionally a bad wife. As a matter of fact, instead of 40 pitying her when Daniel desired a divorce and the companionship of a young woman who would help him in his legitimate amresented as loving somebody else. She accepts Daniel for his money. Daniel bond of affection in his breast, but purely for political reasons. By the time the play is in mid-flight there is scarcely a character who has n't done something a Pinero satire, for instance, these people would be so unpleasant that the dear, shocked public would refuse to look upon them. But they are here so rose-watered with sentimentality that the dear public loves them all, and when the injured wife tells the young woman who is about to succeed her how much she loves Daniel, all the laundries in New York rejoice. Yet we talk about Belasco realism!

The last act of the play takes place in a replica of one of those numerous white Daniel and Mary are reconciled in this spot. There is no reason why they should be reconciled here, of course. People with their incomes don't eat at Childs': stincts, New York was the last place she would have chosen to live in anyway. But Childs' had never been shown on the

rant is reproduced with photographic fidelity; you almost gasp at the faithfulness of detail, even down to the arc-lamps this realism which really matters? The characters in this play do not belong in Childs'. The people who lunch at clerks, stenographers, and the like, who can afford nothing more luxurious. Any true realism in the drama, if it employed Childs' as a setting, would employ such people as characters, and would let us see 35 a little more clearly, a little more significantly, into their lives. We all know Childs' restaurants have white walls, a griddle-cake grill in the window, and a workers who eat there we do not know, or know but dimly. Show us those problems, as Tolstoy would show them, or Hauptmann, or Gorky, or Galsworthy, or even Eugene Walter, and you have true 45 realism. Mr. Belasco's realism goes no leeper than his scenery - and scenery is out the background of drama, merely a secondary aid to illusion. As a scenendeed a realist. In any deeper and more ruly dramatic sense he is not a realist at ill, and few if any of his productions lave shown that he understands what

Nor has his contribution to the art of icting in America been so great as is

sometimes supposed, even though it appears to be the goal of every actor to be under his management. As far back as 1882 he taught the gospel of naturalism 5 in acting, and in The Governor's Lady he is still teaching it, and teaching it with marvelous results. It is difficult to see how that drama could be acted with a greater illusion of life. We gladly give tiled Childs' restaurants in New York. 10 him full credit for this. But what becomes of the actors and actresses he makes? Do they go on growing? Do they enlarge their scope, their repertoire? What has Blanche Bates done any better and as the whole point of Mary's char- 15 or more important than Madame Butter-acter was her humble, home-loving in- fly? What has become of the golden promise of David Warfield? He has played just four parts in the twelve years since Belasco took him out of the Weber stage before. That was reason enough. 20 and Fields' Music Hall. Time is not Scenically, the interior of the restau-standing still for David Warfield any more than for the rest of us. He has attempted no great part yet. His Peter Grimm is but a variant of his Music outside, sputtering in the winter storm. 25 Master. The heights are still unscaled, And so we rave about realism. But is still unattempted. What has become of still unattempted. What has become of his ambition to play Shylock? With his talents and ambition, with Belasco's vaunted ability to manipulate the switch-Childs' are the myriad more humble toilers, 30 board and flood the moon on Portia's garden, with Blanche Bates's once brilliant promise and eager hopes, we might have a Shylock and a Portia and an atmospheric production of the great classic which would mark an epoch on our stage. But we do not have it. We do not even hear of it any more. We have no true romance from Belasco. We have no true griddle-cake grill in the window, and a realism. We just have wonderfully cash-register. But the problems of the 40 mounted sentimental, old-fashioned stories, doctored up, to be sure, with settings in psychotherapists' laboratories or Childs' restaurants, to give them a spurious 'scientific' or contemporary tone. And the pity of it! Here is a man who

is the one undoubted genius we have as a producer of plays, whose ability to create stage illusion is not exceeded in any country, who has an enormous public painter and coach of acting Belasco is 50 following, who is one of a very few managers who is also himself an artist, capable of designing the scenery, training the actors, devising the lights, adapting the play - who is, in short, a real 'man his deeper realism is. He is merely the 55 of the theatre.' He might, if anybody raditional sentimentalist of the playhouse. can, give us in America a Théâtre Libre or a Deutsches Theater, even as Antoine and Adolf L'Arronge and Max Reinhardt.

He might, if any one can, call out the best and newest and most earnest in the playwrights of America, giving their work such illusive production as would cause it to conquer, to win the public. He 5 umphant career. I was getting off the might, if any one can, make literature and the stage no longer inimical in New York, make the American drama respected and worthy of respect, and the classics, too, once more popular and enjoyable. But he is shame it did n't get over. It was the best has, instead, evidently chosen the Easiest Way. He has exploited his genius as a producer, above the material produced; and however much he may have done for the dress of the American drama, the 15 that man. drama itself has gained nothing from his talents. It is still struggling upward outside of his theatres, and unaided by his influence and prestige.

VI

HOW I WROTE 'WITHIN THE LAW

BAYARD VEILLER

[Metropolitan Magazine, June, 1913. By courtesy of the publishers.]

At a dinner one evening in January, 1910, several of my friends were discussing a certain very popular, lurid crook melodrama then running in a New York theatre. I never thought much of that 35 a hunting trip and that everybody else piece and said so. Furthermore, I maintained that that sort of thing was the easiest stuff in the world to turn out.

self and make a little money for us?'

'Oh, very well, I will,' I replied. 'What is more, I'll do it in a month.'

(Chorus of jeers.)

Two days later I set to work. And I 45 criminal finished the job in three weeks. Within the Law as it is being played today is substantially the same — with the exception of the first act - as the original manuscript I turned out in that time. Of 50 that time Theodore Roosevelt was police course there have been numerous changes, but they were in minor details and not in the general form.

I wrote it for money. Up to that time The most notable of them was a superb thing which ran for one week, The Primrose Path. The only person I ever found who really liked it — besides the author was a conductor on a Seventh Avenue street car. He spoke to me one night six months after the play had ended its tricar with Mrs. Veiller and he stepped down to help us off and said:

'Mr. Veiller, I want to tell you I liked The Primrose Path, and thought it was a

show I saw this year.'

He jumped back on his car before I had time to thank him, and I never saw him again. I've been rather worried about

Within the Law in its original form was an attack on the jury system. The character corresponding to Gilder, the department store proprietor, was the judge 20 who sentenced Mary Turner to prison. Mary was pretty much as she is now, a salesgirl accused of theft. The scene of the first act was a court room. The jury had been out all night. Everybody was 25 worn out with the long, tedious wait for the verdict. The jury filed in, sleepy, blear-eyed and cross. The proceedings were hurried as much as possible. The clerk of the court gabbled through the 30 usual formulas. The foreman in a weary voice announced the verdict of 'guilty.'

In a word, I showed the case of a girl who was being railroaded to prison in order that the judge might get away on concerned might hurry through with their work. The judge pronounced sentence three years - and it was to him instead 'Well, if you know so much,' said Mrs. of the department store proprietor that Veiller, 'why don't you write one your- 40 Mary Turner made the speech that now ends the first act of Within the Law.

I did not have to invent this. Such conditions actually exist and have existed for years. I knew the whole police and courts situation backwards. thanks to my experience of several years as a reporter. I 'covered' police headquarters in New York for a long period before I took to play-writing. During commissioner, 'Jake' Riis was doing headquarters for the Sun, Lincoln Steffens for the Evening Post, and I for the Evening Mail. In no other way can a I had made several contributions to art. 55 man acquire such a thorough knowledge of and insight into the realities that make our civilization hideous as by the work that falls to the lot of a police reporter.

He knows the inside of the system by which poor people are exploited for the benefit of the unscrupulous. He sees nothing but the reverse of the medal. He learns the hollowness of the pretenses 5 would probably be a hit and make a great by which the system is maintained.

THE IDEA OF REVENGE

The next three acts developed naturally out of this situation. It is only right to to the season. make due acknowledgment to Alexandre Dumas, for, as you have no doubt recognized, the idea of the person wrongfully convicted and imprisoned carrying out a systematic plan of vengeance is nothing istained in this first act, the attack on the but the plot of Monte Cristo. The main difference is that it is a girl instead of a man. Most of the managers I subsequently took the play to threw up their clared we never in the world could win the sympathy of audiences for a woman who devoted all her energies to revenge. They could not see that this is one of the Some big elemental feeling must be the basis of all drama. And the instinct to say 'I'll get even with you' is one of the most universal. I made the girl set out sent her to prison. The natural thing for her to consider was: 'Where can I hurt him most?' Obviously his affection for life, it was logical for her to attack his. And the best way to damage it was to associate it by marriage with that of a convicted felon. So that by marrying his enemy. Hence her crucial speech in the second act: 'You took away my name and gave me a number. Now I have given up that number and I 've got your name!'

way, was The Miracle. This was taken from a line in the third act. The father, remonstrating with his son for clinging so obstinately to the girl in the belief that waiting for — a miracle?' Then the son replies: 'No, I'm going to make it.' The title was altered later for fear that it might conflict with a spectacular produc-

The change in the first act from an attack on the jury system to an attack on department stores came about in this way: After the play was finished the first manager I took it to was George Tyler. He said he liked it, thought it deal of money. He would not produce it, however, because he had already arranged to produce another piece which was surefire and bound to be the melodrama hit of

But,' he said, 'your first act has a fine idea for a play by itself. Why don't you write a new first act in its place and write another play for me on the theme con-

jury system?'

As George Tyler is my best friend, and as I was under obligations to him which I hope I can never repay, I followed his hands in horror at this idea. They de- suggestion. I set aside the court room scene so as to use it in another play. I left the heroine as she was, a salesgirl wrongfully accused of theft. And I made her plight the basis of an attack on the most elemental feelings in human nature. 25 department store system in particular and our economic system in general. I am a Socialist. Some of the things I learned at police headquarters made me especially interested in conditions at the New York deliberately to injure the man who had 30 department stores. The fact is that they are just 1000 per cent. worse than anybody not in touch with them has any idea of. The fact is that our social fabric is so his boy was his tenderest spot. More-rotten that the entire industrial world is over as he had irreparably ruined her 35 simply riding on the backs of women. Day by day I hear of instances at first hand that confirm these convictions beyond doubt. However, all this leads away from the subject. I am free to admit that son she inflicted a two-fold injury on her 40 I saw the pictorial value of these conditions and particularly for the first act of Within the Law. They made a first act iust as suitable as the previous one that I set aside for future use. The subse-The original title of the piece, by the 45 quent acts followed it just as naturally as they followed the other.

To return to the original process. Knowing the police methods, it was perfectly easy to imagine the girl's history he can change her, says: 'What are you so after she was let out of jail. It is the almost invariable practice of the police when they see an ex-convict to warn the employer. So naturally the first thing that would have happened to Mary Turner tion of Max Reinhardt's by the same 55 soon after she obtained a job would be for a detective to come into the shop and give the boss full information about her. After a few attempts to earn an honest

living, being determined not to become a prostitute, she would say to herself: 'Oh, very well; if they won't let me be honest I'll get money in the same way the big, grafters get theirs,-dishonestly, but within the law.' At the same time I made her execute her scheme for revenge on

incident in it is a matter of public record. The third degree trick worked on Joe Garson by Inspector Burke in the play is precisely the same trick that was carried out by Inspector Byrnes, undoubtedly the 15 saw the play have wondered whether the best policeman who ever lived, on a crook named McGloin. Everybody down at headquarters knows about it - in fact it is related in Byrnes' book.

LIVE SUGGESTIONS

As for the trap laid for Mary Turner by the inspector, that also was comparatively easy. Police methods are invariably sim-Whenever they want to catch crim- 25 inals and cannot procure evidence the policy is to entrap them into committing some crime at which they can be caught. This they do by means of a stool pigeon; hence the character of English Eddie. 30 accident. This was not in the play orig-Originally I had the woman take part in the burglary of Gilder's home for additional revenge. It was, thanks to an excellent suggestion from Charles Klein, that I changed this. He pointed out that 35 body while the room was almost in total this would alienate the audience's sympathy which her previous wrongs had won for her. Accordingly, I had her go to Gilder's house, not to share in, but to prevent the robbery. Then occurred the 40 man House in Chicago. Suddenly a problem of how to account for her finding out about the burglary scheme. One thing a playwright always has to avoid is giving audiences cause to puzzle over any point. Once they do that their atten- 45 This had caught the sunlight and flashed tion is distracted from the action and the suspense is broken. It was Roi Megrue who suggested that I have the inspector telephone her anonymously so as to in- were two such in New York, one on top veigle her into the trap. These changes so of the Hippodrome and the other on the were made after the play had opened in Chicago.

The Maxim silencer business I put in because there was a great deal in the newspapers about the invention just at the 55 written that trouble really began. I was time I was writing the piece. I think every play should be, as largely as possible, a reflex of what is in the papers at

the present time — not only in lesser details such as this, but in larger affairs. When the silencer was publicly tested it was said that reporters in the next room successful crooks, the politicians and the 5 had been unable to hear the sound of the shot. So I thought: 'If reporters, why not policemen?' The introduction of the incident in the second act, when Joe Garson shows how effective the silencer is by The fourth act I stole. Almost every to shooting at a vase, was merely a matter of ordinary technical skill. You must let the audience see things like that for themselves: it is not sufficient to explain them.

Incidentally, a great many people who vase is really shot. If guns used on the stage were actually loaded with bullets I shudder to think of the calamities that might follow. I would not trust my life 20 to the marksmanship of the average actor. There is a very simple mechanism by which the vase is smashed at just the right moment in such a way that it seems to have been shattered by a bullet.

The revolving searchlight from the Metropolitan Tower which flashes in through the window in the third act and reveals the dead body of English Eddie to Inspector Burke was the result of mere inally but was introduced during the Chicago run of the piece. For some time, however, I felt the need of a spot light to account for the inspector's seeing the darkness. But I could not figure out any plausible excuse for bringing it in. One afternoon I was talking to Al Woods in his room on the sixth floor of the Sherbright light was reflected on the ceiling from the street. I jumped up, went to the window and saw that a wagon was passing by with a large plate of glass. it up into the room. That gave me the idea for the third act: 'Why not a searchlight?' I remembered that there Metropolitan Tower, and it just became a question of which was the more expedient

It was not until after the play was unknown. No play of mine had ever approached a success. I peddled it all over New York. Charles Klein, who is

interested in the Authors' Producing Company, thought of doing it, but came to the conclusion finally that he would need all his time to dramatize The Ne'er-Do-Well.

Eventually Mr. Brady agreed to produce it. The original idea was that the part of Mary Turner should be played by Grace George, who had read the play and for a while. When Mr. Brady was ready to produce it, he sent for me and said: 'Look here; this play won't do as it stands; it needs a good many changes. You have n't enough experience to make 15 them. The only thing to do is to let George Broadhurst rewrite it.' Of course this meant giving Mr. Broadhurst a third of the royalties. However I was willing sake of having the part played by Miss George, which means a certain \$9000 or \$10,000 a week box office returns for almost any play. So Mr. Broadhurst the play and made what changes he saw fit. They were very well done, but they entirely changed the meaning of the piece. We started rehearsals, and when Miss 'This is not the play I accepted,' and threw up her part and refused to have anything to do with it. Emily Stevens was then engaged for the part and gave an admirable performance.

The play did not do well in Chicago. Whether this was owing to the changes made in it or not I won't pretend to say. But I came back to New York feeling terribly despondent over the outlook.

Mr. Brady had produced the piece with second-hand scenery, an act from The Boss, an act from The Gentleman from Mississippi, an act from The Dollar Mark, and its use freely was commented upon by the Chicago critics.

I saw Mr. Brady and we discussed the situation freely. I told him that I did n't form and he grimly agreed with me. He refused, however, to allow me to make such changes as I saw fit.

WE BUY OUT MR. BRADY

I then went to Archie Selwyn, who was, still is, and always will be, my business agent, and talked the matter over with him. We both felt that the play had a big chance if it was properly cast, and put back as it had been originally written.

During my conversation with Mr. 5 Brady he had said, 'If you and Selwyn don't like the way I'm doing your play, why don't you buy and run it to suit yourselves?

I repeated this to Mr. Selwyn. He The matter was left in abeyance to gave the matter a good deal of thought and finally said to me, 'Bayard, do you think if I give the play a really first-class production and a good cast, you can put

> I said that I thought that it had a big chance under the proper conditions.

I am going into these details because it has become the fashion with many makers of plays to revile the play broker, and I to make almost any concessions for the 20 am extremely anxious to tell frankly what one play broker named Selwyn has done for me.

The negotiations for the sale of the play took about ten minutes. Mr. Selwyn who is a very skilful dramaturge — took 25 paid Mr. Brady ten thousand dollars for the property, and assumed Mr. Brady's contract with me, which called for an unusually high royalty for a beginner: five per cent, on the first four thousand of the George read the new version she said: 30 gross receipts and 10 per cent. on everything over that amount. Selwyn had been very pleased, as a play agent, over this contract, and he did n't seem to mind it greatly when he took it over as a man-35 ager. But we both thought it a good deal of a joke. I especially enjoyed it.

A SUCCESS UNDREAMED OF

Up to this time Mr. Selwyn had not 40 figured to any great extent as a producing manager, but in order to protect a client, in whom he had great faith, which faith I hope eventually to justify, he risked what at that time was a great deal of then some five or six years old, being used, 45 money to him, and this was only the beginning.

So the matter was settled. I took the train for Chicago that afternoon with carte blanche to do what I wanted to think the play had a chance in its present 50 the happiest man you ever saw. I set to work the next day. I took out all the changes Mr. Broadhurst had made and restored the play to its original form. pruned and revised and built up. Every-55 body in the world, stage doorkeepers. charwomen and mechanics had suggestions to make. There is always a host of people willing to rewrite your play for

Occasionally I even heard a good suggestion. The rest of the play's his-

tory you know.

And to be quite frank with you, I don't think Within the Law is a great play. 5 But I do admit that it 's theatrically effective. And I think that is due to the fact that I went over it as carefully as I could during the weeks it ran in Chicago, tying up loose ends wherever I saw them and 10 building the thing up: for instance, Mary's speech that now rings down the curtain at the end of the third act, after she has accused her husband of the death of English Eddie. 'Arrest him,' the in- 15 matter of slight importance. So long as spector says. 'You can't.' 'Why not?' Because that man was a burglar and my husband shot him in defense of his home!' is Mary's final answer. Originally that speech occurred in the fourth 20 of themselves, and especially of things act. And the curtain for the third act was unsatisfactory until I got the idea of transferring that speech from the fourth.

None of us thought for a minute that Within the Law would be the success that 25 it is. We all looked for a moderate hit and a run possibly until the first of the year, but that we should sell out on the second night that the play was presented in New York and never have an empty 30 daughter of Oregon with the wizened seat in the house for three hundred performances was beyond our wildest

The play will make a fortune for Mr. Selwyn and his associates, and it's doing 35 One associates him with every blinking very well indeed for me, too, thank you

kindly.

Has it accomplished anything else? What real good has it done? Frankly, I don't know. I hope that it has served its 40 press and The Saturday Evening Post. sociological purpose. I feel very strongly that when a maker of plays has pointed out strongly and fearlessly a social situation that needs a remedy he has done his work. The stage is not the place for the 45 Trade, and their homogeneity is the discussion of reforms; but I am quite sure that it is the surest place to make their necessity known to the greatest number of people.

has been known for years; brilliant thinkers have talked about it, great writers have written about it, but it remained for my bedraggled, tear-stained shop girl on her way to prison, with glit-55 Cohan's drama affords the same excitetering steel handcuffs on her wrists, and her reiterated, 'but you won't pay them enough to live on,' to make three of the

department store proprietors in New York City establish a minimum wage scale of eight dollars a week in their stores. My play has done at least that much good.

VII

'TYPICALLY AMERICAN'

FRANCIS HACKETT

[New Republic, November 14, 1914. By permission of author and publisher.]

What foreigners think of America is a foreigners begin by drinking ice-water the minute they land, they will continue to suffer dire results and form equally dire impressions. But what Americans think said to be 'typically American,' is a matter of considerable importance. Who will be right about America if Americans are wrong?

Mr. George M. Cohan, the gifted adapter of The Miracle Man, is supposed to be 'typically American.' When one contrasts the Chicago stockbroker with the Kentucky mountaineer, the buoyant great-granddaughter of Vermont, this phrase seems slightly vague. What, after all, is 'typically American'? It is true that Mr. Cohan is as familiar as currency. electric sign in the country, with hustlers and drummers, girls who are perfect peaches and men who are princes, bellhops and night-letters, the cannon-ball ex-All these things, pushed into the shopwindow of American life, are undoubtedly indigenous and typical. But are they really American? They come homogeneity of the business world. In so far as Americans are spiritually commercialized, these things are psycholognational. But where commerce The plight of underpaid working-girls to stops, they stop; and the woods know them not, nor the sun on the prairie.

In its clever and definite organization, its swift manœuvers, sharp contrasts, quick changes, sprints, slides, dives, Mr.

¹ The Miracle Man, a four-act play by George M. Cohan, from the story by Frank L. Packard. Presented at the Astor Theatre, New York, October, 1914.

ment as the 'national' game. Abasing myself before all the fans in the nation, I suggest that the reason is simple. The spirit of star baseball, like the spirit of Mr. Cohan's drama, is the spirit of the business world. It is not possible, in passing, to prove that commercialism has given the game of baseball its character. I am content to venture the suggestion source of these supposed Americanisms, and not Americans who are the source of business enterprise. Popular taste in games, in the theatre, in literature, even business preoccupation. As Mr. Cohan himself says, busy people want succinct plays and stories—'small but complete motor. It is an inevitable development, and just because Mr. Cohan is imbued with the same spirit, and is one of its really great exponents, he rivals baseball in popularity and appeal.

What sort of drama comes from the disciple of business enterprise? Mr. Cohan compares the production of plays with that of garters or canned asparagus. this rather refreshing difference in idiom, where does Mr. Cohan 'get off'? Assuming that he has a right to can as-

Judging by The Miracle Man there is a great deal to be said for the business the way it introduced 'crooks with a sense of humor into the novel atmosphere of religion.' Adapted from fiction, the play proves its adapter to have a superb for Mr. Cohan, but just as P. D. Ārmour progressed from hams to soaps and perfumes, so Mr. Cohan, equally fertile and adventurous, could move from musical paragus might be religious asparagus, but he canned it just the same.

Where The Miracle Man shows the benefits of its author's commercial psytelligence. Setting out to tell a given story, it tells that story without superfluity or waste. It seeks to show how a band

of crooked New Yorkers tried to turn a remote New England Patriarch's religious miracles to their own profit, and how in doing so the crooked ones went straight. 5 To tell such a story for a national audience, to relate it to national institutions and national ideologies, to give it the same credibility as a two-cent stampthat was Mr. Cohan's ambition, backed that it is business enterprise which is the 10 by the belief that the idea was big enough to 'get across.' And get across it does, where many greater ideas have inconti-

nently failed.

In spite of his own repudiation, Mr. in politics, is modified by the general 15 Cohan is a genuine artist. The Patriarch in this play is a little conventionalized, but not a bit more than Walt Whitman or John Alexander Dowie. He is an impresand electric doses,' just as they want a sive Patriarch, and Mr. Thompson intones Religion Movement with a high-speed 20 him like a psalm. The cocaine fiend, also, is slightly conventionalized, and could hardly have fooled the inhabitants of Needley, Maine. The girl who falls in love with the cocaine fiend is, also, not suffi-25 ciently hand-made. One would prefer a little more violet and a little less shrink. But with these objections registered, there is much in which to rejoice. As the Flopper, Mr. James C. Marlowe was quite His lingo is subservient to the patrons 30 human, funny and American. The fake who hustle and drum. But, disregarding cripple introduced to the shrine of the Patriarch, he revealed not only Mr. Cohan's excellent sense of humor, but also his imagination and his taste. The real paragus, what sort of asparagus does he 35 cripple, acted by Mr. Percy Helton, was also admirably conceived - pallid, venomous, intense. And when the dumbfounding real miracle takes place, just after the fakers had 'worked' the Patriarch for the ideology in drama. This play is derived fakers had 'worked' the Patriarch for the from a story which 'got' Mr. Cohan by sake of manufacturing publicity, the whole cast is manœuvered for a 'curtain' of the highest emotional effect. But in spite of the homely touches so

cleverly observed, and so well conveved nose for situation. It was a departure 45 by Mr. Frank Bacon as the Yankee hotel proprietor; in spite of the spacious dignity and impressiveness of the Patriarch; in spite of the Flopper's conviction that 'Napoleon's noodle was a billiard ball' comedy to a drama of religion. The as-50 compared to the chief crook's; in spite of the shrewdness with which this gentleman makes good his boast that 'he'd have sick millionaires throwing certified checks through the windows of the Shrine'; chology is in its astonishing clarity and in- 55 there is, in the dénouement of The Miracle Man, a proportion of buncombe almost too great to be borne. At no point was the tool of the crooks, passed off

as the Patriarch's long-lost grand-niece, quite in the picture as real. But as time went on, and as Miss Gail Kane kept asseverating that her heart had changed after five years' wicked life, and that she could not deceive the kind old man, one parted company from Mr. George M. Cohan. Miss Gail Kane undulates in voice and figure, but she is only verbally stoops, neither to the possibilities nor probabilities of her part, so that while one is reluctantly willing to believe in sudden conversions in real life, one is The Miracle Man. As for the men's conversions they are dreadfully reinforced by love affairs straight from the warehouse. As for the chief crook, Mr. be turned good.

In piling up sentimentality Mr. Cohan is faithful to the psychology of commercialism. But some day, being full of real the truth. On that day he will see why fresh asparagus is better than canned.

VIII

'ON TRIAL' AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

[Times, London, England, April 30, 1915. By permission.]

Why does American melodrama bear export better than American farce? For one reason, because jokes are apt to be other, because the American virtue of strict attention to business is all the more effective when the business is serious business.

which distributes its thrills on a novel plan. Its framework is a murder-trial, and you have all the orthodox excitements of a trial scene; speeches of counsel, agitation of accused, demeanor of jury, and 50 a clever child-actress, Odette Goimbault, so forth, plus the amusement of noting the differences between an American criminal court and one of our own. But the court scene is only a framework. As each important piece of evidence is reached the 55 than forensic, and the house as obviously lights are suddenly extinguished, the scene

revolves, and you are shown in action and in situ what the witness is telling the jury. Thus the murdered man's widow in the box — we beg pardon, on the stand — 5 says, 'At that moment my husband's telephone-bell rang,' and at that moment you are transported to the room where the bell is ringing and see all that follows. Or the accused's child tells the jury how she 'tough.' As an actress she rises, or was sitting down to the piano — and hey presto! there she is sitting at the piano. and you get another instalment of the action subjected oculis fidelibus. Or the accused's wife relates how in the long, long quite incapable of accepting this one in 15 ago she met the murdered man and was deceived by him — and, on the spot, you are shown the meeting and the deception.

Of course, this means that the story is told backwards - you start with the George Nash made him too true ever to 20 murder and go on to the cause of the murder, and finish up with the long, long ago - but perhaps that is as good a way of telling a melodramatic story as any other, and it is, anyhow, a novel way. Besides, artistic perception, Mr. Cohan may see 2 you have the fun of constantly speculating about the moment at which the court scene is going to vanish into darkness and be superseded by a bit of the actual story which the court is trying to unravel.

Why the murder was no vulgar crime, but what Bacon calls a kind of wild justice, it would be spoiling sport to tell. The audience is soon let into that secret, and it looks as though the interest would 35 prematurely fade, but it is revived and kept up to the end by the ingenious introduction and detection of a subordinate criminal - who had been in court all the time, a mere insignificant and unobserved local whereas thrills never are. For an- 40 item until he was wanted for the dénouement.

Miss Edyth Goodall and Mr. Arthur Wontner take the principal parts. They are both excellent at this kind of work, On Trial is an American melodrama 45 and in a scene - not new, but always effective - wherein the truth is wrung by a relentless man out of a lying woman, they last night strung the audience to the topmost pitch of excitement. There is Mr. Julian Royce and Mr. Bassett Roe obviously enjoyed themselves as the opposcounsel — American counsel. course, with a manner more free-and-easy enjoyed the whole affair.

IX

'FANNY'S FIRST PLAY'

W. S. CATHER

[McClure's Magazine, March, 1913. By permission.]

While Fanny's First Play can by no nard Shaw's best plays, it is one of the most amusing, and its unconventionality pleased the New York public. Mr. Shaw sets out to ridicule certain conventions conventions. Miss Fanny O'Dowda, a student of a woman's college in Cambridge and a member of a socialist society, has written a play, and her father arday — produced by a professional company, with the London critics in attendance to pass judgment upon the piece. Count O'Dowda, an esthetic survival of play himself, and probably would not have understood much of it if he had. The name of the author is withheld from the company and critics, as Miss O'Dowda and sex.

On the evening when the play is to be given, the critics meet at Count O'Dowda's house and before dinner deliver themeral. They insist upon knowing the authorship of the play they have come to see. 'How,' says Gunn, 'is one to know what to say about a play, if one doesn't wouldn't say the same thing about a Pinero play and one by Henry Arthur After this introduction follows Fanny O'Dowda's play, in three acts. come forward, and attempt to decide upon the authorship. In attempting to place the play in the right locker, the critics take up the best known English playown way, define the work of Mr. Shaw and his contemporaries, tagging each playwright by some external and unimportant characteristic that has nothing to do with his dramatic purpose. They characterize each brand of modern play by comments which remind one of the woman who said

she 'could always tell Meredith's style, because there were so many parentheses.

The divertissement by the dramatic 5 critics by no means exhausts the satiric humor of the piece, though it seems to have attracted more attention than anything else in the play, both here and in London. The complexion of Fanny's means be ranked among Mr. George Ber- 10 budding talents seems to have afforded Mr. Shaw a great deal of amusement; he fairly outdoes himself to be shocking in the play he makes Fanny write. He seems to relish the notion of attributing theatrical conventions, domestic and social 15 a flippant and rather 'raw' burlesque on the respectable, middle-class English home to a young girl, gently bred. This, Mr. Shaw seems to chuckle, is the sort of thing young ladies who are impelled toranges to have it produced on her birth- 20 ward literature are thinking about today. But to Fanny's own play. Knox and

Gilbey are partners, drapers, most respectable. Margaret Knox is betrothed to Bobby Gilbey — both young people had the eighteenth century, has not read the 25 been reared in the pure atmosphere of the British tradesmen's home, and both are being carefully educated. Margaret, whose mother is a religious fanatic, has had rather more than her fair share of wishes no allowance made for her youth 30 cant. But both young people, according to Fanny, are quite unregenerate, normal savages, absolutely untouched by the moral and social standards under which they apparently live. Margaret, to give selves upon plays and play-writing in gen- 35 vent to her high spirits on a boat-race night, goes alone to a public dance-hall, picks up as escort a French naval officer whom she has never seen before, and, when the police raid the place, knocks out know the author?' Says Bannel: 'You 40 an officer's two front teeth with a well aimed blow. She and her escort are taken to Holloway jail and locked up for two weeks.

Bobby goes out for a lark with 'Dar-When Fanny's play is over, the critics 45 ling Dora,' a little girl who lives as she can and who has been in jail before. They go to a dance-hall, drink too much, exchange hats, and walk about the streets singing until they are sent to jail for wrights one after another, and, in their 50 disturbing the peace and resisting arrest. And yet these are all, as they say in New England, pleasant young people, not at all vicious or unattractive. Even 'Darling Dora,' Fanny thinks, is not in the least a his real manner or method, much less with 55 degraded person. Here, says Fanny, we have the normal young of the species expressing their healthy animal spirits. That they get locked up is, of course, an

accident for the young people, a structural convenience for Fanny. But neither Fanny nor Bobby nor Margaret regard two weeks in jail as a retribution — the blush is for the jail!

When Margaret finds out that she likes liberty, she is honest about it; she says she enjoyed the dance-hall and the streetfight; she conceals nothing about the poselves, which she keeps as a trophy; and she avows that she has long been in love with Bobby's butler. But living under a respectable roof, and expressing his youth Bobby. He cuts his little Dora when he is out walking with his mother, and coaxes the butler to tell him how he can break his engagement and put all the does manage to put the onus of Bobby's unattractive qualities on his respectable bringing-up. He is certainly more likeable in his natural unregenerateness than thinks respectable. One imagines that 'Darling Dora' sees the best of him, when he 'always imagines himself a kitten and bites her ankles coming up the stairs.

In the last act the old gods of the British hearthstone meet their twilight, crumble to dust at the thrust of Fanny's bold quill. Everybody takes down the Sunday soul: Bobby declares that he will have nobody but his Dora; Margaret proclaims her love for the butler; the butler modestly confesses that he is the son of a duke, that he has succeeded to the title; Margaret's fanatical mother admits that she is not so sure about the 'inner light,' after all; and the two drapers, Knox and Gilrespectable in the future. One can't help wondering whether Fanny would advise a similar relaxation in all British households, and where, if it occurred, she thinks engaging ideas to tie to; they will always keep her up to a certain pitch. But people without ideas must have something. The question is, whether Fanny might not Knox's hysteria might easily take a more offensive form than religious mania.

X

'ROSY RAPTURE' AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

[Illustrated London News, March 27, 1915. By permission.]

Not even the brilliant talents of a Barrie can convert a revue into something else liceman's teeth, not even the teeth them- withan its inconsequent self, nor does the atmosphere of home and baby which he affects in his example harmonize too well with the machinery of burlesque, wild dancing, and beauty-chorus. The maunder cover, has made a sad sneak out of 15 terial in which an artist works cannot but influence his art, and so, notwithstanding the piquancy of a combination of Sir J. M. Barrie as author and Gaby Deslys as actress, with its consequence of this blame of it on Margaret. And Fanny 20 embodiment of gaiety being involved in scenes of domestic sentiment, we hardly get the best sort of satire or the prettiest fancy of which our English Puck is capable under these conditions. His travesty when he tries to conform to what he 25 is devoted to stage devices and stage fashions which are already rather démodés, and which soon exhaust their humorous possibilities. Skits on the problem play and the triangle of sex, on stage hus-30 bands who hide in wardrobes, and heroines of melodrama who shiver in the snow, are a bit old-fashioned nowadays; and the Barrie travesties of David Copperfield and Sir Herbert Tree are no betshutters and lays bare the windows of his 35 ter and no less superficial than average burlesques in revues. The best thing in Rosy Rapture is the little episode in which Mlle. Deslys as French peasant girl and Mr. Jack Norworth as English Tommy that his older brother has just died, and 40 make love with the help of a phrase-book and with Lord Kitchener's homily to soldiers in mind, and give us also a new version of Sally in Our Alley; that is the daintiest of ideas — Barrie at his best. bey, resolve to take a highball and be less 45 No less happy is the set of moving pictures describing the adventures of the baby in his perambulator discovering for his actress mother 'how to be happy though at home.' There are songs and we would come out. Fanny has her own 50 dances and jokes to be sure, and a beautychorus which is beautiful, and 'Gaby' herself is delightfully vivacious, and Mr. Norworth has a tongue-twisting ditty, and Mr. Eric Lewis is fine fun as a butler find Knox and Gilbey less interesting un-55 urging the chorus to fling themselves into respectable than respectable; and Mrs. a polka—in fact, it would be quite a good revue if we had not expected something so superlatively good from a Barrie revue.

I. MUSICAL CRITICISM

If one may vary the opening phrase of Professor Daniel Gregory Mason, editor-in-chief of The Art of Music, 'So many and varied are the paths of musical enjoyment and profit, so difficult and sometimes so conflicting are the types of music presented, that the timid or inexperienced writer may well pause at the threshold, afraid of wholly losing his way in such a labyrinth.' The timidity of the inexperienced critic is a wholesome fear, especially if he is not acquainted with the technique and history of the form of musical art he undertakes to discuss. It may fall to the lot of a young journalist to be sent, much against his will, to report a concert, and if this happens, he will doubtless do his best in the way of judicious, or, at least, inoffensive praise, describing, with such variety of phraseology as he can command, the pleasure derived by the audience from the efforts of the performers. Such notices can hardly be called musical criticism, which has to do not merely with the effect upon the audience, but with the merits of the compositions rendered, as well as the way in which they are interpreted. Ohviously for such a responsible task, musical knowledge and artistic sympathy of a high order are necessary if the judgment of the critic is to carry weight. In addition to these qualifications he must have the power of presentation; there are many skilled musicians who would make poor critics, because they have not the power of expressing themselves in writing. The examples of the best American criticism here submitted will give the young student some idea of the character and extent of the qualifications required, and may serve to warn him that great natural capacities as well as prolonged study are necessary before the career of a musical critic can be begun with any hope of success.

Т

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

[Evening Post, New York, May 15, 1915. By permission.]

Camille Saint-Saëns, France's foremost musician, and held by many to be the greatest living composer, landed on these of a patriotic duty. And to it, in spite of his eighty years, he is bringing, as those who saw him hurry down the gangplank of the Rochambeau can testify, all the driven him through a vigorous career into every quarter of the globe and every realm of music, to say nothing of the other arts and sciences.

request of the French Government, he has undertaken to represent France at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. What is a more arduous undertaking, he has agreed, also at the request of his government, to 25 ius. A small leather bag supported by a be 'First Delegate to the Franco-American Commission for the Development of Political, Economic, Literary, and Artistic

Relations,' and as such to deliver a series of lectures throughout this country during a visit of three months. What M. Saint-Saëns is about to do constitutes not 5 the least of his many patriotic services to France.

HIS UNUSUAL VERSATILITY

It is not easy to reconcile the appearshores on Thursday, in the performance to ance of the man with one's knowledge of the extraordinary range of his experiences, the distinction of his artistic accomplishments, and the universal recognition he has received for half a cenkeenness and nervous energy which have 15 tury. He stepped ashore like any simple voyager — albeit one who had business to transact and was eager to be at it. A dark suit and plain black overcoat — a trifle dingy it must be admitted — a derby Now in the evening of his life, at the 20 hat, close cropped gray hair, and square beard, strong aquiline nose, and quick, keen eyes, gave to their rather smallsized but sturdy possessor anything but the suggestion of temperament or of genstrap 'over his shoulder added to his business-like appearance.

Could this be the man of whom Liszt

once said: 'I and Saint-Saëns are the only two left who know how to play the piano in Europe'? or of whom Wagner said: 'He is the greatest living honorary degree of doctor of music; French composer,' or Gounod that 'he 5 Cambridge showed wider recognition of could write at will a work in the style his abilities by conferring upon the comof Rossini, of Verdi, of Schumann, or of Wagner.' M. Saint-Saëns knew these celebrities well; they with many more of the most distinguished Europeans of the 10 live to enjoy more acknowledgments of nineteenth century were his friends. And yet here was he who first won fame when he made his premier public appearance as a pianist in Paris two years before trudging down a gangplank on a New York dock, without attracting any more notice than any returning traveler receives.

lack of ostentation, the independence, and the savoir faire which are M. Saint-Saën's distinguishing traits. Eccentricities, at least surface eccentricities, are no part of him. He is essentially a man 25 of musical writing. In addition, he has of the world. His interests are world- had over half a century of continual wide, and his knowledge is in keeping. travel, performing his own works, con-Not inaptly he has been dubbed the Admirable Crichton of the Boulevards. Beyond a doubt, even such a prototype could 30 the capitals of Europe. His travels have not surpass him for versatility. He loves all the arts only less well than music. He writes verses and occasional sonnets. His musical criticism did valiant service for music in France in a critical period. 35 movements. He was the prime mover His literary publications include besides critiques, reminiscences, verse, essays, and comedies.

As for his talk, that which was heard league against vulgar and incorrect words at his 'Mondays' is famous. Ordinarily 40 threatening to become part of the French somewhat cold and self-contained, on occasions like these the composer unbent, as once for instance when to the delight of his visitors, he and Bizet acted and sang Offenbach's Homeric travesty, 45 In many respects his infancy resembled La Belle Hélène. From boyhood, he showed a keen interest and aptitude for science, which enabled him to master the formal side of music with most surprising celerity. Mathematics and astronomy 50 noise,' says his own account. 'My greatwere very much to his taste. And he has frequently contributed papers to scientific societies and magazines. An archeological treatise on the Greek theatre was an early excursion, and at another time, upon 55 that of an oboe. Berlioz must have lisreturning from a visit to the East, he amazed a learned society with a paper on his studies of mirages.

HONORS HEAPED UPON HIM

Oxford found him early worthy of the poser the degree of doctor of letters. In his own country honors innumerable have been heaped on him. Indeed, few men success than have been tendered him. Thirty-four years ago he became a member of the Institute, and he has since been made a member of the Royal Acad-French Revolution of '48, now 15 emies of Belgium, Prussia, Sweden, Greece, and Spain.

The striking thing today about Saint-Saëns is the vigor he has retained through a working life of remarkable fullness. It All of this emphasizes the sanity, the 20 began when he was ten, and his fecundity has been nothing short of marvelous; more than ten pages of small print are necessary to catalogue his musical compositions, which range through every style ducting and helping to produce others, and giving organ and piano concerts in all taken him to Asia and Africa, and he has been in the United States before this. He has furthermore found time as at present to identify himself with national in the organization of a society for the promotion of French music as long ago as 1871. And he helped to establish a

> M. Saint-Saëns has undoubtedly been able to accomplish so much because of his early start. He was a 'wonderchild.' Mozart's. Born on October 9, 1835, in Paris, he was hardly out of his nurse's arms before the world of sounds began to claim him. 'I began listening to every est pleasure was the symphony of the kettle on the hob. I used to listen with passionate interest to its slow and surprising crescendo and finally its song like tened to that same oboe, for I heard it afterward in the Damnation of Faust in

the Ride to Hell.

A STUDENT OF OTHER MASTERS

At two and a half years he played the piano; he played with taste and skill at concert, playing, among other things, Beethoven's C minor Concerto and one of Mozart's pieces, accompanied by the orand he had shown his ability to play parts of Mozart's Don Juan at sight. In 1847 Saint-Saëns entered the Conservatoire, where he studied under Benoist organ, and theory to such purpose that he became a prize winner.

His first symphony was written and performed when he was seventeen with success by the Société de Sainte Cécilie. He 20 the concert stage, after sixty years of became organist of the Church of St. hard work. He had, ten years before, Merri in 1853, and organist of the Madeleine in 1858. He did some teaching also at that time, but gave most of his time to his beloved occupation of composing. 25 identical chamber — the Salle Plevel — in His facility in that direction is the basis of many stories. There are few erasures on his manuscripts. He puts his ideas down rapidly on paper, chatting sometimes the while, and he needs no piano 30 ica. But he said that what interested him to assist him. He wrote his opera Proserpine without having an instrument in reach.

As a student of the music of other masters, he is probably without a rival 35 looks forward to observing just how far Von Bülow was so much impressed by this knowledge that he recorded his wonder at the young musician's prodigious memory, saying that even at that time nothing in a musical way was unknown 40 ceal his real feelings when he landed the to him. Berlioz was equally impressed with his talent and musical erudition. 'Camille Saint-Saëns is one of the greatest musicians of our time,' he said, and that time was 1867. One of the peculiari- 45 ties of Saint-Saëns and his work — it is said to be a distinction which he alone of recent composers of consequence possessed—is his complete independence of Richard Wagner. He alone, in the opin-50 ion of most authorities, would have been what he has been if Wagner had never existed. And yet he helped France to understand Wagner. As he himself said: 'I admire the works of Richard Wagner 55 profoundly, in spite of their eccentricities. They are superior and powerful, which suffices for me. But I have never

belonged, I do not belong, and I never shall belong to the Wagnerian religion.

M. Saint-Saën's most celebrated musical compositions are, with the date of their five. And at ten he gave his first public 5-publications: Les Noces de Prométhée, 1867: La Princesse Jaune, 1872; Le Timbre d'Argent, 1877; Samson et Delila, 1877; Etienne Marcel, 1879; Rouet chestra of the Italian Opera. He was d'Omphale, Danse Macabre, Jeunesse seven when Stamaty took him as a pupil, 10 d'Hercule, Symphonies en mi, en la, et ut, Henry VIII, 1883; Ascanio, 1890; Phryné, 1893; Chœurs d'Antigone, 1893; Javotte, 1896; Déjanire, 1898; Les Barbares, 1901; Parysatis, and Halévy, devoting himself to piano, 15 1902; Hélène, 1903; L'Ancêtre, 1906, and many concertos, sonatas, and quintettes.

It was on his visit here in 1906 that Saint-Saëns announced that he would quit hard work. He had, ten years before, had the satisfaction of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance in public by giving a concert in the which as a boy of ten he made his début.

On that visit in 1906 the composer expressed himself as delighted with Amermost was not America as it was, but what it would become some day, when a thousand elements were amalgamated in forming a product as yet unknown. Today he that process of amalgamation has gone. He is bitter against the foes of France, but he permits himself to talk little on the subject of the war. But he could not conother day. Some admirers who rushed to welcome him were brushed off with the protest that he would have none of them, for being German.

TT

'BORIS GODOUNOFF'

KURT SCHINDLER

[North American Review, February, 1913. By permission.]

With Boris Godounoff, a drama of the Russian people, a new type of 'historical opera' has been founded; far from the stereotyped pattern of Halévy's and Meyerbeer's ambiguous and artificial creations, this is a work of the simple and compelling logic of a master playwright. in which the great emotional forces, the

There have been great musical geniuses who summed up every development that had gone before; of this type were Bach and Mozart. Then there were those vol- no of the boy to his mother was of the tencanic temperaments, those prophetic minds who definitely formulated new ideals— Monteverde, Gluck, Beethoven, and Wagner, and among these must be included the Russian Moussorgsky, who with clear pur- 15 his father sent him to St. Petersburg, pose steered the ship of art, as he said, unto new shores.' Moussorgsky was not only a wonderful composer individually. but behind him lay the unexplored musical wealth of the great Slav nation — a mine 20 through an old priest, who taught him in of rhythmically and melodically unusual religion, he came to know about the old folk-songs; of Byzantine church-chants flavoring of the mysterious early Christian period; of old bard tunes, rhapsodical and full of grandeur; of new and violent 25 later years. He also learned German and vocal inflections rooted in the dialects of a rich and varied language. While Tschaikowsky had adapted his Russian nature to the cosmopolitan surroundings in which he lived, his poor and obscure 30 became very popular through his lovable contemporary (for Moussorgsky was little known outside of Russia till long after his death) built the edifice of his art on purely racial grounds.

ple that led Moussorgsky to base his greatest work, Boris, on a play by Pushkin, the poet who 'took Russia away from the artificiality of the eighteenth century and revealed the possibilities of native 40 the day. Dargomyszky, mature alike in material in the native tongue.' And as the intense humanism of Moussorgsky's art made it a graphic reflection of his own experiences as well as of the life of his

his work.

Modest Petrovitch Moussorgsky was born in Karevo, a village two hundred miles south of St. Petersburg, on the 28th 50 to the inflections of the speaking voice, a of March of the year 1839, as the son of simple people belonging to the small no-bility. Here he passed his childhood to his tenth year in the midst of fields and forests, the typical Russian landscape, in 55 myszky's Guest of Stone impresses one intimate touch with nature and the life of the peasants. His father and mother were both very musical, and his mother

it was who first taught him the piano. The young Moussorgsky had a strong and vivid imagination which was nourished by the Russian fairy-tales, so highly colored revolutionizing sentiments of a period are 5 and barbarically gorgeous in their pic-depicted through the medium of music. turing, which he heard from the lips of his 'Njanja,' the nurse. At an early age he used to sit down and improvise at the piano on these fairy-tales. The devotion derest kind. In later years he used to speak of her as 'a saint,' and his impressive cradle song is inscribed to her memory. In 1849, when he was ten years old, where he first went to a preparatory school, later to a high school for noblemen. He kept on with his piano studies, developing a remarkable proficiency; and Greek liturgical chants and about the music of the Roman Catholic Church, a knowledge which benefited him much in Latin and showed marked interest for the study of history, of German philosophy and psychology. When, in 1856, he entered the Preobrajenki Regiment, he soon character and his many accomplishments, both among his comrades and in social

At this time he became acquainted with It was this intimate love of his own peo- 35 Dargomyszky, the greatest Russian composer of those days, whose fine personality and high ideals made a profound impression on the young man, and at whose house he met all the young composers of his work and years, had developed the theory in his new opera, The Guest of the Stone, that the musical sound should be the exact translation of the spoken word. nation, a knowledge of the man in the 45 This was, of course, very much the same artist is essential to an understanding of idea that Richard Wagner carried out when in Die Meistersinger he let Eva and Magdalene, David and Hans Sachs, sing in vocal inflections conforming absolutely principle which, naturally, led to very different results when applied to the Russian language, so rich in sonority, so changeful in modulations. While Dargotoday as dry and theoretical, it was left to Moussorgsky, who eagerly absorbed Dargomyszky's axioms and instructions,

to carry this idea of musical naturalism to its utmost convincing conclusions.

Moussorgsky now began to compose larger works, and in 1860 Anton Rubinhis in St. Petersburg. Already the year before Moussorgsky had sent his resignation to the regiment, feeling that his musical calling needed his entire and undiily or his friends was of any avail; the examples of Cui and Lermontoff, the poet, that were held up to prove to him that art and service in the army could be comam not Lermontoff: I cannot serve two masters.' This resolution was in one respect most dangerous to Moussorgsky, because, not being blessed with wordly come and soon faced grave financial troubles. These sorrows, together with the strain of his feverish zeal in music. led very soon to a nervous breakdown. where his mother had remarried after the death of his father. From now on for the rest of his life Moussorgsky's health was frail, his manners feverish, restless, strung to a degree. In the meantime he worked on a grand opera on the subject of Flaubert's Salammbo. This work was porated in Boris Godounoff and in the religious cantata Joshua. In the white heat of his enthusiasm he scorned the advice of his friends to acquire a better he mistakenly confounded technique with conventionalism and because he was too full of inspiration to wait for the years only be found by creating a new style together with a new inspiration.

The year 1865 forms a turning-point in his composing. His mother, Julia Ivanest emotion that sent his mind wandering back to the early days of his childhood he wrote his Cradle Song of the Poor and dedicated it to the memory of his mother. Here a new type of song is created; it is 55 Russian literature the reverse side of the a picture of real life, a genre scene of the deepest meaning, this song of the peasant mother bent over the child, wailing and

lamenting the doom to which it is predestined in the small and prescribed circuit of its life. From 1866 to 1868 Moussorgsky lives again in the country and comes once stein conducted an orchestral scherzo of 5 more in touch with the peasant population; and in the new light of the ideal that Dargomyszky inculcated in him, he sees a new beauty in the Russian peasant songs, in the simple and direct utterances vided devotion. No advice from his fam- 10 of these village types. A little episode became of momentous interest in his life development: by chance he witnessed unseen from his window a scene where a poor little wretch, the village simpleton, bined, failed to impress him. He said, 'I is makes love to the beautiful Ivanovna, the belle of the village. The touching and throbbing accents of this poor, loveless, feeble-minded creature, the direct truth that speaks out of his instinctive passion, means, he was deprived of an assured in-20 made a profound impression on Moussorgsky.

And he tries to embody this little scene exactly as he has witnessed it in a song for which he wrote both words and music. and he had to be removed to the country, 25 This incident is used in Boris Godounoff most effectively, and because of its importance it is, perhaps, worth while to recall the fact that the Russian country people treat these unfortunate 'yourodivy,' irregular, and his sensitiveness high 30 the village simpletons, of which they have so many, with awe and superstitious reverence, believing that they have divine foresight, an idea that is to some extent never finished, but a great many of its borne out by science, which claims that melodies have been rescued, being incor- 35 their lack of intellect is often compen-

sated by a keener intuition. The witnessing of this pathetic little drama inspires him to a further resolution in his work. He will from now on not knowledge of musical technique, because 40 only seek to make the song an exact translation of the spoken word, but he will try to reveal through music those instinctive hidden undercurrents of emotion of dry preparatory work, and, further, which lie beneath the veneer of civiliza-because he believed that a new path can 45 tion and which psychologists study in the insane and feeble-minded. He will thus, with his music, approach mysterious thresholds which among poets only Shakespeare dared to cross. The culovna, had died, and in the days of deep- 50 mination of these efforts of Moussorgsky was to be the mad scene of Boris Godounoff. But not everything in Moussorgsky's work deals with sad and gruesome things. He shares with some of the great men of national character - a keen sense of humor and mockery. A delightful specimen of this side of his talent is a character song called The Seminarist, in which he shows the troubles of a young student of theology, who, under the watchful eyes of his teacher, the priest, essays a flirtation with the latter's daughter, is caught and drastically punished and now tries to repeat his Latin lesson of irregular verbs, while choked with sobs and haunted by vivid, unpleasant memories.

kind of musical pamphlet in which he lets the five most important music critics of St. Petersburg pass by as in a camera obscura, each one parodied in a good-na- 15 dents. Twenty performances were given, tured way. There is Famyntsine, the classic, for whom great music ends with Mozart. There is Fifi Tolstoi, who raves about Patti and dances an ecstatic waltz to the air of 'Patti-Patti,' and there is 20 weeks the life of the composer had seemed Zaremba prostrated before the genius of Wagner. This musical pamphlet, in its humor and bonhomie, was an immense success. What Moussorgsky would have done had he finished the music to Gogol's 25 message of appreciation from Franz Liszt, comedy, The Marriage, we cannot tell. He completed but one act, in which he realized a verisimilitude in reproducing the types of the Russian bourgeoisie, faithful alike in manner of speech and of ac- 30 child life with an accuracy and fidelity to tion, that strikes us today, forty-five years later, as extremely modern and really ahead of the times. But he gave up the work on this musical comedy when the idea of setting to music Pushkin's his- 35 torical drama Boris Godounoff was proposed to him by the actor Nikolsky, whom he met at the house of his intimate friend Stassof at St. Petersburg. At Stassof's house he also met Rimsky-Korsakoff, with 40 did not live to complete this, although whom he liked to discuss music and with whom in later years he even shared an apartment.

In September, 1868, he started to work finished in November, and in the fall of 1860 the first version was completed. He orchestrated it in the subsequent winter, and the circle of musicians that first heard it received it with great enthusiasm be- 50 Rimsky was not a big enough man to cause it seemed to carry out the ideals of realize the beauty and originality of the young Russian school desiring absolute veracity and minute reproduction of life. His friends, though, unanimously objected to the absence of the female ele- 55 audacity and the force of inspiration. ment and of a love story in the opera, which he remedied by inventing the scene of the Polish Princess Marina and by giv-

ing such subordinate personages as the hostess and the little Tsarevitch (played by a woman) several arias to sing. He had the good taste, though, to keep these arias 5 in the folk-song style, thus preserving the unity of the opera's historical character.

In February, 1873, the second act was produced on a private stage, and owing to its success the entire work was taken up Even more amusing and original is an- 10 at the Imperial Theatre, where the first other song called *The Peep Show*, a performance took place on the 24th of January, 1874. It had an enormous success, especially with the younger generation, the progressive faction of the stubut, much to the grief of the composer a great many scenes, because of court intrigue, were censored as revolutionary and had to be omitted. Just for a few to reach a climax of recognition and success, but from now on one disappointment succeeded another. The only real gleam of hope that still shone into his life was a who had received through mutual friends a set of children's songs called The Child's Nursery in which Moussorgsky had noted the little joys and troubles of detail hitherto unheard of. Liszt sent Moussorgsky word that he was enchanted with it and wanted to transcribe it for the piano.

During the last seven years of Moussorgsky's life he worked on another opera taken from Russian history and dealing with the conspiracy of the Khovanskis. Its Russian title is Khovantchina. He some parts of it were given under the direction of Balakireff during Moussorgsky's lifetime. The work was actually finished by Rimsky-Korsakoff, who also Boris. The first act was already 45 re-orchestrated a great many parts of shed in November, and in the fall of Boris to suit the exigencies of large of the first version was completed. He opera-houses. The service that Rimsky-Korsakoff tried to render the memory of his comrade is of questionable value. Moussorgsky's genius, and he often tried to cover and soften what seemed to him harshness, but what was really visionary His corrections, although giving higher color, often detracted from the vigor of Moussorgsky's drawing.

Over the last few years of Moussorgsky's life it is well to pass quickly. The story is too sad. Deep melancholy had up inferior clerical work in the various ministerial departments and was obliged to accept a position as accompanist in a singing-school.

in 1880, he was already desperately ill and addicted to the use of cognac. His friends tried to raise money for him by giving a concert of his own compositions in February, 1881, but it was too late; and 15 age as the young monk Gregory now is. a few days later he had to be taken to the military hospital, where he died on the

16th of March, 1881.

The story of Boris Godounoff is founded on some facts in Russian history 20 death of the Tsarevitch. between the years 1598-1605. It is the story of the False Dimitri, used by many dramatists, among them the German, Schiller, and the Russian, Pushkin; and it is the text of the latter author which 25 the people by proclaiming that he is the forms the basis of Moussorgsky's libretto, but certain scenes were written by Moussorgsky himself after descriptions by the historian, Karamzine. After the death of Ivan the Terrible, Feodor, the feeble-30 is in Polish Lithuania, where a great fesminded brother of the Tsar, had ascended the throne; and there being only an infant son, Dimitri, Boris, the Browns law of Feodor, was made regent and tutor of the child. Before the opening of the 35 means to strike at the Russian throne. Dimitri, who has fallen in love with fant son, Dimitri, Boris, the brother-intaken place — that is, the murder of the Tsarevitch Dimitri in the church of Ouglitch at the hidden instigation of Boris, who knows that he thus paves for himself 40 him. The next scene, in the palace of the the way to the throne. Feodor meanwhile has died, and when the curtain rises the scene is the monastery of Novo-Dvejtchi near Moscow, whereto Boris has retired, professing that he will not ac-45 ties. Here the Tsar is seen in his human cept the crown. A great crowd of country people, ignorant and docile, pour into the courtyard, driven by prefects and Boiars to implore Boris to become their Tsar. This blind multitude is a mere tool 50 through the sly and cunning Boïar Chouiin the hands of the noblemen. The next scene shows the coronation of Boris on the Kremlin, where, though surrounded by the cheers of his subjects, the new Tsar, haunted by his deed, is sad and filled with 55 carried out and if the Tsarevitch may not ominous forebodings. This ends the prologue of the opera.

The first scene of Act I reveals a cell

in a monastery of Moscow at night. venerable monk, Pimenn, is in the act of finishing his chronicle of the history of settled on him, and he was so poor that Russia, in which he has described the in order to make a living he had to take 5 murder of the Tsarevitch Dimitri. A young novice, Gregory, who shares the cell, awakes from obsessing dreams of ambition, and Pimenn, to quiet him, tells him of the vanity of earthly power and how When he returned to St. Petersburg to even those who wear the crown are not free from sorrow. While speaking of the murder of Dimitri the old monk mentions the fact that the Tsarevitch, had he lived, would have been exactly the same Instantly an idea flares up in the mind of the fanatic novice; he persuades himself that he is God's instrument to bring just punishment upon Boris and to avenge the

The second scene of the first act is at a village inn near the Lithuanian frontier, where the authorities are seeking the fugitive young monk, who is stirring up young Dimitri. They find Gregory in the company of two jolly vagabond friars, but he escapes through the window bound for the Polish frontier. The second act tival is being held at the Castle of Sandomir. Marina, a Polish princess, urged on by her Jesuit advisers, has received the Marina, is stirred by her to his utmost ambition. She says that only when he becomes Tsar of Russia will she marry Tsar Boris, in the nursery of the Imperial children, is an intimate picture of tender home life, offering opportunities for charming children songs and nursery ditaspect as a grave and affectionate father capable of the deepest love for his children. Yet always the shadow of his crime moves beside him. He hears sky, of an uprising at the frontier and of the appearance of a young man claiming to be Dimitri. Doubts arise in his soul as to whether his commands were actually really still be alive. Left alone, a growing horror seizes him; the ghost of the murdered child seems to arise before his

eyes — a vision he seeks in vain to repel — and with a prayer to God for forgiveness he sinks down fainting.

The next scene is the death of Boris. For reasons of operatic expediency the 5 falls more and more thickly he sits alone, scene has been put at the end of the opera, a proceeding which is legitimate because the composer himself at one time had proposed the arrangement. In the great vaulted hall of the Kremlin the Duma of 10 sia! the Boïars is assembled to discuss the punishment of the usurper Dimitri. They have not caught him yet, but they are already planning what mode of death range of themes that his work comprises; to choose. There they sit in solemn ses- 15 we find poignant pathos, and delightful husion in their sumptuous robes and furs when Boris, still in the throes of his terrible vision, appears, haggard and haunted. The old monk, Pimenn, enters, the chronicler of the first act, who, in the midst of 20 songs, and a barbaric stirring force in the intrigue and lying ambition, typifies Truth in this drama. He recounts to the Tsar a miracle of the restoring of sight to a blind peasant who made a pilgrimage to the grave of the dead Dimitri. While 25 the grim clutches of Russia's frosty winthis proves the actual death of the Tsarevitch and the falsity of the pretender's claim, it only intensifies the mystic terror by which Boris is obsessed. He completely collapses under the clear gaze of 30 young lovers, and the sad housewives, the the old monk, feeling that Pimenn reads the guilt in his soul. His attendants, seeing that his end is near, send for his lit-tle son to receive his benediction, and they then clothe Boris in the Imperial s by him with humor and precision. Skima, the funeral shroud of the Tsars. Boris dies.

The last scene, as Moussorgsky planned it, shows us the highway to Moscow adherence to life, absolute nature-likeness. on which on a bitter cold winter day 40 This is decidedly a limitation of his talthe pretender is advancing with his troops toward the capital. A group of peasant serfs have caught an Imperial messenger and vent their rage upon him. Children are tormenting a poor feeble-minded lad, 45 it forms an intrinsic part of symphonic a 'yourodivy,' as they call them in Rus-The two vagabond friars of the scene in the inn again appear, seeking to rouse the people to revolt, with the result that a new storm of fury breaks out. In 50 hitherto unheard of. There is no regutheir frenzy they seize upon two Jesuits who are accompanying the victorious army of the false Dimitri (who is, in fact, the Jesuits' tool). While they are about to tear in pieces these monks the pre-55 write up to his time. It means boldness, tender appears riding at the head of his troops and proclaiming freedom and forgiveness to all. Equally frantic patriot-

ism succeeds the outburst of fury, and cheering and shouting, the multitude joins the advancing army. Only the poor idiot boy remains behind, and while the snow sending forth his sorrowful plaint: 'Fall, fall, bitter tears, weep, O soul of the righteous! The enemy approaches, blood will flow, fire will rage. Woe on Rus-Weep, ye starving people!'

In reviewing the life-work of Moussorgsky we find a variety of novel aspects that distinguish it, as well as a wide mor, strong dramatic contrasts on one side, and again, when needed, the monotony of an incessant invariable rhythm. the refined subtle charm of the children folk scenes of his operas. With an extraordinarily precise vision he draws the musical pictures of a Russian landscape in the charm of spring and summer or in ter, and more in particular the picture of the Russian village in all the phases of peasant life, showing the mother and the child, the beggar and the 'yourodivy,' the Tews, and the monks. Such interior scenes as the pompous assembly of the peasant family at a holiday celebration, or the jollities of a village inn, are drawn

Moussorgsky always needs a pictorial vision to inspire him to music; his understanding of musical truth means absolute ent, a one-sidedness that he shares with Berlioz and with Richard Strauss. He always has in view a goal not purely musical; the idea of thematic development, as composition, never appeals to him. His strict adherence to the inflections of the Russian spoken word leads him to a liberty and freedom from regular rhythms larity of musical periods corresponding to each other, as in the classical masters, and there are continual changes of bar and tempo such as nobody had dared to indeed, on the part of Moussorgsky in the year 1868, to change the bar twentythree times inside of one song (No. 1 of the children songs); today we have become accustomed to such proceeding through the modernists of France and Germany; yet none of these followers have done it with so much logic as Moussorgsky, who merely sought after the most correct musical notation of the speech of the people. Modern musical explorers of Russia, who, like Madam Lineff, tricts, taking down the Russian folk songs by means of the phonograph, have stated scientifically how variable and flexible the character of the Russian folk melos is. We have become accustomed to the cele- 15 brated five-four rhythm of Tschaikowsky's Pathétique, but by acquaintance with the work of Moussorgsky one learns another typical Russian rhythm, the sevenwith its pompous and stately eleven-four that is as old as the oldest Slavonic traditions.

A new and fertile soil of exploration his keen ears and scrutinizing eyes he watched the country people at work and in song. He had caught as well the weird melodic outline of the Russian lament those bards or 'rhapsodes' that now, as centuries ago, wander through the plains of Russia singing the old balout melodious phrases that are like the falling of tears. Moussorgsky's songs are the songs of the soil. His spirit of observation, of musical experimentamovements and gestures of the moujik or Russian peasant in music, an achievement that helps the dramatic effectiveness of the folk scenes of his operas greatly. so completely become his own that it is hard to say in his work where the nature product stops and where his own invention begins. Far from blaming him for we ought to admire the truth and strength of his unconscious atavistic music heritage which allowed him to speak with the original force of the people, a spokesman sian composers have used the treasure hold of folk songs, but none like Moussorgsky without tainting and soiling them.

without adding the smallness of individual taste to the pure gold of the people's own

greatest possession.

This is exactly the corner where Mous-5 sorgsky grips us with his boundless love of truth and this is why his work, although strictly national in its idiom, reaches far over the Russian boundaries in its appeal to the entire civilized world. have traveled through the peasant dis- to It is a singular power of music that it can convey the very soul essence of a nation even to those who have never come in any touch with it and who do not understand its language.

In Boris Godounoff the 'people' are actually in the foreground of the happenings, the great masses are really the principal actor; at first dumb, oppressed, easily guided, then stirred up, threatening, finally four, and Rimsky's fairy opera entrances 20 in open revolt and jubilant war spirit. The strong veracity of these folk scenes can be likened without blasphemy to such eternal masterpieces as Shakespeare's Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar. And in all Moussorgsky had before him when with 25 dramatic music there is nothing as near to Macbeth as the specter scene of Boris.

One important innovation is that Moussorgsky uses principally prose diction instead of verse, which makes possible the or wail, the strange incantations of 30 intense realism of his style, and which permits him to faithfully picture scenes of every-day life. His acts begin without elaborate orchestral preludes, and the lads and folk songs or lamenting at music ends with the falling of the curthe funeral of the dead in long-drawn- 35 tain; in fact, his self-imposed restraint music ends with the falling of the curkeeps him from drawing one more line or inventing one more melody than is actually demanded by the situation. idea of spinning out or developing themes tion, let him describe the very graphic 40 symbolically, as Wagner did, is entirely excluded from his operatic credo. On the contrary, it is to the singers, the actual exponents of the dramatic message, that supremacy is given. Much attention is The idiom of the Russian folk song had 45 paid to the acting not only of the soloists, but also of the chorus, and the gestures are often indicated by the music itself.

Since Wagner's death there is no work that has so stirred the musical world relying thus upon the nation's resources, 50 through its freedom from convention, its direct truth, and its compelling sincerity; and a singular pathos is attached to the fact that Boris was written forty-three years ago, but only came to the knowledge of the dumb millions. Many other Rus- 55 of the international public since the sumptuous performances in Paris in 1908. Since then the work has been given in Italian in both Monte Carlo and Milan,

and is shortly to be heard in New York. This wider recognition of Moussorgsky's genius, which only began when his ideals struck fire from the susceptible musicians of France, has meant nothing less than 5 by a large and eager audience. The brila reawakening of musical conscience by this naturalist in art, who declared: 'I want Truth above all! To seek and find these treasures hidden in the masses and in individuals which no hand as yet has to demonstration of a pleasing skill within a touched, and to feed hungering humanity with them as with a wholesome food, this is the artist's problem and the joy of joys. Art is not a goal, but the means to talk to one's brethren!'

TTT

WORLD PREMIERE OF 'MA-DAME SANS-GENE'

[W. J. HENDERSON]

[Sun, New York, January 26, 1915. By permission.]

' MADAME SANS-GENE'- METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Caterina Hubscher	Geraldine Farrar
Lefebvre	.Giovanni Martinelli:
Napoleon	Pasquale Amato
Fouque	Andrea de Segurola
Count de Neipperg	Paul Althouse
Queen Carolina	Vera Curtis
Princess Elisa	
Despreaux	Angelo Bada
Gelsonimo	Riccardo Tegani
Leroy	Robert Leonhardt

Madame Sans-Gene, opera in four acts, the book by Renato Simoni after the 40 the libretto is not a great one, it can comedy by Victorien Sardon and E. Moreau, the music by Umberto Giordano, was performed last night at the Metropolitan Opera House for the first time on any stage. The comedy should be remem- 45 music, because it would be too 'talky.' bered by local theatregoers from its interesting representations with Kathryn Kidder in the title rôle and from the production in which Mme. Rejane was the principal actor. Umberto Giordano is the 50 he is encumbered with a mass of details of composer of Andrea Chenier, an opera produced at the Academy of Music by the late Colonel Mapleson on November 13, 1896; Fedora, produced by Heinrich Conried at the Metropolitan on December 5,55 which he is to translate into song. 1906, and Siberia, produced at the Manhattan Opera House by Oscar Hammer-stein on February 5, 1907. Not one of

these three operas made any serious impression or effected a lasting occupation

of the local stage.

Last evening's production was witnessed liancy of the stage pictures, the swift movement of Sardou's skilfully planned action, the disclosure of Geraldine Farrar's gifts in a new investiture and the new limited field of impersonation on the part of Mr. Amato, for which he has few opportunities, all served to hold the interest of the assembly and furnished food for re much animated discussion in the entr'actes.

SUCCESS DEPENDS ON SINGERS

But there was no ground for belief that the opera had made any deeper conviction 20 of creative power than its predecessors from the same pen. If the work obtains any vogue it will be entirely due to the achievements of the principal impersonators. And it must be kept in mind that 25 this can confidently be said in spite of the fact that Arturo Toscanini, the foremost opera conductor of the world, has devoted to the interpretation of the work his unique endowments and his inexhaust-30 ible energy.

Of the liberties taken with history by Sardou and Moreau in their comedy nothing need now be said. Mr. Simoni has made as good an opera book out of the 35 play as could be expected. He has kept close to his original, and his labor has naturally been chiefly that of omission and condensation in order that the piece might be reduced to practicable proportions. If hardly be called the fault of Mr. Simoni.

It is too crowded with incident and action. An ideal opera book would seldom be able to stand performance without the The numerous sustained lyric utterances which are the life of an opera are the death of a play. On the other hand a composer cannot work to advantage when stage business. What he requires for his purposes is a few grand dramatic situations in which the elemental emotions are to be expressed not by doing but by speech

The first opera makers tried to construct this type of poetic drama by carrying on their explanatory dialogue in recitative and publishing their emotional states in arias. Their purpose was defeated by the decadence of their method into a mere stereotyped masters formula. Later sought to reconstruct the form by modifying the large difference between the recitation and the air. Still later composers abolished the conventions of the recitative entirely and wrote their dianically as arioso. When they needed the larger lyric utterance they gave it, but not in any conventional pattern such as that of the eighteenth century aria.

MEMORABLE GREAT ACTS

But no great operatic masterpiece has ever been created which contains no moments of rapturous melodic song, of pure utterance. Without pausing search the archives of the mind any operagoer will think of the great third act of Aida, of Otello's farewell to 'the pomp, the pride and circumstance of war,' beside the fountain, of 'O sink' hernieder' and 'Mild und leise' in Tristan, of Wotan's farewell, of Bruennhilde's immolation. These things are music, great one must not only make room for great music but must inspire it.

If the objection be raised that Giordano's work is comedy and we are quoting frequent and beautiful instances of lyric utterance in a baker's dozen of works, among them Rossini's Barber of Seville, Mozart's Marriage of Figaro, Wolf-Fertered Bride, Wagner's Die Meistersinger and Verdi's Falstaff. Surely Comedy with her smile and her rod of satiric castigation has done as much for music as agonies.

The book of Madame Sans-Gene supplies only a few dramatic points for strong and vital music. The point at comedy calls for the most moving emotional utterance is in the second act, when Lefebyre repeats to his wife the Emperor's suggestion of divorce. For the comedy in the book and some of them clamor for that style of delicate and fanciful music with which Massenet has delighted our ears and our taste in his Manon, music which wears the powdered wig, the exaggerated gallantry and the pirouette of Paris of the close of the

eighteenth century.

That Giordano has written his score in a workmanlike manner goes almost without saying. The routine of operatic composition is well known to Italian comlogue in a continuous melos, known tech- 10 posers. In fact they know more about this than about anything else, and much of the lyric art which emanates from the land of the 'drama per musica' discloses its inheritance of the blood of a genera-15 tion in which one who could write an effective opera finale was called a skilful contrapuntist. Giordano is a competent routinier: he knows how to put an opera score together.

His method has no new features. It is that of the contemporaneous Italian stage. His dialogue is carried on in continuous melody, with rare excursions into the modern type of recitative. His larger of the dialogue of Pelleas and Melisande 25 dramatic situations he seeks to embody in broader lyric form, but as already said he is too frequently hampered by the nature

of the situations themselves.

The melodic flights which do occur dismusic, and an opera book to be a good 30 close no lofty flight of musical invention. They are pretty and pleasing, but they lack the directness, the individuality, the incisiveness essential to the excitement of enthusiasm. Thematic representation is tragedies, it is necessary only to recall the 35 not employed at all in the manner of Wagner or even Puccini's Tosca, but the older device of fixed ideas and reminiscences is utilized rather baldly and ineffectively. The repetitions of the love melrari's Le Donne Curiose, Smetana's Bar- 40 odies are of course obvious; all such repetitions are. The crashing chords of brass which herald Napoleon are mere noise without musical design.

The composer has said that his thought Tragedy with her grim portents and her 45 centralized on the Little Corporal. Although he does not appear till the third act everything portends him, foreshadows him, is prologue to him. It is always interesting and instructive to know what which the development of this vivacious so are the purposes of an artist; but to measure his achievements by them is frequently disappointing. In the score of Giordano Napoleon is an ante-climax. The composer unwittingly shot his bolt in rest there are some delightful bits of 55 the second act, and when the third brings the figure of the first Emperor the stage is still dominated by the wilful Sans-Ger.e.

FEW MUSICAL TRICKS

The orchestration is on the whole workmanlike. But there are some pages in third act at times even the powerful tones of Mr. Amato were inaudible. Musical tricks of the time are not numerous. There are some harp sweeps along the evitably impart a nasal twang to certain passages. The bass drum wearies itself in futile struggles to indicate the tumult of a troubled historical period.

music in its more immediate revelations. But certain problems larger than those indicated in this examination confronted Giordano. In common with every other writer of opera he had to face the diffi- 20 culties of characterization. These presented themselves to him in two general phases, of which the more familiar may be discussed first. In Madame Sans-Gene, as in any other lyric drama, there is an 25 composer has endeavored to give some imperative demand for definition of the characters of the protagonists as well as for that broader characterization which creates a style perfectly adapted to the emotional movement of the play.

Both of these requirements Giordano has met but feebly. His assertion that the musical thought of his composition revolves around Napoleon may be true, but there is no individuality in the music of 35 an extended scherzando which is quite the Emperor. He speaks precisely the same lyric language as the other persons of the comedy, and he speaks it with less directness than Sans-Gene. Nor can it be said that the general emotional scheme of 40 a respectable bit of semi-declamatory melthe play has given the composer any larger inspiration than this historical figure which he believed to occupy his mind. The music of the whole opera is lamentably deficient in power of char-45 crowds rushing on and off the stage, passacterization.

We are not therefore disappointed when we consider the other phase of characterization which was placed before this musician. He was called upon to make a 50 was a good tune and still is. At an opdeeply significant contrast between his first and his second act. The accomplishment of the task would have been a veritable tour de force for even a master, and it was quite beyond the powers of 55 Giordano.

In his first act he was asked to find a musical expression for the spirit of the

revolution, a historical event portentous even in its outward and pictorial aspects, which the composer tried to seize, and still more momentous in its profounder which it is much overdone, and in the 5 significance which was not to be published to us merely by echoes of the Marseillaise, the Carmagnole and the Ca ira. In the second act the composer was invited to embody the unhealthy, overdrawn and whole tone scale. Stopped trumpets in to even apprehensive ceremonials of a mushroom aristocracy striving to inspire itself with confidence by the exercise of sheer Into this had to be projected the outspoken thought and untrammeled So much for a swift review of the 13 feelings of a woman of the people rebelling against a society of pretenders. It was a formidable task indeed and it proved to be far beyond the abilities of the composer of Fedora and Siberia.

Having examined the broader requirements of the score, we may now proceed to pass in review some of its salient details as they appear in the several acts. The first act bristles with incidents. The musical coherence to it by entrusting the principal figuration and movement to the orchestra, which thus provides a well tinted background for animated dialogue. 30 The first real success of the method is found in the scene between Caterina and Fouque, in which old French melody of rustic type, well suited to suggest Caterina's Alsatian origin, is worked up into pleasing.

There is a light touch in the music accompanying the entrance of Lefebvre and his soldier companions, and the tenor has ody beginning with 'Ah, perdio fu un travaglio rude.' After that all is rapid dialogue, as was most of that which went before, together with the bustle of action, ing the windows at the rear and battering at the door. The last crowd which passes at the rear just before the curtain falls sings the Marseillaise, which always portune moment, too, the composer finds a happy use for the Carmagnole, for its thought resounds through the action:

> 'Le canon vient de resonner: Guerriers, soyez prêts de marcher.'

In like manner one hears echoes of the Ça ira. The composer is quite right in introducing those melodies of the period. They belong to the story, and as all good and true theatregoers know, we must have local color. Any composer who knows his business can get it from the native color 5 ably and without inspiration. A musician shop, and it is not hard to remember that the best tune in Giordano's Siberia was

'Ay ouchnem,' made in Russia.

The second act opens delightfully. is perhaps one of the curiosities of the roclimax is thus rendered impossible, and lyric drama that three minor characters, a tailor, a dancing master and a valet, have a trio, which is almost the best bit of music in the entire score. The fact that it is woefully wanting in originality 15 affects the matter not in the least, for unoriginal composition is often the happiest product of mediocrity. This trio has grace, charm and elegance of style and aptly expresses the mood of three servants 20 ing as it is, has no more distinction than trained under the old nobility and now waiting upon the upstart creations of the Corsican.

The scene between Caterina and the dancing master is well written, but there 25 is nothing in the music which discloses more than the familiar technical skill of a professional composer of Italian opera. It is the work of a man who knows his business, but has nothing to demand par- 30 ancient wheels going around. ticular consideration. In the next scene, that between Caterina and her husband, the composer has the largest opportunity of the entire book, and it is here that he most strikingly reveals the weakness of 35 could find no expression for this remarkhis invention.

This is the scene in which Lefebvre, returning from the Emperor, tells Caterina that his Majesty is wearied of her manners her husband divorce her. When she asks him what he answered he says: 'What would you have said?' Then the woman pours out her soul in the words with suggestion and ends with: 'So would you have said, if you had a bit of heart.'

SPLENDID EMOTION

poignant phrases a splendid emotion like this, or a Montemezzi letting it flame through a clear medium of pure melody. Giordano has done fairly well with it, but it never rises to a thrill. It commands 55 respectful admiration and that is all. Lefebvre quietly remarks, 'Well, that's what I said to him.' Caterina runs into

his arms, and then it is his turn with, Questa bocca tua perfumata e pure'-'this, thy mouth, perfumed and pure' and again the composer writes commendscrutinizing these two lyric passages will see that their technical weakness lies in the want of organic relation in their phrases. The development of a melodic the whole scene is without cohesion.

A little further on in this act there is a well written bit of ensemble for Caterina, Lefebvre and Neipperg, but it is marred by thick orchestration. The entrance of the court ladies gives opportunity for some more music of grace and elegance, sung by the women who surround Fouque. But this music, charmthat of the trio at the beginning of the act. It sounds like Bizet waking from a Carmen dream in a Massenet entourage. The rest of the act is action and dialogue, some of the latter heated in character, as in the defiance of the Queen of Naples by Caterina. There is little room for great music. What Giordano has made exposes its mechanism plainly and one sees the

In the third act Caterina visits the Emperor in obedience to his command, and we see Napoleon for the first time. But, as has already been noted, the composer able personality save a noise of trumpets and trombones. It would be futile to attempt a description of the music of this act. Here indeed and hence to the and her language and has suggested that 40 finish 'the play's the thing.' No one has anything to sing except declamation, which is frequently shouting rather than

speech.

There is one well made passage, to wit, which she would have spurned the royal 45 that in which Caterina reminds Napoleon of a long past visit to his room and how he neglected her proffered love for the study of a war map. This speech, 'Che in quel tempo io pensavo,' might One can imagine a Verdi voicing in 50 have given us something movingly tender in its musical expression, but Giordano contrived to miss his opportunity once again through his inability to write firmly organized melody.

From this point to the end of the opera little could be done by such a writer as this and indeed not much even by a master. Yet the observant hearer feels that

a musician with ability to create an orchestral utterance would have accompanied with music of delineative force the tense action of Neipperg's stolen visit and capture, and of Napoleon's attempt to 5 trap his Empress. In the present case one may reasonably doubt that an audience will take note of this music or even be insensibly affected by it.

MISS FARRAR'S ACTING

Of the production at the Metropolitan little can be said that is not commendatory. Miss Farrar was the chief offender against probability and against good taste, 15 operettas have existed; but last week was for her Caterina was too rude, too vulgar and suddenly too rid of her awkwardness. There was much cleverness in her acting and much that was astonishingly acting and much that was astonishingly the same time. Then, as now, it was The pointless. She sang the music well 20 Mikado which was performed, and the enough. If there were anything calling for great delicacy of treatment or for an art of deep resource there might be much more to say. But vocally Caterina is Forty-eighth Street and Standard theatres simple. In the combination of song and 25 were an indication of a return of Gilbert action which constitutes an operatic impersonation Miss Farrar made a lively impression on the audience, but just what the various members of that audience will think about it all when at home and not 30 It may be an extravagant hope that this under the immediate influence of the young soprano's magnetic personality may be another matter. However, Miss Farrar usually makes progress in her rôles, and may in this one.

Mr. Amato achieved a genuine success with his Napoleon. His makeup was good, his rapid walk and energetic action well fitted into the moods of his scenes for comedy which shall be bright and and his delivery of the lines was intelli- 40 clean and music which shall be worthy gent. He presented a well composed character of a type different from anything he has given us before, clearly and firmly drawn and full of interesting personality.

Mr. Martinelli sang the music of Lefebvre well and made a manly figure of him. Mr. de Segurola showed his customary histrionic skill in the comparatively small rôle of Fouque. Mr. Bada 50 Arthur Sullivan was a much more thorcommanded the warmest possible praise for his admirable character sketch of the dancing master and Mr. Tegani must be mentioned for his neat singing of the music of Gelsonimo. Mr. Althouse was very 55 quently regretted that fate had turned his vigorous as Neipperg, but praise can follow him no further. The scenery was of course all new and excellent, and the cos-

tuming of the opera such as Mr. Gatti-Casazza has customarily given us.

IV

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

H. E. KREHBIEL

[New York Tribune, May 23, 1915. By permission.]

There have been sporadic seasons of the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan in the theatres of New York as long as the the first week in thirty years, if we are not mistaken, in which the same work occupied two stages for days together at operetta was brand new. It would be a pleasant reflection, could it be indulged. that the simultaneous performances at the and Sullivan's works to the extraordinary vogue which they had a quarter of a century ago, before idiotic buffooneries and vulgar jingles had debauched public taste. might be so, but there are indications of a return to better standards than those which gradually took possession of the Broadway playhouses after the last of the 35 Gilbert and Sullivan works had been brought forward, and a cataclysm may be impending which will submerge the nowdominant frivolity and bring back a love of the name. Such appreciation as The Lilac Domino received might be looked upon as a preliminary step toward this desirable consummation, for that clever 45 work at least gave no offense to lovers of good music and showed how much more refinement and skill the best foreign composers have than the best of those who live in this country. Now, in his day Sir oughly schooled musician than any of the men of France and Germany whose works he supplanted in the popular taste of England and America, and, no doubt, fremuse into the comic path. His friends knew that he cast many a regretful look upon the scores of The Prodigal Son, The

Golden Legend and Ivanhoe when in the full flush of his victories on the operetta stage; but the most discerning critics among them must have known that in the serious vein which he would have preferred to follow he had added nothing to music with all his fine talent (or genius, if one would have it so), whereas, in the light dramatic style into which he was drawn by his partnership with Gilbert he 10 did a distinct and even great service to his generation, his art, his people and all peoples who use the English tongue. props which Mr. Gilbert placed under the merous and more varied, but he, too, was at his best in the refined whimsicality and polite satire of his operetta books. destruction would be a severe loss to the out of all his other dramatic writings might be contemplated with equanimity. It will be interesting for a long time to come to read the social history of the in Gilbert's skits, which, in spite of their farcical character, served the true and best purposes of comedy in their smiling chastisement of popular follies.

may safely be said that through their ministrations Gilbert and Sullivan placed their native England far in advance of all the nations of the world. Theirs was the last forty years no form of theatrical entertainment has compared in popularity with musical comedy in England, Germany, France, and America. Yet it was through their efforts, popular taste was turned and developed in a direction which deserved commendation by the standards at once of good art and good morals. In France the descent from the comique of Auber, Boieldieu and Adam to the opéra bouffe of Offenbach was great; but it was atoned for, measurably, by the gracefulness and piquancy of Offenbach's by the satirical scourge which his librettists applied to the manners of the Second Germany French Empire. In bouffe crowded out the Singspiel of men gratiating, without putting works of characteristic originality in its place. Clever as the best operettas of Suppé (a Dalma-

tian to the Italian manner born), Strauss and Millöcker were (we can only say 'are' of a few of them), it cannot be said for them that they were at all unique in their They were but developments of the French type tricked out with German dance rhythms. Not so the creations of Gilbert and Sullivan. They are racy of the English soil.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE NEW YORK PERFORMANCES

Every revival of one of the operettas of the fortunately mated collaborators recalls structure of his reputation were more nu- 15 interesting memories to the minds of veteran playgoers. It is not likely that any one who was at the first performance of any operetta in the list will ever have the recollection of the incident forced from literature of the stage, while the wiping 20 his mind. It was the happy lot of the writer to attend the first American production of all the operettas since Iolanthe in his capacity of music reviewer for The Tribune. Every one of the incidents closing decades of the nineteenth century 25 stands out so prominently in his memory that he can recall the place without difficulty, some of the people of the company and in some cases the name of the companion who enjoyed the pleasure with Looked at from one point of view it 30 him; yet the first première took place nearly thirty years ago and the last more than twenty-one. He saw Iolanthe in rehearsal, but the trefoil of P's - Pinafore. Pirates and Patience — antedate his New peculiarly the age of operetta. During 35 York experiences, as, of course, do The Trial by Jury and The Sorcerer. It was significant that when the time came for the successor of *Iolanthe* to appear there was less advance speculation touching the only in England and America that, 40 name and character of the next operetta than there had been indulged thitherto. Already in that early day there was a feeling, not entirely unmixed with fear, that the two arch funmakers had reached the opéra 45 climax of their powers and that though they might continue to turn out an operetta every year or two it would be vain to expect the freshness of wit and affluence of melody which characterized the melodic talent, and also, to some extent, 50 three works whose names began with a P. Iolanthe betrayed a decline in both text and music by exposing to the crowd a good many of the formulas which the clever Englishmen employed. Though not like Lortzing, whose talent was most in- 55 a failure in the common sense, it fell short of the success of its predecessors. seemed as if Mr. Gilbert had been unfortunate with his plot; that the object of his

satire was not obvious enough and he spoiled its effect by mixing together fairies and noblemen in a manner that was too far-fetched even for Gilbertian extravaganza. Princess Ida, which had 5 rator for the purpose of protecting the its first performance at the Savoy on financial interests of the firm, came again January 5, 1884, reached New York five weeks later, its first performance taking place at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, then managers waiting for the dog days to pass under the management of John Stetson, 10 Mr. Duff determined to make a trial on February 11. The basis of its book was a comedy, or rather, a burlesque, called The Princess, which Gilbert had brought out fourteen years before at the Royal Olympic Theatre, in London, with 15 a very capable company and hurriedly beincidental music borrowed from La Perichole and other operas bouffes and comic operas, even Rossini's Barber being put under tribute. Mr. Gilbert called his burlesque 'a respectful parody on Mr. Tenny- 20 found that he had to postpone his opening son's exquisite poem' when he printed it in a volume of his plays in 1875, and his operetta he called 'a respectful perversion of Tennyson's 'Princess.' The people concerned in the first American per-25 pitchforked a ridiculous perversion upon formances were C. Brocolini (King his stage some ten days before Mr. StetHildebrand), Wallace McCreery (Hilson's date, using, as Mr. Duff proposed to
arion), W. S. Rising (Cyril), Charles J.
use, orchestral parts made by some hack
musician from the pianoforte accompaniGama), Ainsley Scott (Arac), James 30 ment in the vocal score. The device was
Early (Guron), E. J. Cloney (Scynthius),
not new, nor was it confined to the manCora Tanner (Princess Ida), Florence

Berister (Lady Posseks) Capaviers Rev.

The device was
agers of operetta companies. Operas of
the highest type like Capavier, had been Bemister (Lady Psyche), Genevieve Reynolds (Lady Blanche), Hattie Dolaro (Melissa), Eva Barrington (Sacharissa), 35 Mascagni and Puccini have had to suffer Eily Coghlan (Chloe) and Clara Primrose (Ada). The company had been brought together for the production by Edward E. Rice. In his notice of the first performance, which was followed by 40 running at both of the other rival houses. an extended review a few days later, the Tribune's critic said that the verdict, so far as it could be read in the applause of the audience, was in favor of the work, demanded a second time and one a third.

The Mikado brought a sword into the camp of the New York theatrical managers, among whom rivalry for the privilege of performing the Gilbert and Sulli- 50 Bryan Browne; Yum-Yum, Geraldine Ulvan operetta had grown keen. The new work had its first performance on March 14, 1885, in London. Among the American managers who wanted it, and went to London to negotiate for it, was J. C. Duff, 55 been an admired contralto in English of the Standard Theatre. Mr. D'Oyly Carte, however, had planned to organize an English company and bring the new

work out at the Fifth Avenue Theatre under Mr. Stetson's management. Sullivan, who had been in the United States some six years before with his collabowith the same purpose in view. While the new company was preparing and the managers waiting for the dog days to pass whether or not an operetta of which the libretto and vocal score had been published and put on sale was protected against public performance. He enlisted gan preparations, with a view to a simultaneous production with that of Mr. Stetson. Both announced August 19 as the date, but at the eleventh hour Mr. Duff for a week. While these managers were fighting for precedence, however, Harry Miner ran away with the prize, such as it was. At the Union Square Theatre he the highest type, like Carmen, had been thus shabbily treated before, and works of the same indignity since. The Union Square perversion, in which Roland Reed and Alice Harrison took part, killed itself without hurting the opera which was soon The Fifth Avenue Theatre première took place on August 19, 1885, the Standard Theatre's on August 24. All the singers in Mr. D'Oyly Carte's company were Engfor about ten of the musical numbers were 45 lish except Miss Geraldine Ulmar, the parts being distributed as follows: The Mikado, F. Frederici; Nanki-Poo, Courtice Pounds; Ko-Ko, G. Thorne; Pooh-Bah, Fred Billington; Pish-Tush, G. mar; Pitti-Sing, Kate Forster; Peep-Bo, Geraldine St. Maur; Katisha, Elsie Cameron. The best people in Mr. Duff's company were Mrs. Zelda Seguin, who had opera for years (Katisha), Harry Hilliard (Nanki-Poo), J. H. Ryley (Ko-Ko), A. E. Stoddard (Pish-Tush), and W. H. Hamilton (The Mikado), Miss Vernona Jarbeau was a crude and rude Yum-Yum. Tribune's reviewer remarked of the Standard Theatre performance that the operetta was still in process of baking, as 5 presented a subject for satire which had well as making (the opening night being intolerably hot), and this was half true also of the Fifth Avenue performance, which had been unduly hurried. while Mr. Carte had brought an action in to nial life, in which we had only a literary equity in the United States Circuit Court to restrain Mr. Duff, and his performance on August 24th was allowed by the court, Mr. Duff having given an indemnity bond in the sum of \$1,500. On September 17th 15 formance was an exceedingly well dis-Judge Wallace decided against the application for an injunction, holding that the publication of the libretto and vocal score was a dedication of the entire composition to the public, the only right reserved 20 by the authors being that of multiplying and selling copies of the orchestral parts which were still in manuscript. One month after the first performance the composer conducted a performance of the 25 demanded, however, and though the finale operetta at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and on a curtain call made a short speech, in which he expressed the hope that the day would come when the legislators of this magnificent country may see fit to afford 30 ception by press and public we see a the same protection to a man who employs his brains in literature and art that they do to one who invents a new beer-tap or who accidentally gives an extra turn to a screw, doing away with the necessity of 35 Utopia, Limited, there is a descent, with boring a hole first.

The Mikado raised its authors to the topmost crest of popularity. When their next operetta, Ruddigore, was brought forward for its first American perform- 40 that created by the authors themselves. ance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, on February 21, 1887 (it had had its London première on January 22), the Tribune's reviewer observed that the audience had been better advised of what to ex-45 latter only Johann Strauss could have enpect than any assembly ever before gathered together for such a purpose in America. 'Neither Wagner's Parsifal, nor Verdi's Otello, nor Sardou's Theodora caused in anticipation one tithe of 50 to accept the buffooneries and musical the excitement created by Ruddigore,' was the added comment. The greater, therefore, was the disappointment. Sir Arthur had striven with more than his customary zeal and conscientiousness on the score, 55 pointment. The records were always and, without cutting loose from any of his old formulas, had brought in new interest with the flavor of old English airs;

and such pieces as the madrigal, gavotte and country dance will be reckoned among his happiest inspirations; but Mr. Gilbert had failed, largely because he had not contemporaneous vitality and validity. He was wasting his ingenuity in poking fun at old-fashioned stage melodrama, and possibly at features of old English baroor romantic interest. And so the opera lived out its first season and soon disappeared in the limbo of things forgotten. The audience that greeted the first perposed one. It crowded the playhouse in every part, of course, and as Miss Ulmar, Miss Forster, Mr. Pounds, Mr. Thorne, Mr. Billington and Mr. Frederici (all of whom had won the hearts of New Yorkers in The Mikado) appeared in turn they were made to feel that they had been kept in warm and kindly memories during the intervening year. Few repetitions were of the first act was given twice, a deal of the applausive call sounded perfunctory.

As we look back upon the works of the happily mated collaborators and their regradual ascent from The Sorcerer to The Mikado, with interruptions which were not grievously disappointing in Iolanthe and Princess Ida. From The Mikado to a breathing spell at The Yeomen of the Guard. To understand the popular attitude toward the works it must be remembered that the standard of comparison was No person of good literary, dramatic and musical taste thought of comparing any of the operettas with the works of their French and German competitors. Of the dured such a comparison. Public taste had been educated to a point which it has never reached since; instead, it has degenerated steadily, until it is now willing dishwater of present day 'musical comedy'—heaven save the mark! Things were different even when the post-Mikado operettas were received with disapmade by the serious critics regretfully. In the presence of Mr. Gilbert's effervescent intellectuality they could always forgive his cynicism, and in the hearing of Sir Arthur's music retain their respect for him and their appreciation of the

So the *Tribune* reviewer is found always seeking out the good in each successive work and holding up the excellencies which had been overlooked by the public. In his to music, and count as naught against it criticism of The Yeomen of the Guard which had its first performance here at the Casino on October 17, 1888 (London a fortnight earlier), he said: 'The good qualities of both [authors] are present in 15 made by Rudolph Aronson to revive an a measure in the new operetta, but are scarcely obvious enough to meet the demands which they have taught us to make of each new work from their pens; and so it must regretfully be recorded that Pin- 20 ments were made with other European afore, Patience and The Mikado have not a worthy successor in The Yeomen of the Guard. Least of all can the new work be consorted with *Princess Ida*, for its greatest weakness is found right where 25 La jolie Persane, effectually disguised as the greatest charm of the "respectful perversion" of Tennyson's poem lay namely, in the book. In its literary quality Princess Ida was distinctly above any of its congeners, and its failure was best 30 New York woman, at the Standard Theaexplained on the ground of a want of appreciation on the part of a public that had come to look for broad farce where it should have gone for refined comicality. Princess Ida seemed to point in the direc-35 themes?' wailed the Tribune. tion in which Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan might have developed the unique style of operetta which is their invention. With all its paradox and logic gone mad, with all its burlesque of oldtime chivalry and 40 mummery instead of music? . . . In the the severity of its satire on so-called "woman's rights," there was in it a delicacy of treatment, an affectionate touch, so far as the central character was concerned, that brought the whole play pretty 45 will not abuse it.' near the standard of true comedy.' The reviewer then pointed out that the satire of the new comedy seemed to be directed against love, and therefore could not meet of A. M. Palmer. It was The Gonwith sympathy, or Shakespeare's fool, 'a 50 dollers, which had been produced in manifestly absurd proceeding; for to the world of today the stage fool can only be a vehicle, not an object of satire. He lacks contemporaneous human interest. Besides, there is no satire in the treat-55 of the poor performance at the hands of ment of the fool who seems to have been introduced to play exactly the same part that he does in Shakespeare.' Mercy on

us! How serious we were in those days! Who would think of cogitating such solemnities over the invertebrate vulgarities art, even while wishing that he had a called comic operas and musical comedies more fecund fancy and a more varied 5 now? But The Yeomen of the Guard had its prescribed run, and now that it has been revived by Mr. Hopper and his helpers we find a mental refreshment and an esthetic delight in its text and all the other doings in musical theatre-

Before the next operetta of Gilbert and Sullivan reached New York an effort was interest in Offenbach's Les Brigands and La Fille du Tambour Major in English adaptations - the first an old one by Gilbert. At the other theatres short experiworks (Czibulka's May Queen, originally Der Glücksritter, at Palmer's; Von Suppé's Clover, otherwise Die Jagd nach dem Glück, also at Palmer's, and Lecocq's The Oolah, at the Broadway). A disastrous experiment was made with a vulgar and amorphous thing called Dovetta, for which the music had been written by a tre, but it broke down in the second week. So also The Drum Major had to give way to a revival of Erminie at the Casino. Can Gilbert and Sullivan find no more fault of their barrenness lie with them, or has the taste of the public degenerated so that horse-play is wanted in place of humor, farce instead of fancy, and gaudy hands of these masters of satirical paradox we may safely leave all the elements of our social, political and artistic life. They know a satirist's privilege and

Finally the longed-for new operetta came, on January 7, 1890, at the New Park Theatre, under the management London just a month before. It had been eagerly waited for, yet it was the first of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas which made an unqualified fiasco, chiefly because the English company which D'Oyly Carte sent over with it. The incapacity of the actors was so obvious that a re-organization of the company was undertaken at once. Mr. Billington and Mr. Temple, identified with earlier productions of Mr. D'Oyly Carte, were brought from London to replace two of the inefficients, and the 5 operetta was removed to Palmer's Theatre. How long it held the boards there we do not recall, but there was a story that John Stetson, who had backed the American season of the operetta, ex- 10 pressed his opinion of it in a characteristic speech, ending with: "Gondoliers"— huh! "Gone Dollars," I call it.' An amiable incident of its career was a performance at a special matinée given by 15 program was as follows: Francis Wilson and his company, playing at the time in Philadelphia. Mr. Palmer invited them to give a performance at his theatre, which they did, as Mr. Wilson said in a curtain speech, to show the peo- 20 ple of New York what Americans could do with the opera.

The Gondoliers was still enjoying popularity in England when Gilbert and Sul-Mr. D'Oyly Carte and one of them touching the management of the Savoy Theatre. For nearly three years the partnership between the men, financially profit-English speaking peoples, remained sundered. Meanwhile both turned to other collaborators. With Alfred Cellier Gilbert wrote The Mountebanks, and Sulli-Mountebanks at the Garden Theatre for the first time on January 10, 1893, but Haddon Hall had no production in the metropolis.

There was general rejoicing when the men, whose experiences with other partners had plainly demonstrated how necessary each was to the other, were reconciled and created Utopia, Limited. 45 resentative than Dr. Muck. Over four months elapsed after the London production before the operetta had its first American performance at the Broadway Theatre, on March 26, 1894. It proever given by a creation of the men. book was labored and the score the weakest of any written by the composer. It was the last of the Gilbert and Sullivan seemed to realize that they had exhausted the vein which had yielded a glorious treasure.

V

BOSTON SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

PHILIP HALE

[Boston Herald, October 17, 1914.]

The first Public Rehearsal of the Bos-Symphony Orchestra, thirty-fourth season, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, which was completely filled. The

Symphony No. 3, 'Eroica'.....Beethoven Variations on a theme of Haydn....Brahms Tone-poem, 'Don Juan'.....R. Strauss Overture to 'Euryanthe'.....Weber

The reception of Dr. Muck was extraordinary. As soon as he appeared on the stage many in the audience arose and remained standing during the minutes of livan fell out because of a quarrel between 25 enthusiastic applause. More than once Dr. Muck, ready to begin the symphony, was obliged to turn and bow in recognition. We do not remember in the course of twenty-five years a welcome like that able to them, artistically profitable to all so of vesterday to any returning conductor of this orchestra. The tribute was spontaneous and magnificent. It was a tribute to the man as well as to the conductor.

It has been said that Dr. Muck was van collaborated with Mr. Grundy in writ- 35 anxious to serve his native land by ening Haddon Hall. New York heard The listing in her army. The wish was natlisting in her army. The wish was natural; but here in Boston he can serve her more effectively by representing an art that has long been cultivated in Ger-40 many, an art that Germany has fostered, a peaceful art that has made Germany famous throughout the world. Nor could the interpretative branch of this art find a more brilliant, a more intellectual, rep-

And as in Germany for years, the composers and virtuosos of Italy, France and Russia have been welcome, so at these concerts there will be no display of chauvided the most grievous disappointment 50 vinism. The greatest art knows no narrow boundaries; it is universal, not national. It matters not that Beethoven's family came from a little village near Louvain; that, born in Germany, he beproductions; dramatist and musician both 55 came an Austrian by adoption. It matters not whether Haydn were a Croatian or an Austrian: that Berlioz was a Frenchman and Rimsky-Korsakoff a Russian. If the

program of yesterday bore the names of four composers whose works have honored Germany, the program next week introduces works by a Frenchman, an American, and a Finn.

The choice of Beethoven's Eroica symphony to open the season was a fortunate one. There is no doubt that the composer wrote this symphony in honor of Napoleon, and erased the conqueror's to if the painters are to be believed, was name on the title page when he heard that his idol had become Emperor to trample on the rights of man, to serve his own ambition. For this symphony heard at a time like the present the lines of Walt 15 was brilliantly fiery and passionate. The Whitman might well serve as a motto:

With music strong I come — with my cornets and my drums,

and slain persons.

Have you heard that it was good to gain the

in the same spirit in which they are won.

I beat and pound for the dead; I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them.

Vivas to those who have failed! And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea!

And to those themselves who sank in the

And to all generals that lost engagements! 35 and all overcome heroes!

And the numberless unknown heroes, equal to the greatest heroes known.

After the strangely impressive and elo- 40 quent performance, there was long-continued applause. Dr. Muck was recalled many times and Major Higginson, leaving his seat, shook hands with him in the

sight of the people. Mr. Max Kalbeck, who has written the life of Johannes Brahms in seven octavo volumes, attempts to find in each one of the variations on the St. Anthony Choral, tations in the Egyptian desert. He thus gives another instance of the attempted extraction of sunbeams from cucumbers. If Mr. Kalbeck's theory that each variation portrays or hints at a temptation is 55 true, the bored Saint had little difficulty in resisting. Only one, the charming Grazioso, is alluring; the charm is soothing, not

intoxicating: the allurement is not sensuous. However admirable the technic displayed in the composition of this work, however interesting the variations may be to the student of Brahm's architectural talent, the music, with the exception noted and with the exception of the choral as stated at the beginning, makes little appeal to the average hearer. St. Anthony. more fortunate.

The reading of Strauss's Don Juan --- would that his latest symphonic poems could be ranked with the earlier one!long episode portraying the love scene between Don Juan and the Anna of Lenau's poem - or is the heroine, Princess Isabella? for the commentators and glos-I play not marches for accepted victors only

I play not marches for accepted victors only

I play great marches for conquer'd sarists differ here in a distressing manner -this episode, with the oboe solo played exquisitely by Mr. Longy, was wondrously beautiful in its sensuousness.

It is not necessary, however, to speak in I also say it is good to fall — battles are lost 25 detail of the performance of the orchestra as a whole. There are new comers. One or two of them take the place of men now engaged in active military service. It is enough to say that the orchestral perform-30 ance was uncommonly spirited, elastic and emotional for the first one of a season.

VI

MISS HINKLE WITH THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

PHILIP HALE

[Boston Herald, December 19, 1914.]

The eighth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck 45 conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Five pieces for orchestra:

Presentiments, The Past, The Changing Chord, Peripteia, The Obbligato RecitativeSchoenberg

First time in Boston 'Ave Maria' from 'The Cross of Fire' Bruch Symphony in G (The Surprise).....Haydn

Bill Nye said, many years ago, that the music of Wagner was better than it sounded. Arnold Schoenberg says today that his own music is better than it sounds.

The pieces played yesterday are extraordinary. It is easy to say that the composer is a maniac or a poseur. Neither statement would be accurate. Those who have read his treatise on harmony know to ing among mankind. And ultimately, to that he is a man of unusual knowledge, force, originality. Those who heard his quartette last season know that he can write music of uncommon beauty and

It would also be easy to say that when Strauss's Til Eulenspiegel was first performed in Boston, the majority in the auprehensible and the composer mad. Today, in comparison with Schoenberg's pieces, this symphonic poem is as clear as music by Haydn. Remember, too, that twice in succession at Chickering Hall they were thought to be incomprehensible.

These instances will not answer the objectors to Schoenberg. What is to be 30 It was as it should have been in Boston. said of his five pieces? Personal impres- Miss Florence Hinkle has a beautiful sions are interesting chiefly to the person impressed. No two persons hear music in the same way. I could make little are fine moments in The Past and The Changing Chord; beautiful suggestions of moods; strangely beautiful effects of color. Nor is the fourth piece wholly music, which might be of another planet, after even several hearings, would be presumptuous and foolish. It took many Bostonians, well acquainted with orchestime to familiarize themselves with the idiom of Cesar Franck, and later with that of Debussy. These composers, however, are not so fundamentally radical, anarchistic, as Schoenberg.

Thomas Hardy in that noble prose epic, the description of Egdon Heath, asks if the exclusive reign of orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. 'The new vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste 55 not among his most interesting.

in Thule; human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it was young. 5... The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the mournful sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain, will be all of nature that is absolutely consonant with the moods of the more thinkthe commonest tourist spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle gardens of South Europe are to him now, and Heidelberg and Baden be passed towering imagination in a more familiar 15 unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand dunes of Scheveningen.'

When Schoenberg's Five Pieces were performed for the first time in London, and in Chicago, there were scenes of outdience thought the music chaotic, incom- 20 spoken disapproval. Yesterday the behavior of the audience was highly creditable to Boston. There was smiling; there was giggling at times; there was applause. Nobody rose to remonstrate. when Debussy's Nocturnes were played 25 Nothing was thrown at Dr. Muck and the orchestra. There was no perturbation of Nature to show that Schoenberg's pieces were playing: the sun did not hasten its descent: there was no earthquake shock.

voice which she uses with rare skill. The Canzona of Cherubino, sensuous in its suppressed passion, should be sung by out of the first and the fifth pieces. There 35 a darker voice to gain full effect. It served yesterday to display the art of Miss Hinkle in sustained and flawless song. The lyrical measures of Bruck's Ave Maria, conventionally suave, were sung inexplicable. To argue for or against this 40 with unexaggerated emotion, and the singer gave dramatic importance to the agitated passages that in themselves are of a perfunctory and meaningless nature. It has been said by some that Miss Hinkle tral and chamber compositions, a long 45 is a cool, impassive singer. They probably mean by this that she is not spasmodic and hysterical. Seldom at Symphony concerts of late years has there been such a delightful display of pure 50 vocal art as that of yesterday.

Dr. Muck gave an eloquent reading of the Faust overture in which there are hints at the Wagner to come. The symphony of Haydn, admirably performed, is

J. ART CRITICISM

Good art criticism is as difficult and as rare as adequate musical criticism. The ground covered by this form of writing is so extensive and the processes involved are, from the layman's point of view, so technical that it is unusual to find in any but the specially trained writer that thorough acquaintance with the materials and the methods of art without which

esthetic criticism remains but the perfunctory notice of an outsider.

Though painting and sculpture are the main objects of art collections, each year brings to public attention exhibits of etchings, pastels, pencil sketches, miniatures, textiles, tapestries, jewelry, metal work, ceramics, furniture, and architectural drawings, including landscape gardening and city planning. To master the history and technical vocabulary of any one of these is no light task. The student should therefore make the most of every opportunity not merely to familiarize himself with the aims and possibilities of these various branches of art, but also actually to see how their products are planned and executed in studio and workshop before they reach the art gallery or the exhibition room.

If he is so fortunate as himself to have some skill, however slight, in one of these arts, his understanding and appreciation of all will be the clearer and more intimate. When he comes to write, however, he should remember his reader, and, especially as a beginner, shun that too prevalent artistic pose which delights in parading a newly acquired vocabulary. There is nothing esoteric or obscure about great art, and good art criticism ought to cast

light and not shadow upon the object which it asks the reader to contemplate.

In the selections which follow will be found good examples of art criticism dealing with a school or a movement ('The P. R. B.' and 'Fallacies of the Futurist and New Thinking'); of the extended notice of an exhibition ('The Hudson-Fulton Exhibition,' 'The Pittsburgh Exhibition,' and 'An American Salon of Humorists'); of the short topical or occasional paragraph or note ('War in Art' and 'The American Art Collector'); and of the critical article dealing with the application of art to some wide phase of life such as the theatre or the home ('Leon Bakst's Designs' and 'The Garden as a Means of Expression').

The reader should bear in mind that the nature of the subjects with which art criticism

deals and the necessary limitations of language require, in a great many cases, that the text of an article be supplemented by illustrations. These have of necessity been omitted in the reprint of articles III, IV, V, and VII, and, in fairness to the authors, attention is

here called to this omission.

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THE P. R. B.1

[Times (London, England), Literary Supplement, December 8, 1905. By permission.]

This book has a threefold interest historical, artistic, and human. Mr. Holman Hunt, as every one knows, was one Raphaelite Brotherhood. Indeed he is at some pains to prove that he was the chief originator of the ideas and principles which that brotherhood was formed to admade Pre-Raphaelites of Rossetti and Mil-

¹Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brother-hood. By W. Holman Hunt, O.M., D.C.L. Two volumes. (Macmillan.)

lais. He is, at any rate, able to tell the story of the beginning and early struggles of the most important movement in modern English painting more fully than 5 it has ever been told before. He is also able to give us a very clear and precise account of the intentions of that movement and of the state of things which it proposed to reform. Besides this he has of the original members of the Pre- 10 related, with some natural bitterness, but with constant humor and vivacity, the tale of his own fight with poverty and with a professional hostility so bitter that one can scarcely believe it was disinterested. vance, and that it was his influence which 15 The brunt of this hostility was borne by Millais as well as by Mr. Holman Hunt; and, to judge from Mr. Hunt's account of a conversation he had with Millais years

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afterwards, Millais was still sore at the thought of it, not only with those who had abused him so recklessly, but also with certain members of the brotherhood whose weaknesses hindered the advancement of 5 and leads nowhere; that it is only the their cause. Many books have been written in which Rossetti has been made to appear the chief of the Pre-Raphaelites. Millais seems to have resented this misrepresentation as much as Mr. Hunt him- 10 purpose of expressing some truth valuself. 'You have written a very readable and plausible book about Rossetti,' he said to the author of one of these works, 'but it is altogether a romance. Why, instead of getting your information from the fam- 15 ists which led to excellence [says Mr. Holily, did n't you come to me or go to Holman Hunt?' It ought to be perfectly clear to every one that most of Rossetti's pictures have little in common with the great mass of the pictures that are usually 20 language they used was then a living one, called Pre-Raphaelite. Rossetti's art is now it is dead. . . For us to repeat their treatment for subjects of sacred or historic weak in its grasp of facts. His object in painting was nearly always to express his emotions, and he was apt to be impatient of the only means by which in a picture 25 emotions can be expressed. Sometimes he was able to simplify his pictures to such an extent that he was not hindered by details in the expression of his emotions, and then he produced beautiful works of art. 30 But too often the faults of his pictures are the very emptiness and evasion which the Pre-Raphaelites held to be the prevailing vices in the art which they set out to reform. Their first object was a closer 35 pictures with local color laboriously studstudy of nature, based upon the belief, which has inspired so much of the best modern art, that all life has a significance and a nobility of its own, and that art can advance only as the artist's sense of that 40 local color will make it real to us. Every significance is enlarged by a larger study of life. This, of course, is the very opposite of the academic doctrine that only certain portions and aspects of life are worthy of artistic treatment, and that the 45 Christ plucked ears of corn in an English experience of the masters has determined once and for all what those portions and aspects are.

discovered Pre-Raphaelites their own principle of selection for themselves; and they believed that a right and living principle of selection could only be discovered by artists inspired by noble 55 of his own imagination. It is only by a emotions and ideas, and determined to conscious effort, and by taking a journey flinch from no difficulties of representation in their eagerness to express those

emotions and ideas. This insistence upon the necessity of noble emotions and ideas was the second great article of their creed. They saw that realism means nothing blind energy of scepticism. Science investigates life with the purpose of discovering some truth valuable to man; and art, they held, must study life with the able to man, and of expressing it in a manner suited to the understanding of contemporaries:

The course of previous generations of artman Hunt in the same conversation] cannot be too studiously followed, but their treatment of subjects, perfect as they were for their time, should not be repeated.... The import is mere affectation. . . . If I were to put a flag with a cross on it in Christ's hand, the art-galvanizing revivalists might be pleased, but unaffected people would regard the work as having no living interest for them. I have been trying for some treatment that might make them see this Christ with something of the surprise that the Maries themselves felt on meeting Him as One who. has come out of the grave.

We can see in the last sentence the beginning of those ideas which afterwards led Mr. Holman Hunt to fill his sacred ied in Palestine. The fallacy of such ideas is easy to expose. Local color is no part of the essence of the story of Christ to our imaginations; and no amount of one from childhood thinks of the great events of the Bible as having taken place in his own country and of the actors in them as his own countrymen. For us cornfield and His tomb was in an English garden. When, therefore, He is represented to us in strange surroundings, painted with painful accuracy, our atten-It is pretty clear from Mr. Holman painted with painful accuracy, our atten-Hunt's account of Pre-Raphaelite ideas to tion is distracted from Him to those surroundings, and the picture becomes merely a conscientious study of local color, not only for us, but for the artist himself. For he, too, is working against the grain to Palestine, that he can think of Christ as an Oriental, living and moving in a

strange Oriental world; and this effort hinders the working of his imagination. Pictures such as the 'Finding of Christ in the Temple' and 'The Shadow of Death,' prove that in painting them Mr. 5 pretty clear that the popular artists of Holman Hunt was distracted, by his determination to be correct in local color. from the emotions and ideas which he hoped to express by means of it. Compared with the 'Hireling Shepherd,' which to the brutality of the attacks that were is a picture of an English man and woman in an English pasture, these works are laborious failures. It is one of the chief excellencies of the best Pre-Raphaelite works that they are racy of the soil be- 15 painters who were friends of his. Speakyond any other modern English pictures; and none of them are more racy of the soil than the 'Hireling Shepherd.' But the 'Finding of Christ in the Temple' and 'The Shadow of Death,' and others like 20 them, lack this excellence altogether. A painter, however hard he may try, cannot make his work racy of a foreign soil, and Mr. Holman Hunt, being one of the most English of painters, was less fitted to make 25 woman, so horrible in her ugliness that (supthe attempt than most. 'His object was,' he tells us, 'to use his powers to make more tangible Jesus Christ's history and teaching. Art, he remarks, has often illustrated the theme, but it has surrounded 30 shop in England. it with many enervating fables and perverted the heroic drama with feeble interpretation.' He hoped by going to Palestine and studying the very scene in which that drama was played to purge his 35 figuration' with other Academy students, mind of all the conventional associations that had gathered round it. Even Ruskin 'refused to admit that any additional vitality could be gained by designing and ners before his eyes.' And the result has proved that Ruskin was right. Every one must respect Mr. Holman Hunt for the force of character which made him carry regret that he should have wasted so much of his great talents upon what is, after all, only a perversion of the principles upon which the best Pre-Raphaelite pictures were based.

But to return to these principles — the Pre-Raphaelites were very far from despising all art except that of the Primitives. Indeed, Mr. Holman Hunt speaks mous in his youth and almost forgotten now. He admired Raphael and most of the great painters of the past; while Millais, he tells us, was essentially conservative in his nature, and far too good a painter, in those early days, not to appreciate all kinds of excellence. It is the time were afraid of Millais's great talent and of the manner in which it shamed their own plausible evasions. There is no other way of accounting for made upon him. Perhaps the most brutal of all came from Dickens, who, knowing nothing of pictures himself, was probably incited to make it by some of the popular ing of Millais's beautiful 'Christ in the Carpenter's Shop,' he said:

In the foreground of that carpenter's shop is a hideous, wry-necked, blubbering, redhaired boy in a night-gown, who appears to have received a poke in the hand from the stick of another boy with whom he had been playing in an adjacent gutter, and to be holding it up for the contemplation of a kneeling posing it were possible for any human creature to exist for a moment with that dislocated throat) she would stand out from the rest of the company as a monster in the vilest cabaret in France or the lowest gin-

Mr. Holman Hunt tells us how the term Pre-Raphaelite first came into being. He and Millais discussed Raphael's 'Transand condemned it 'for its grandiose disregard of the simplicity of truth, for the pompous posturing of the Apostles, and the unspiritual attitudinizing of the Savpainting in Syria with its life and man- 40 ior.' It was, they said, a signal step in the decadence of Italian art. 'When we had advanced this opinion to other students, they, as a reductio ad absurdum, had said, "Then you are Pre-Raphaelite." his principles so far; but every one must 45 Referring to this as we worked side by side, Millais and I laughingly agreed that the designation must be accepted.' The Pre-Raphaelites may seem enough to us now, but they were as hos-50 tile to any kind of romanticism which hindered disinterested observation and good workmanship as to the most pedantic classicism.

The danger of the time [says Mr. Hunt] with surprising reverence of artists fa- 55 arose from the vigor of the rising taste for Gothic art rather than from the classical form of design, whose power was fast waning. . . . The fashion for feudal forms had

altogether slavish.... To ancient precedent line for line had become a religion. To reproduce the English round and pointed styles with barbarous embellishments wherewith the rudest of ancient masons had often satisfied their patrons was the limit of modern ambition,

It cannot be repeated too emphatically that the Pre-Raphaelites sought no short cuts to excellence. They had a passion to sodden blotting paper opposite represents, for honesty and hard work. They were filled, too, with high ideas, and, though some of these ideas may have been extravagantly applied and expressed, they came nearer to founding an original school of 15 Junction, painting than any other set of English painters in the nineteenth century. Mr. Holman Hunt was the first of them, and throughout his long life he has never deman of all others best fitted to tell the story of their prime, and this book of his, though we could wish that some passages in it were less bitter, deserves to be read that an index will be added to the next edition.

II

FALLACIES OF THE FUTURISTS AND NEW THINKING

G. K. CHESTERTON

[New York Morning American, March 14, 1915. By permission.]

The other day, when I opened an advanced magazine which I always read 40 as far as they know how. with interest, there fell out of it a large, shiny piece of paper on which there was reproduced a Work, a product of the human will — a thing done on purpose anysign. If you ask me what it represented, you have formed no conception of the very nature of this fair thing. It is quite inadequate to say that it represents nothing even that it does not suggest anything.

I affirm, with entire and untroubled certainty, that it is nothing: so far as is possible when some space is occupied, the thing is not there. There is something a 55 little like a dilapidated railing at the bottom of the picture, and something a little like Chinese lettering at the top of the pic-

ture: all the rest is exactly like used-up blotting paper - which perhaps it is. infer which is supposed to be the right way up merely by the position of the 5 printed title, which says, Supplement of the New Age. A study by Picasso.'

In another place there is an explanation that Picasso is the first important artist that this planet has produced, and that the not indeed a Table, a Wineglass, and a Mandoline, but the 'souls' of a Table, a

Wineglass, and a Mandoline.

Now, as the Frenchman said at Mugby 'Heavens! how arrives it?' How does human dignity descend to these monkey antics? How does the human brain sink back into this bestial darkness? Let us see if we can roughly trace the serted their faith. He was, therefore, the 20 origin and operation of the process. There are running about England today some thousands of a certain sort of people. They are, of course, a small minority of the nation; but they are a large miwith attention and reverence. We hope 25 nority of the middle class; and if one's life moves down certain ways, the world may well seem to be full of them.

They are in revolt against something they have forgotten in favor of something 30 else which (by their own account) they have not yet found. They are always alluding to Thought of various kinds - Free Thought and Higher Thought and Advanced Thought. As a matter of fact, 35 they never, under any circumstances, think at all; but they do lots of other things which are much jollier than thinking: they listen to music and look at sunsets and go to tea parties, and are kind to children

'Well,' you will say, 'a good and happy life. Why should they be bothered with thinking? What would become of their gimerack cottages in the country and their how, if one could scarcely call it a de-45 corrugated iron ethical societies if they began to think? They live artistically, as do the lower animals — by a general sense of suitability to the senses and the habits. One esthete knows another esthete by ing. I should not be content with say- so the color and the smell - the color of his coat and the smell of his favorite flower. One spirit in revolt knows another spirit in revolt, just as one dandy knows another dandy — by the necktie.

> The ordinary artistic Socialist throws out signals to his own kind, and naturally gravitates to his own environment. He does not in the least know what Socialism

is, and he does not need to: he does know that he gets on with the kind of men who call themselves Socialists. He knows the other man's extravagances will be of his sort, and not of another sort. He knows a Socialist can be trusted to call another Socialist's wife 'comrade' without taking her on a gin-crawl. He knows that a Socialist can be trusted at tea-time to destroy the whole morality of mankind with- 10 it is rational for me to reply that St. out using a word that could bring a blush to the cheek of a young person. In short, he knows that there are a sort of people like himself in the world, and certain sociological conjectures (about which he 15 case for the new thing; otherwise it is never thinks seriously at all) are among the outward tests for detecting them.'

In saying all this you speak with your usual noble delicacy and unerring wit. But there is a further complication, which 20 anything we deny ourselves a thousand I can no longer conceal from you. tragedy is this: that these happy, thoughtless people did once really have a Thought. This one isolated thought has stuck in their heads ever since. Nobody can get 25 refusing to put on an infinite number of it out of their heads; and nobody can get any other thought into their heads.

It is a thought which, uncorrected by other thoughts, is quite foolish and dangerous; but it is a connected string of con- 30 'Well, I, at my present stage of evolution, cepts, intelligible and even true in itself: it is the only one they have; and it gives them a dickens of a time. The one only and original connected Thought that ever penetrated these people's heads runs as 35 ist yet), may absolutely insist on this unifollows: My grandfather thought wires were necessary for telegrams: I know now that he was wrong; therefore, whatever I think is right my grandson will probably think wrong.

Upon that one mental process the whole of our 'progress' is conducted; and, very naturally, it ends in a smash — or, rather, in a splash, by Picasso. That there is some truth in the Thought is not to be 45 inary ancestor, with his flower-pot hat. denied. Some things do alter; different generations do have different standpoints; truth should be kept reasonably flexible to fit fashions which are often genuine human moods. But the worshipers of the 50 he can make neither head nor tail of it, Thought think it idolatry to have any other thoughts but that.

They insist that on every subject all the things we understand must be wrong, body could conceivably understand (like poor old Picasso) must be right. Their fallacy, one would suppose, was simple

enough even for the modern mind to follow; the distinction is quite obvious. there exist plausible reasons for supposing that an innovation is an improvement, 5 then, of course, it is a valid argument to say that many real improvements have been denounced as innovations.

If I think a man honest, and it is answered that he has been in prison, then Paul or Cervantes was in prison. But it is not rational of me to say that all the people in prison must be like Cervantes or St. Paul. There must be a prima facie obvious that nothing is being asked of it but newness. Now the number of new things that are possible is at any given moment by its nature infinite. When we do other things. When we go to Tunbridge Wells we may be said to be avoiding a million other places from China to Peru.

Whenever a man puts on his hat he is other things, from the flower-pot to the waste-paper basket. If, therefore, you have no other test of a new idea except its newness, you will only be able to say: do not see the good of wearing a flowerpot for a hat. But I must not offend my great-grandson, who is so very particular, and for all I know (since he does not exform for all his ancestors,

Perhaps you think this is an improbable example and an unlikely way of talk-Perhaps, in some rural seclusion, 40 you have failed to meet any people who talk like that. Turn, then, to the subsequent issue of the advanced paper to which I have referred, and you will find a gentleman talking exactly like my imag-

An art critic of conspicuous intelligence sits in front of my absurd piece of blotting paper, dazed but submissive. He does actually say, in so many words, that but that the Future will. He does, with a really beautiful humility, prostrate himself in the dust, not only before Picasso, but before a totally imaginary great-grandand consequently all the things that no- 55 child, who will profess to see some sense in Picasso. This condition is plainly intolerable: we cannot go about thinking that all our thoughts are wrong without having even any notion of what thoughts are right. Shall we try to get that Thought out of these people's heads? shall we try to get some others in? tal torture.

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THE HUDSON-FULTON EXHIBITION

FRANK FOWLER

[Scribner's Magazine, November, 1909. By permission.]

The occasionally recurring festivals and celebrations which mark the commemoration of some historical event or achieve- 20 ple could look about them in security and ment possess, among other advantages, that of recalling facts of interest contemporaneous to those thus specifically signalized; and the various exhibitions, now in progress in connection with the Hud-25 they sought subjects upon which to lavish son-Fulton ceremonies seem particularly to suggest this beneficent result. man mind loves to wander through productive periods of the past; and in this case while the fancy plays around the 30 Spanish yoke, the Italianate influence of material significance of achievements like traveled painters and of its Flemish neighthose of the two figures in whose honor the recent demonstrations have been made. the doors of our art collectors have incidentally been thrown open revealing veri- 35 that to the knowing ones is simply admirtable treasures of painting of the best period of Dutch art, that of about Hudson's time.

At just this moment in the practice of painting when subtlety of seeing is so 40 ceased to be that of mere picture-making opening a new world that the painter in his elation at the vision is sometimes neglectful of his means, it is singularly propitious to be given access to an unusual collection of what is perhaps the 45 runners of the Rousseaus, Troyons, Dausoundest method of painting recorded in the annals of art. As it is of the genius of rectitude in any activity that its meliorative attributes are widespread, the art connoisseur and amateur have peculiar 50 charitable institutions, municipal bodies cause for congratulation that the present occasion happens to commemorate the enterprise of the Dutch at an epoch particularly rich in the art of painting. Earlier than this the art of Holland had 55 ied here, and which adds such lustre to not the distinct national note that at this moment it reached.

The painting of few nations indeed of-

land, for we know of none so little derivative, so essentially characteristic of the people who produced it, so eminently di-Either will involve the most horrible men- 5 rect and personal - in fact so entirely indigenous and original. Fully to appreciate and enjoy it one need not study the craft of immediate predecessors, but should rather bear in mind the political and so-10 cial conditions which preceded this flowering of an art born of a large leisure purchased by a past of strenuous combat with nature at home and oppression from abroad. These obstacles, this discipline, 15 this long abstinence from the lighter moments of existence, this repression of the spiritual side of humanity seems to have prepared the ground for a rich harvest when the time arrived in which these peo-

fers so interesting a study as that of Hol-

through privation and hardship became objects of delight and pride; and when their artistic skill it was these familiar things that appealed to them — the things

comfort. This land they had saved from

the sea, these homes they had established

they loved.

Holland had by this time cast off the bors, and had become its own independent self looking honestly in the face of nature and reporting her with an integrity These interiors and the life of the home, as may be noted in the work here of de Hooch, Terborch, Metzu and others, furnished subject enough — their and religious imagery which until now outside influence had largely stimulated; while in the splendid school of landscape they founded may be discovered the forebignys of a later day in France.

The Dutch also celebrated themselves, their personalities — they were so essentially national that guilds, corporations, and public buildings encouraged portrait painting, and it may be to this fact that they owe the noble school of portraiture of which many fine examples may be stud-

their art.

The richness of the holdings of Dutch pictures by a few discerning collectors in

this country will be a matter of surprise to many visiting these galleries, and they will be moved to an expression of appreciation to the owners of these treasures and permitting them to be shown. The extent of the collection is so unlooked for that it may be well to mention that of the seven Vermeers owned in the some thirty Rembrandts, and in the neighborhood of twenty Franz Hals, many of finest quality, are distributed among this profusion of lesser, but still brilliant lights of the time.

As mere demonstrations of how to paint one need look no further than to certain examples of Hals, for instance; and there are others among these who might serve nical methods, although none, save Hals, perhaps, so obviously demonstrates the actual application of pigment - this, too, in his case, in conjunction with intelligent There are others again who in perfection of seeing and doing elude definition and enter into the mysteries of the circumambient air. In these particular clever accomplishment, they simply exist as the world about us exists bathed in that all-enveloping atmosphere which Dutch were first to successfully render. methods, is lost in the unconsciousness of satisfied vision. Of the producers of these marvels of painting Rembrandt ranks supreme, but there are painters of point of perfection rank little lower than ĥe.

To the lover of processes alone, then, there is material in these galleries for canvas to canvas with varying emotions, but unvarying delight. The beautiful veracity of Vermeer, the competency of Van der Helst, unerring vision of Hals, mysterious enveloppe of Rembrandt, suavity 50 as a tableau, not so genuinely felt as he is of Dou, Terborch, Metzu and de Hooch, dignity and impressiveness of Ruisdael, versatility of Cuyp, simplified breadth of Van Goyen, vitality of Jan Steen, and homeliness of Van Ostade are some of the 55 ulous in his attention to detail. qualities peculiar to a few among this host of masters.

One may discuss only a small portion of

this stately whole and then with feelings of regret that much must necessarily be ignored. But as we are on the search for some representative examples where so for their public spirit in collecting them 5 many appear to represent adequately, can one do better than to hail with pleasure the Vermeer entitled: 'Woman Writing a Letter'! This is one of those canvases whose perfection is almost elusive, but United States, five are here on view, while we which may be appreciatively approached by comparing it with it matters little what modern master of genre. Something of the magic of Holland's softened light seems to have filtered through the aper-15 ture by which this figure with the stilllife objects on the table is illuminated, although the window is not seen. This is a Vermeer that places him near the great Rembrandt himself in its rendering of as exemplars of sane and wholesome tech- 20 graduated light. This light plays from object to object with the inevitableness of nature, and so perfect is its management that the spectator forgets to analyze the source of its undoubted charm. When composition and often good, if not great 25 one seeks to account for this wonderful result it is found perhaps in the perfect adjustment of the figure to its surround-The theme is trivial enough, which only goes to prove that art can make any canvases there appears no thought of 30 moment great. The melting into the background and the material itself of the ermine bordering the yellow sacque the figure wears, the quiet merging of the hand with the objects it touches are all The consciousness of drawing, technique, 35 demonstrations of a vision as fine, as subtle and as true as one can recall in the whole range of painting. This is not painting in the sense of Hals, of Van der Helst, it is an emanation of a sensitive works of smaller size who, from the stand- 40 personality using pigment as a medium. If space permitted a fuller discussion— 'The Lady with Guitar,' The Music Lesson,' Girl Playing a Guitar,' Young Woman at Casement,' should each and all boundless enjoyment. One may go from 45 be reviewed, for this painter is one of the rarest.

'The Music Party,' by Pieter de Hooch, is less naïve in its presentation than the above-mentioned works, more sought-for sometimes in his earlier works where the less formal occupations of home-life engaged his brush. He is still interested, however, in varying cross-light and scrup-

A larger method of painting and probably of seeing is to be noted in the picture by Gerard Terborch, 'Lady Pouring Out Wine.' This group of three persons is given with a breadth more often found in life-size work than in a canvas of this dimension. All is painted with a free in, the still-life of truthful observation, while the salient figure of the woman in the foreground is of a mastery quite delightful. This is not of Terborch's most competency and painter-like quality which gave such value to his transcriptions of the interiors of the patrician class of Holland, and his glimpses of the domestic life high accomplishment in the practice of painting in this work, which may also be remarked in 'Interior with Soldiers,' and in the portrait of a man and one of a woman to be seen here.

Had Cuyp been less varied in subject, had he pursued, for instance, out-door light exclusively, such as we see in his 'Landscape with Cattle,' one feels that he a more potent influence on his school. His very versatility seems to militate against surpassing excellence in any one direction; he is spread over too large a these landscapes with living interests he is at his best, and this makes one regret that his curiosity did not here penetrate deeper, for the unmistakable sensitiveness to surface-light remarked in this picture 35 the masterpieces of this side of their art, as it plays on the hides of the cattle and touches the various substances of earth and vegetation goes to prove that here is a painter who by happy disposition and ify the art of painting, who had something to say, something to reveal concerning the world of sight that for the time in which he worked was new and stimulating.

here with, among other things, a 'Dutch Kermess 'full of a rollicking vitality and tipsy mirth, and of excellent color. He certainly could give movement, and the his 'Dancing Couple,' 'Drunken Family,' and 'Grace Before Meat.'

Adrian van Ostade's 'The Old Fiddler' is, from our present-day ideas of such a foreground foliage kept somewhat arbitrarily in half-tone with the evident intention of emphasizing more effectually the

central incident. The color, however, is good, and the painting solid.

Of the group of landscapists, Jacob van Ruisdael comes out with the strength that touch, the figures in half-tone strongly put 5 is his own. It is not difficult to detect here the fountain-head of that splendid stream of technical influence which inspired later the Fontainebleau school. One picture, entitled 'Landscape,' showing usual subjects, but it reveals the large to a foreground pool where float swan and water-plants and edged with well-observed sedges, at the foot of a knoll where tosses a wind-driven tree, is of a tonality that compels admiration. Other 'Landscapes' of the Dutch merchants. He displays is attest the solemn sentiment and dignity of this painter, who, if not brilliant in his color or facile in his touch, is profound in temper, and a master of drawing and terrestrial construction.

As already suggested, it was typical of the Dutch at this period that they devoted themselves to portrait painting as well as to landscape and genre. If nature outside and indoors appealed strongly to would have gone farther and have exerted 25 them, so did the men who made the state, the women who ruled the home. Portraiture pure and simple probably never reached a higher level of accomplishment than at this time through the genius of field to strongly impress in any; but in 30 Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Van der Helst, Ravesteyn, Flinck, Santvoort, and Bol, all of whom sought this human characterization with much directness and vitality.

> It will be impossible to speak fully of to be met with in this exhibition, but a number must be signaled as among the finest examples.

Perhaps for emphasis of personal idenlightness of touch seemed destined to viv- 40 tity there never painted a man more marvelously equipped than Franz Hals. Not only is he the most dexterous, but with celerity and sureness of touch he managed to preserve the sentiment of the presence We will now turn to Jan Steen, who is 45 of the subject before him to an extraordinary degree; while for the address and precision with which he treats various articles of human attire, the damasked pattern of a silk, for example, obeying the spirit of the scene, as may be observed in 50 laws of perspective in its design and of construction in its retreating folds, there has yet to be found so consummate a master. Trinkets, ornaments, filmy cuffs, fluted collars, books of devotion, or what scene, rather conventionally lighted, the 55 not, these are observed and given with a fidelity of vision and an obedience of hand little short of miraculous. His wizard touch is no less noted in the constructive

planes of the head, the hands, the superficies of the flesh of his sitters, while he preserves always a breadth of treatment which never degenerates into useless detail. He is the king of practitioners in 5 which developed this outline, and to which the virtuosity of his performance, but he does not sacrifice the personality of his subject to the exhibition of his skill. We find portraits here which exemplify these observations concerning his method of to they seem to emerge into visibility as painting. His 'Woman with a Rose' is an instance of this splendid bravura of brushwork, this swift but accurate differentiation of textures, tactful emphasis of the important, and the dis-15 Woman' is of this phase of his art, sucriminating subservience of the secondary incidents of sight. The amplitude of stroke in broad passages and planes of the dress, the quick but decided touches that suggest the detail of ornament and pat- 20 quite other than may be felt in his portern so justly given that they sustain their rightful surface in the constructive modeling of the gown, all this, with largeness of gesture and of pose mark this canvas as a are of that intimacy of likeness which seems a documentary record of an existing type, almost ethnical in its searching a sobriety of statement that is in contrast to the 'Woman with a Rose' as befits the presentation of elderly persons of settled condition, and which goes to prove that judgment which equals that of his technical superiority. 'Portrait of a Man Standing' is one of the broad, crisp, but fluent, examples of his dexterity.

mitted, sometimes plays with his brush in a way not too edifying from the point of view of art; so that for all his excellence he is to be admired with reserve,

and, at his best, hailed a master.

As if to point the lesson that superlative performance may still lack that something which is almost incommunicable but of undoubted power, surpassing in its procomplished fellows, Rembrandt stands in this brilliant circle of painters as the one possessed of this gift divine.

This solitary, living practically apart in peared in his higher moments to wrest secrets from the surrounding air. Without losing the concrete quality of sub-

stance all objects existed for him in an intervening world of light where they lost certain accents of outline that guide lesser men to the conservation of the contours they resorted as a necessary convention for the interpretation of form. Rembrandt did not, as a rule, depend on this to give reality to the figures he painted images of this thought, this thought potential enough to become real, and real enough to touch the profound. Neither The Gilder' nor the 'Portrait of an Old perb as they are; but 'The Savant' emits this note of profundity and becomes, so to say, impalpably real. This spacious canvas is of a sentiment and significance traits mentioned above. Those are of this world of conventional existence - 'The Savant' is of Rembrandt's own.

One would like to dilate on the 'Young sumptuous example of the painter. The 25 Man Putting on His Armor, 'Lucretia,' portraits of Heer and Vrouw Bodolphe 'Hendrickje Stoffels,' and many more, but we may only call attention to the vivid although restrained canvas named 'The Noble Slav,' with its unctuous painting definition of race. They are painted with 30 and concentrated chiaroscuro causing it to stand out by some apparent illumination peculiar to itself. This voluminous presence is seizing in corporeity, while in the painting of the chain about the shoul-Hals is possessed of a valuable artistic 35 der and the sacrifice of needless accessories it is one of Rembrandt's most characteristic moods of vision and production. The Portrait of Himself' is in the sentiment of this kind of evolution of a figure After all is said, even he, it must be ad- 40 in a costume of no particular date, but sitting there, staff in hand, a clothed entity of serious mien betraying the ravages of life on a stalwart frame, vital still in its decline. It is haunting in its personality 45 telling of a life passed in seeking to embody plastically its thought. Massively pathetic, yet of a splendor of presentation which appeals to the connoisseur, announcing that he is confronted by not fundity the achievements of his most ac- 50 only a great figure of the past, but by that ever present joy - a work of art. When painting thus freely and unhampered by a commission, there is observed something in Rembrandt's treatment of an atmosphere of his own creation, ap- 55 the apparel of his subject that is peculiarly his own. The dress is of no particular time, nor is it quite recognizable as drapery - it clothes his thought and drapes the

person painted: but one forgets these matters in experiencing a sense of satisfied vision. He is a creator in more ways than one, and at these times it is as though some brooding and elemental sentiment became invested with a form which he evolved; became indeed in his hands, as I have said, a thing of art.

Among the deductions that occur to one who has examined this exhibition with to gated in a harmonious ensemble the best attention and a certain familiarity with the processes of painting are these: these Dutch can still hold their own, nay, we may learn much from them about frank, solid and sincere manipulation of paint - 15 Beatty deserves the fullest recognition for their work is done to stay, to withstand the deterioration of time, it is of honest execution so far as the medium is concerned, and in some respects mere painthaps we moderns have surpassed them is in our manner of seeing, of using the eyesight, in which, with the years, we have developed an almost new sense of sight; amusing aspect of nature seems to have been revealed to us, permitting us, through painting, to touch a now wider range of emotions through painted art. And even field of landscape painting than in that of figure work and portraits.

If these two qualities, then, could be united, sanity of method and subtlety of art a splendor of achievement which might rival that of Haarlem and of Amsterdam.

IV

PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1914

W. H. de B. NELSON

[International Studio (John Lane Co.), June, 1914. By permission of author and publisher.]

The season of American art, limited by custom and convenience to the period ex- 50 tures as represent what is felt and imagtending from November to the end of May, meets with its apotheosis at Pittsburgh, after which the grim message of Shipka Pass, 'All is Still,' is applicable to weird, majestic canyons or a city's traffic, the reign of art, until once more winter 55 no country can defeat the American resumes its interrupted sway. The Eighteenth Annual Exhibition, so eagerly awaited and speculated upon by painters,

critics, art lovers and collectors has shown once more the immense prestige of the Carnegie Institute and its colossal importance as America's only Salon, the supreme s tribunal of art in the Western Hemisphere. Pittsburgh has no rival city; New York sinks into insignificance beside it; it is the one and only location in America where once a year are congreexamples obtainable of national and foreign art. No previous show has succeeded in presenting so many exceptionally good canvases and Director J. W. his untiring zeal and discretion in presenting a display of work so convincingly representative of the best painting that is being accomplished at home and abroad. ing cannot be better done. Where per- 20 Very noticeable is the fact that the young painters have been given opportunity. There is a distinctly vital and vigorous impression imparted by the different galleries and wholesome absence in a great so that a lighter, more subtle, more 25 measure of those tedious monsters known as exhibition pictures, and of those academically painted ever-recurring theses which point to stagnation in art and induce apathy and indifference in the minds of this advance is more appreciable in the 30 the discerning public. The impression gained at private view and increased by subsequent visits, is an impression of fresh, spontaneous art, of the kind that reacts on the beholder, forming in imagination an sight, there would burst upon this age of 35 intimate bond of thought between him and the artist.

Courtesy to the stranger would induce one to mention foreign performances first, even if no other reason prevailed; com-40 parisons may be odious, but in a case where canvases from all countries meet on a common footing it is forced upon the critic to see how the painting by artists of one nation compares with that of another. 45 At the very first encounter, and strengthened by later visits, it is clear that the English contingent represented by sixty and more artists make the strongest impression in portraiture, and in such picined rather than what is merely visualized. When it comes to downright painting of sea or mountain, snow-clad river banks, painter in his big and bold portrayal of facts, but when it comes to subtlety of conception, to imagery, to a fantasy unseen of mortal eyes, there the British painter shows his superiority. In spite of unquestioned mastery over the medium. of an undoubted capacity for clear and truthful vision, it is to be wondered work threatens to become commonplace. whether the soul of Peter Bell be not reflected within the souls of many American painters of high rank;

A primrose by the river's brim A yellow primrose was to him — And it was nothing more.

There is another explanation, and it is perhaps nearer to the truth. It may well right-hand corner, gaining tremendous be that the American artist does not con- 15 force by contrast. Hayley-Lever, the sider subject matter of particular importance in his canvas, but is ruled by his desire to express freely and powerfully luminous skies, characteristic sketches of his own native heath or some one else's 20 waves. Each picture is a masterpiece. and, above all things, a solidly painted foreground, quality of paint, luminosity, well-adjudged planes of light and dark being the compelling forces. This theory is borne out by the fact that the room of 25 Britishers that have helped to make this honor was bestowed upon Paul Dougherty, who though still young is already in the fortunate position of having to search, like Alexander, for fresh kingdoms to conquer. No one, after touring Gallery L, could 30 Some big men are not mentioned, for the deny to him all the gifts mentioned above reason that their contributions fall below and many others, in his twenty-six exhibits of sea and Alps, but at the same time it must be advanced that these pictures lack that peculiar quality which is 35 lated, and with miniature groups in the the essence of real art, and which distinguishes the nature copyist from the true genius who combines what he has seen with what he has felt. The same applies to the medal picture of E. W. Redfield and 40 to the canvases of such men as Elmer Schofield, Gardner Symons, and many others. They are giants within their lim-They copy nature superbly and there they stop contented. Is there not the fear 45 of traveling a lane that has no outlet?

There is an excellent Japanese word, esoragoto - all acknowledgment to Mr. A. J. Eddy - which has no exact equivalent to a canon. Every painting, to be effective, must be esoragoto, i.e., an invented picture or a picture into which certain fictions are painted. Realistic transcriptions must yield to idealistic compositions, with 55 appreciates and discerns. a maximum of self. A good picture, besides being true to nature, in order to be great art, must excite curiosity and pique

the intelligence. Materialism is an excellent attribute, but it should not be the sum total of a picture. The soul of the artist must look behind his pigment or his

It fell to a Spaniard and an Englishman to show the strongest harbor scenes. 'Fishermen of the Cantabrique,' by Martinez-Cubells, is an imposing canvas, splen-10 didly painted, showing a fishing smack at the pier, with the crew at work, while other boats are at anchor close by. A ray of light illumines the sluggish water in the Englishman, is represented by one of his characteristic paintings of St. Ives Harbor, full of light and movement, the boats in the foreground dancing on the sunlit

Comparison is invited between British and American painters for the reason that no other country stands so high in the quality of work submitted. Some of the year's international a red-letter event are W. Orpen, T. C. Dugdale, J. da Costa, Arnesby Brown, Anning Bell, Hayley-Lever, W. Nicholson, and Hilda Fearon. standard. Much is expected of Charles Sims, but his 'Month of Mary' is a disappointing canvas — heavy in color, unreforeground, resembling in conception a shepherd's calendar. One charm only it possesses, namely, a background of delightful design and richness of tone. Orpen self-portrait, with its outré background and quaint accessories, is a magnificent piece of characterization and quite outstrips other essays in portraiture, with very few exceptions.

Gaston La Touche, the Frenchman, has two pictures, but they do not represent him at his best. They appear to be hurriedly executed and contain bad color. Will Ashton received an honorable mention for in English or French, and which amounts 50 his 'On the Seine.' His sky-line of buildings is typically Parisian and interesting. His barge, too, in shadow has been well handled, but he seems to miss that peculiar color which every one knowing the river

> John W. Alexander has a large and somewhat detached composition entitled 'Her Birthday,' in which three graceful

and pleasant-looking young women in different well-studied poses are busy arranging flowers. The canvas contains many very beautiful passages and is full of delicate distinction.

Chicharro, whose admiration for Zuloaga is clearly mirrored in his performances, shows some Castilian peasants ant, these nut-brown, hard-featured peasants with their piercing black eyes and sullen demeanor. The artist lacks the fluidity and imagination of his leader. the observer is less impressed than repelled by his brutality. This brutality is also evident in the work of George W. Bellows, who was deservedly awarded a medal for Dwellers,' being an admirable rendering of the sordid east-end life of New York's slummery by the river. The picture is frank to a degree and distinctly Rabelaisian in flavor.

Portraits and still life were wisely denied the right to be too insistently in evidence. Landscapes were admitted in know and respect his fishes. The portrait is of his youngest son, dressed in Etons, full of animation and dashing out of the canvas as through an open door. The plexion have been finely handled, better, a great deal, than the advancing right leg, which is just a little unconvincing in the action. 'The Madonna of the Applecart' aptly describes an excellent portrait by 40 best cows in the exhibition are in the fore-T. C. Dugdale, entitled 'Coster-girl and Child.' It is a glowing tribute to London's east-end and to the memory of Phil May, who alone of artists depicted the real coster type. Splendid in color and compo- 45 in pyramidal construction shows a mother sition, this picture is one of the real gems of the exhibition.

Among pictures of allegorical import must be mentioned first and foremost an Bell, entitled 'The South Wind,' which is reproduced on the first page of this article, and in second place 'Summer Night'

by the great German master, Franz von Stuck, both of which pictures have unfortunately been relegated to odd corners in the minor galleries. A good third place 5 in this line of effort may be fairly accorded to the Cleveland artist, H. G. Keller, who in his 'Wisdom and Destiny' has given a delightful piece of color and breaking bread, very black bread, with composition. 'Old House in the Hills,' sun-baked fingers. They are not pleas- 10 by W. L. Lathrop, proves how effective composition. 'Old House in the Hills, the simplest subject may prove in the hands of a master; painted by a man of mediocrity, no one would have given this canvas a second glance. Jonas Lie shows Chicharro carries realism to a point where 15 the lower bay blocked with ice and sentinelled by its grim line of snow-clad skyscrapers. Charles Bittinger's 'Road to the River' compels applause by the unaffected treatment of a simple subject, his exceedingly vital picture entitled 'Cliff 20 where powerful sunlight is effected without trickery. Caro-Delvaille presents a nude of Rubenesque proportions, entitled 'La Nature Endormie,' which conjures up visions of the Autumn Salon and previous 25 efforts by the same artist. Good as it is, we infinitely prefer his 'The Young Maid, which in smaller compass shows a waitress, back to the beholder, depositing a overwhelming proportion. W. M. Chase tray upon the table. Head and neck are has a portrait and a still life. We all 30 beautifully modeled, and the flesh tones contrast well with the conventional black frock. Robert Henri's 'Thomas' will please the superficial observer, but we wonder what would be said of a pupil who lad's bright face, dark hair and olive com- 35 dared to exhibit such bad draughtsman-

A. J. Mannings is a better painter of horses than of cattle, but his 'Cow and Calf' command more than respect. The ground of Arnesby Brown's fine painting, 'In Suffolk.' They are beefy and elemental, and form no part of a set piece. Mary Cassatt is a disappointment. Her picture bending over a boy of tender years and huge feet, who gazes into his mother's face. It is Raphaelesque without tenderness and good drawing. Though Raphael exquisite decorative scheme by Anning 50 erred occasionally in draughtsmanship, Bell, entitled 'The South Wind,' which even in the 'Sistine Madonna,' yet he never could have modeled such feet upon

an infant.

V

AN AMERICAN SALON OF HUMORISTS

LOUIS BAURY

[Bookman, January, 1915. By permission of author and publisher,]

Just why it is that painting should be deemed the most irrevocably grave of all artistic manifestations, no one has ever explained. be the case - particularly here in America. In literature a man has every chance, if he can, to be as hilariously unbridled as Mark Twain, and still take his place, unchallenged, on the shelf with the greatest; 20 on the stage he may be as essentially a humorist as Joseph Jefferson, and yet go down in history with a halo round his memory; even in the uncorporeal sphere of music he may be as light and bizarre 25 their interests — just as the playgrounds and impish as fancy will permit, without in any way jeopardizing his artistic dignity; but let him attempt any such galahearted display in terms of paint, and the most staid Academician and the most per-30 in favor of a Salon of Humorists in fervid Futurist bang their doors with equal vigor in his face. Which, in this day when there is more talk than ever before of the development of a really national art, seems just a trifle rash.

That ebullient spirit that, without 'mission 'or 'message' or 'school,' craves only the privilege of making holiday with facts and pelting impartially with its own gay, inimitable, irreverent confetti every head 40 the pictures of Boardman Robinson that bobs up in the carnival of civilization seems too thoroughly American to be consigned always to the lighter, more ephemeral pictorial avenues. Mark Twain and O. Henry are American in a sense in 45 can Salon of Humorists — and that withwhich Poe and Lowell, for instance, never can be. That the spirit which caused them to multiply the gaiety of nations is really inherent in the hearts of American painters, one has to travel no further than 50 literati.' But his influence upon gallery to the rooms of the old 'Fakers' to real-

Around the time of the Spanish War that little off-shoot of the National Academy of Design contained a group of stu- 55 age of feminism. He has interior-decodents with conspicuous aptitudes for satirizing passing artistic foibles. Pressed, they will admit that the present form of

the society is somewhat in the nature of an anti-climax; but in their day people flocked to the exhibitions where, each year, they held up to merciless ridicule the 5 staid, decorous productions of the regular Academy shows. And there was a certain buoyant inspiration and technical felicity pervading all their merriment which raised these affairs far above the plane of mere 10 undergraduate decorative revels.

Today, the men who once poured forth these festive creations are for the most part in the heydey of their prime. But one journeys from 'important exhibition' But such certainly appears to 15 to 'interesting group of canvases' to 'noteworthy shows,' looking in vain for a place where the spirit of the old 'Fakers,' in matured and mellowed form, may logically disport itself, and yet remain faithful to the highest artistic conscience. It begins to look as if the only place where such things can pursue their joyous way unfettered amid all the intensity of 'modernity' is in a gallery especially devoted to for children have to be solemnly marked off by act of legislature and maintained sacrosanct by the police force.

Actually to have to offer arguments this country, where a sense of humor is as much a standard national institution as George Washington's truthfulness or Bunker Hill or true democracy, would 35 seem too paradoxical. Fortunately, though, the work of the men who without the least encouragement do make occasional forays in this manner is sufficient argument of itself. There are, for example, among which is a pungent little wash drawing called 'The Romanticist'— never before exhibited or published — which could most appropriately open an Ameriout the slightest disrespect to romance itself.

The man depicted herein is not a painter. Quite unmistakably, he belongs to 'the exhibitions has been extensive. For he is an 'apostle of art.' He it is who, over the tea-cups, has converted our daughters, and so gained a certain ascendancy in an rated the halls of Philistia itself - and very nearly persuaded the lot of us to sell our birthright for a pot of lilies. And now one enjoys the gratification of seeing all his suspicions about him upheld.

A raven of butterfly fragility, he rises against his nicotine-misted background, his rapturous eyes seeking the heavens and stopping at a low-hung ceiling. Even the most literal-minded would desire no snatch of superimposed dialogue to enforce the humor of the thing. The humor is inherent in every line of the drawing, to irrepressible motive of his theme, then in all the subtle force and forceful subtlety of the entire handling. One senses at once the impalpability of the chin beneath those curled whiskers, the scrawnifloss of that hair, the timidity of those too-small pale hands which are, one is sure, fidgetting under the ceremonious folds of his Inverness.

vases anxiously through veils, and murmur of 'perspective'; the people who flutter catalogue pages and talk hesitatingly of 'tone' and 'value' and 'quality' and other safely elusive things, after having 25 inimitably manifest. A cabby lolling on looked up the artist's name - these may walk with a new sprightliness now and hold up their heads. Which, after all, is a very excellent thing for 'art.' And even the most strident anarchists shouting for 30 the avenue, the manner in which a young 'wider latitudes' should be appeased. For just as it is said that what cannot be spoken can be put to music, so, in another sense, what cannot be told can be painted. For there are people boasting of portraits, 35 here, though perhaps not the best example even by Sargent who, if they studied them attentively, instead of pointing them out with a casual reference to the price paid, would be more inclined to try suing the painter for libel. So let us fling open the 40 doors and see if we really are as irrevocably grave as all this talk of art in the Sunday supplements and the public libraries would lead one to suppose.

In the field of American art, no place is more genuinely recognized and assured than the high one occupied by George Luks. What Arthur Davies is to the 50 always such fools as they act.' poetry of contemporary painting, Luks is to its prose. So it is particularly pleasing, on entering the American Salon of Humorists, to find a canvas of his promifeeling that at last this man who has ever been as a red rag to academies and revolutionaries alike, has found a truly con-

genial setting. For if ever man was a humorist at heart, that man is Luks. is in direct line of descent from Swift and Rabelais and Fielding. Humor there is 5 in his most terribly poignant studies, in his most heartrending delineations of slum life, of stricken urchins and ignorant, experience-wise old apple women. But when humor predominates, when it is the Luks is at his best. Then he is most unrestrainedly himself.

Look over his sketch-books where are jotted down the swift, undeniable first imness of the stringed neck somewhere in the 15 pressions of his journeyings among men. It is humor that radiates through every vibrant line of them. Turning the pages is like walking along a crowded thoroughfare in company with one of those jovially After this the ladies who peer at can- 20 shrewd old eighteenth-century commentators on human foibles. No word is spoken. One simply feels a nudge in the ribs, and, looking, the essential flavor of a group, a situation, a personality is made his box, a too-young matron whispering imprudent stories into the ear of a promising débutante, a couple from 'hall-roomdom' parading at the fashionable hour on restaurant omnibus fetches vin ordinaire - it is such things as these that most inevitably attract Luks's attention. The painting of 'Amateur Night,' reproduced of this phase of Mr. Luks's work, unquestionably possesses the authentic spirit. And it is a work for which he has special fondness.

> 'I felt that very deeply when I was painting it,' he said recently. 'At the time, I was doing a good deal of pot-boiling in the form of posters for those extravagant melodramas which were in such 45 favor then; and so I was quite in the atmosphere of this sort of thing. I've attended dozens of "amateur nights," and I like those kids that get up there and They're not make fools of themselves.

No half-tone reproduction of this painting can begin to do justice to the masterly observation and handling of the play of footlights over the figures — which, technently hung. One simply cannot help 55 nically, is the most notable achievement of the picture. But it retains unimpaired the full force of that girl's desperately clenched hands, the modeling of that youth's legs, the significance of the taut postures of both performers. And it loses little in the understanding with which those faces are rendered.

Gazing on them, one understands pretty 5 well how the comedienne of the team fired her adoring one with histrionic desire though remaining how. 'minor chords,' they will return again and again to 'Amateur Night.' It is this 10 power of Luks's - evinced even in his slightest things - to make one feel the past and probable future of all his characters, as well as the intensely living present he sets before you, which makes of him an 15 the same general category as Glackens, undeniable master.

Hanging near this picture of his is Glackens's 'Roller Skating.' There is no more sincere artist than Glackens in America today. Among painters he is es- 20 work' which your average artist underpecially esteemed for his technical abilities — and for the magnitude of the technical problems he so often undertakes to solve. In the old days, though, when Glackens concerned himself more with cartoons and 25 airy, slightly cynical, but always diverting, illustrations, there used to be a certain rollicking buoyance pervading his work which somehow seems too frequently missing in his later and more elaborate oils. But ever and again it returns joyously 30 take some exceptions to the drawing of the and takes possession of his brush for long The 'Roller Skating' canvas stretches. is one of those in which its influence is apparent. Perhaps the murkiness of the atmosphere is rather too palpable in the 35 a life of its own, gay, racy, undeniable. original, but after one peeps through this, he is very willing to forgive it for the wealth of humor underneath. There are a score of keen, delightful points made here — of character, of anecdote, of gesture, of 40 word or crayon, is necessary. And the attitude, of incident - all set forth with that strict economy of detail and sense of ensemble rhythm which belongs, perhaps above all else, to a proper interpretation of crowds.

Possibly after the Salon of Humorists has become thoroughly established, Mr. Glackens will relent and give us more oils in this vein - things like those Dickensian observations he has made in crowded slum 50 decidedly in the ascendant. New York streets where really all is not poverty and stark misery, and there do exist other occupations than having the milk inspected and dodging the charity workers, who poor things! - should not be blamed too 55 true artist is his; and it finds expression in much, because they, too, have to make a living somehow. Possibly he will go even further. Meanwhile we have this vision

of 'society' disporting itself at the rink for all the world as the Sunday supplements have recorded that it disports itself - just the same 'easy informality' and 'sang froid'— and the visitor will probably spend some time in studying out and enjoying the details for himself before turning to the red chalk drawing by Everett Shinn.

Shinn, it must be understood — even though the catalogue, in its official impartiality cannot commit such confidences is among the bright particular stars of this exhibition. Falling, as a craftsman, into there is, among other things, the difference that when Shinn turns illustrator he is very likely to be at his unqualified worst. But when he gets down to the 'serious takes with a portentous frown — and maybe one eye on the predilections of the judiciary committee - then Everett Shinn becomes his most debonair, charming, entertaining, and amusing self. And it is in this guise that he appears at the Salon of Humorists.

It might be that the ultra-captious would figure on the left of the group shown here, but certainly no one could offer any objection to the pose and spirit of it. And every one of that trio is alive — alive with Here again a title is a mere superfluous footnote. The picture's humor is intrinsic, and so completely summed up within itself that no slightest further touch, whether of beauty of it is, as the New England woman said of the doughnuts that were so appreciated, 'there's plenty more of the same kind where that came from.

Unfortunately, the Salon of Humorists as yet has few sculptured pieces to offer. But it is significant that some of the most notable of those that are available represent the work of a man whose star is very at large discovered Herbert Crowley only a few months ago; but, having ouce been discovered, he is not the sort of person easily to be forgotten. The fervor of the sumptuously decorative designs which have been compared — although the likeness is really superficial — to a certain vein of Aubrey Beardsley; in rich-hued pastel dreams, behind the surface simplicity of which rages all the monstrous complexity with which the orchestration of sical little child-fables in line that are fathered by very much the same spirit that produced Stevenson's Garden of Verses; and in twentieth-century grotesques of the order shown here.

I do these things,' said Mr. Crowley, because I have to - because my contact with people and events has bred them inside me, and they must come out. And of course the sense of humor must come out 15 tion, as the phrase goes, of its artistic along with the rest. Humor is there -within everybody - as big and true as love or hate or desire or any other human emotion; and so fully worthy of being as finely expressed as one can express it.

That is what Crowley does in these gar-They are philosophies in bronze, commenting upon whole segments of society, yet quite without malice. Take 'Incapacity,' for instance. The face alone 25 Paris, where flourish regularly a halfruns the entire emotional gamut from a child whose nurse will not stop the lollipop man who is passing to the politician who cannot stop the restrictive bills that are being passed. The Church of the So-30 and, if need be, to go out into the smokingcial Revolution should avail itself of these gargoyles, if only to demonstrate the genuineness of its modernity.

To keep Mr. Crowley company in the Meyers specializes Mevers. Mrs. women — which is indiscreet, but highly diverting. Her work is always interesting, adequate, deftly executed, and modern in manner. The accompanying piece is 40 fairly typical both of her method and her The subject of it is an effusive devotee of Mr. Robinson's Romanticist, upon a world that is wonderful — simply wonderful, and matches her gowns and jewels to her moods and her room-furnishings to her temperament. Probably

with a shadow pattern.

As the Laird in Trilby so variously intimated, they do these things better in 55 hattan when the day of toil is ending France. Paris instituted a Salon des Humoristes as long ago as the spring of 1907. And that Salon instantaneously and over-

whelmingly captivated Paris — as things do when they are especially piquant and chic and sophisticated. There the blithest, gayest, deepest, wisest work of such artists modern life is instinct; in delicately whim- 5 as Forain and Willette and Steinlin and Ibels, of Guillaume, Redon, and Robida, and literally hundreds of others, rollicked gleefully forth for the delectation of the multitudes. Somehow, that is always the 10 way. Unto him that hath shall be given! The platitudes will not be downed. For although this Salon has apotheosized certain ideals and forced the more staid and entrenched Salons to take serious recogniachievements, Paris was really the last city in the world that stood in actual need of such an institution. Paris, the witching, the sprightly, the saucy, the witty -20 Paris, which acclaimed and appreciated the mastership of a Daumier and a Toulouse-Lautrec - Paris, where to be clever is to be courted instead of to be inspected with apprehensive suspicion – dozen publications of the order of le Rire and l'Assiette au Beurre, in affirmation of the illustrator's right to deride mankind according to his own sweet pleasure room for his inspiration in doing it - what need had Paris of an institution for the uncensored stigmatizing of affectation and folly, the disrobing of vice, the indication sculpture section there is Mrs. Jerome 35 of the grotesque incongruities of the everyday! Why, for all its glory and its conquest, such a gallery was but as a ring on the Parisian little finger, a flower in its buttonhole.

But what chance has the American illustrator for participation in such lively and preëminently worth-while sport? Ask him — as the present writer has asked a an elder sister of Mr. Don Marquis's score of illustrators—and he will tell friend, Hermione. She, too, looks out 45 you at voluminous length, and with a force which even a Parisian weekly might expurgate, that he has none at all. Take the case of such a well-established illustrator as J. E. Jackson. When he leaves the hangings in her boudoir are mauve — 50 the regular illustrative round for his metropolitan pastels he may freely express the utmost heights of his vision - and who better than he has realized that subtle green which sleeps in the sky above Manand the streets are restless with homeward-faring throngs and the air raucous with the cries of baseball extras?

Yet let him depart from the prescribed orbits in an opposite direction, and even so comparatively mild a satire as 'Beauty and the Beast' goes the normal rounds only to be shunned. Perhaps the dog was to indulge in them.' not deemed sufficiently beautiful. Yet there are many folk who would find more humor in the observation of that beast's - er, woman's - foot alone than in a volume of sketches of the Florist: some lovely mistletoe, miss.' Beautiful Young Lady: 'Thanks; I really don't need that' type.

Of course, every periodical has a right to pursue its own policy undisturbed, and 15 Mr. Roth might accomplish if left entirely editors know best to what public they wish to appeal; but at the same time, it seems prodigally slack that so much talent — one does not say genius, but undeniable and astoundingly facile talent — as exists in 20 on newspapers, are coming into constant the ranks of our illustrators should, perforce, express itself always in echoes and

embellishments.

One need not deny, either, the very patent cleverness of a good deal of the work 25 arms of Milton, and the King of the Wirethe avowedly humorous magazines publish, to protest that the mordant, grim, relentless irony of, say, Glenn Coleman can scarcely find adequate outlet in pictorial variations upon the side-splitting 30 themes that college youths always love chorus-girls violently and carry a little wine without due restraint, that the 'woman movement'— whatever that may be — will inevitably force hale and pros- 35 this year. Pierrot is in the trenched fields, perous men into washing dishes, that young things in love simply cannot help turning down the parlor lights and kissing, while the new fashions are really too absurd and golfers use naughty words when 40 able. they slice the ball, and poets always, always wear long hair because they never have enough money to meet the rapacious demands of barbers.

clothed in the curiously quaint atmosphere he so well conjures up — these forays into stuffy parks and city margins where the refuse of the ragged-edge congregate and ters — have a very definite place in the empire of American humor. And so, equally, have the impressions of those two vivid, arresting, but sharply differentiated newspaper men, Cesare and Roth.

The restaurant scene by Cesare, here reproduced, was a mere pièce d'occasion, however. 'I do practically nothing,' he explains, 'that would fit into a real Salon of Humorists. As things are, such drawings are luxuries, and however much I might enjoy it, I really don't have a chance

And although Herb Roth in his crisp, tumultuous comments, manages again and again to strike from the ephemeræ of the daily news brilliant sparks, swift flashes 'We have so of character and parables of mirth which, as in the cases of the Winthrop Ames caricature and the Brieux paraphrase, possess more than casual passing interest, one still cannot help wondering just how much to his own lightning-like devices — with a Salon of Humorists waiting for the results.

And if this be the case with men who, touch with life at its liveliest, how much more should it apply to magazine illustrators whose facility is so largely devoted to depicting Estelle falling into the Tappers at the precise moment when the great detective and his trusty lieutenants burst in upon him? If the individual outlook of these illustrators could have free outlet, it would more often than not prove to be in humorous vein. And there is no time more favorable than the present for affording it outlet here in America.

Paris will have no Salon des Humoristes facing the invader. But Pierrot is the last who would wish to see the carnival itself lapse. For Pierrot is immortal; and even though he die, he lives on, unconquer-

Finally, then, we can do honor to him in the illustrator's section through Oliver Herford — not because Mr. Herford is an illustrator in the ordinary sense of the Yet these things of Mr. Coleman's, 45 word, but because he falls into no regular classification, and so might as well go here as anywhere else. One does not think of Oliver Herford so much as an artist or a wit as in the light of an institution. He crack grisly jokes anent their own tat- 50 is the nearest American counterpart to Max Beerbohm. The same urbanity is his, the same poise, the same sophistication, the same naïveté, the same nice ability for doing charming and rather ticklish 55 things without ever descending to the indelicate or offending good taste. The accompanying examples of his work are recent things; but anything else of his would

have served as well. Oliver Herford 'belongs.'

τv

own in playing politics through art. literature the tendency extends all the way from Bernard Shaw to James Oppenheim - which is a long distance, any way you care to figure it. In the graphic arts to Louis Fancher, 'that the keen interest it is somewhat more concentrated, and taken on the whole - of more compelling calibre. For where a book or a play or a treatise has an excellent chance of boring you with dogmatics and repetitions and 15 had it been properly developed. We talk arguments, a picture simply presents its naked vision — and dares you to deny it. And, be your politics what they may, you cannot gainsay the fact that no more repgled, restless, striving, groping, shattering, up-building, cursing, laughing, menacing, praying thing we call modernity than this little gallery of protest contains.

Young, grinning through tears of sympathy, which, ever since the Gene Field era. when they first began to appear in Chicago, have found their fundamental impulse in the social incongruities. And 30 there are the etchings and sketches and oils of John Sloan. Keenly sensitive to his time, Sloan expresses himself inevitably in the humorous strain — and in all his humor there lives that pathos which 35 movement. belongs to all truly felt humor. Note the wistfulness with which he has endowed even such a denunciation of mankind's tawdriness as the accompanying drawing his things. And that is why John Sloan can unfold the most brutal actualities of the highways and the hidden closets of society, and still set tender chords to vibrating.

Among the younger men striving along somewhat similar lines none gives more striking promise than Stuart Davis. Bold, original, forthright, one feels that much should be before him. And although one's 50 instinct is to be chary in praise of an ability which is still more or less potential, one yet cannot but notice the tendency toward a certain Strindbergian quality in his studies of personality that places them 55 cloak and suit trade inherits the earth, in the category of what Edwin Björkman has called 'pure cultures.' The more one sees of his work, the more one feels that

Stuart Davis should be a decided asset to the Salon of Humorists.

And when the same motive which dominates Sloan and Davis springs, instead of No age has been so multifarious as our 5 from the socialistic or the ultra-realistic, from the decorative instinct, the result is a form equally important to an exhibition of this order. It is the poster at its best.

It appears almost certain now,' laments people in this country once took in posters as works of art was merely a fad - that has gone the way of all fads. But I can't help feeling that it would n't have done so about the supremacy of German posters; but we forget that German artists had to go through a long, bitter, discouraging fight before they won recognition for the resentative emanations exist of that tan-20 high standards they finally succeeded in setting up. Here in this country, though, it's impossible, as things are, to wage such a fight. But from personal experiences, I feel certain that the public itself, once There are the cartoons of Arthur 25 thoroughly imbued with the poster ideal, would appreciate and demand that style of work.' Certainly, Mr. Fancher's own 'Carnival' is not a bad argument in its favor.

> And certainly the sharp, bold postures of the poster, its abrupt gestures, the simplicity of its masses of colors, the hyperbole of its statements, indicate a special sympathy with much current thought and

And from posters the transition into pure fantastics is an easy one - things, for example, such as the painted groups Helena Smith Dayton models in plaster. comprises. It is always that way with 40 Here is work as wholly American as Coney Island or world-series ball-games or department-store bargain-days. Whether one considers it as a parody of the new art forms or as an absolutely personal approach, it is equally interesting. There is no little tolerance manifest through all the fun and satire with which that human mélange on the 'Boarding-House Steps' is conceived. And the same spirit accompanies Mrs. Dayton everywhere - into the restaurants and tango-halls where the out-of-towners rub elbows with the demimonde for the enrichment of waiters, along lower Fifth Avenue at that hour when the into those parks where the child is indeed father to the man — wherever, in fact, the whim of the moment suggests.

In the course of these trips, too. Mrs. Dayton's feeling for types frequently expands into a genuine grasp of character. And even in her most headlong moods she never descends to downright triviality.

And triviality is the worst enemy against which the American Salon of Hu-

morists will have to contend.

Of course, the few pictures and sculptures grouped here represent only a frag- 10 Velasquez in 'The Surrender of Breda,' mentary glimpse even of that spirit which now is obliged to blossom sporadically. But they are sufficient to suggest some of the larger possibilities latent within that particular sort of humor that crackles be- 15 seems to tell us, 'This is how it happened.' neath the cuticle of American life.

All of which may sound excessively serious; but that is the trouble with hu-One simply can't consider it without becoming serious - particularly here in 20 tures. The right people are there, all America. For humor is more to us than a mere mood. It is the pith of the swift, electric atmosphere that is so distinctively our own, that capitalization of the moment which serves us in lieu of the tradi- 25 tion that is Europe's. It is a thing as wide as a city street, as free as a prairie, as vivid as an incandescent sign. It is as impudent as a skyscraper, as warm as a hand-clasp, as true as the shifting crowds 30 content to give us simply a large interior that give rise to it while they dream and love and laugh and die.

When we fully realize this in our graphic arts, something very fresh and notable in a new way should result. 35 ground. They are not, like the rest, seen Surely, it is worth while setting out toward

that end.

Vľ

THE WAR IN ART

[Times, London, England (Weekly Edition), May 7, 1915.]

The Academy this year, which was 45 opened to the public on Monday, is quite up to the average and perhaps rather better than usual. The war has not suddenly inspired British art with a new seriousness and simplicity; but no one could ex- 50 types; and in this picture they are too perpect it to do that, and we shall not give ourselves the cheap pleasure of rebuking our painters because they are not new-born since August.

tures, but war is a subject that has seldom brought any luck to painters. The greatest do not often attempt it, and lesser

artists have not the mastery to make anything vivid or fine in design out of scenes

that they have never witnessed.

Mr. H. A. Olivier's 'Where Belgium Greeted Britain' (360) represents the meeting of King George with King Albert on December 4. It is not a battle picture. but the representation of a historical Mr. Olivier has not attempted, like to make the scene impressive by pictorial art. He aims rather at giving his picture an air of authenticity. There is nothing to excite the mind through the eye. He But we are not convinced that it did so happen, because no one in the picture is quite lifelike enough. It is of the same character, in fact, as most coronation piceasily recognizable, and are playing their proper parts. Those things are souvenirs of great events and must be accepted, without much criticism, as souvenirs.

Mr. Lavery's 'Wounded: London Hospital, 1915' (181) is much more a work of art. It is, in fact, one of the best pictures he has ever painted; but he would have done it better still, if he had been and had not been conscious of the moral and historical interest of the scene. For the one weak point in the picture is the nurse and wounded soldier in the foreby a painter, but by a sentimentalist. They are too obviously playing their parts and over-acting them a little, so that they seem to belong to a different and inferior 40 kind of art from the rest of the picture.

Mr. Clausen in his 'Renaissance' (143) is allegorical, and his allegory succeeds better than the realism of other painters. It is the Renaissance of France that he paints, and the whole picture is fine in color and in design except for the faces. They are always the difficulty of allegory. If too much emphasis is laid on them, their figures become too personal for allegorical sonal and a little absurd. There is incongruity between the purely allegorical nude figure and the eminent Frenchman with the Legion of Honor, who might almost be Some of them have painted battle-pic- 55 a portrait. But we can forget this incongruity in the whole design, and that does give us a sense of the Renaissance of France.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie's 'The Fighting Line from Ypres to the Sea' (352) is a war landscape with an aeroplane. But the aëroplane is not assimilated to the landscape. It dominates everything, not as a feature in the design, but as an unusual fact; and that is the worst of war in pictures. It is nearly always merely an unusual fact, appealing too directly to the mind, like a piece of exciting news. It is to not art, as exciting news is not literature. Mr. T. Mostyn in his 'Flight' (435) gives us the typical rather than the actual; but he is not quite enough of a master to make the typical impressive. These flee- is ing female figures are a little platitudinous, like minor poetry. They remind us of a great many other pictures, as minor poetry reminds us of other verse. That is also the fault of Mr. Richard Jack's 'Home- 20 less' (464), though this is more a picture than most of the attempts to paint war. But, again, we feel that we have seen it before, that it belongs to the stage rather nation.

There is more vividness in Mr. P. W. Adam's interior, 'War' (480), a room wrecked by a shell. This is well painted. havoc and is in itself startling and satisfactory. In the 'Retreat from the Marne' (593) Mr. John Charlton seems merely to tell us that the Germans were driven back were. It is like the highly-colored description of a correspondent who was not present. That is also true of Mr. W. B. Wollen's 'Landrecies, August 25' (664). sis laid on its violence; but it is mere violence of language which may excite for a moment but soon wearies. In 'The Strongest' (973) Mr. Fortunino Matania and amusing one: a Belgian or French boy putting out his tongue at a German soldier as his mother leads him by with averted face. It is effective because not lently brutal. He looks at the boy rather stupidly, as if uncertain whether to take any notice of him or not.

We turn So much for the war pictures. gent is at his best in several little pictures. He has never done anything better than his 'Tyrolese Crucifix' (198), where

light and form are so mingled that they surprise and convince us. The picture has been made straight from the reality in front of the painter, but it has all come 5 right, except the figure of the man, where the artist's emphasis has failed, so that he is merely a little piece of dullness in a very brilliant whole.

VII

LEON BAKST'S DESIGNS FOR SCENERY AND COSTUME

GERALD C. SIORDET

[International Studio (John Lane Co.), November, 1913. By permission of author and publisher.]

Léon Bakst, about whom so much has been talked and written during the last few years in connection with the art of the theatre, was born in St. Petersburg than to real life or to the world of imagi- 25 in the year 1868. Passing through the academic course of art training in that city, he went to Paris to study in 1895, and on his return to Russia won such success as a painter of portraits and official and the composition both expresses the 30 pictures as to be appointed to the position of painter to the Imperial family. But a realistic subject-picture, a *Pietà*, in which the artist presented the persons of our Lord and His Mother under the guise of in more confusion than they probably 35 peasants, and attempted to depict without restraint the most violent affections of grief in the principal figures, was found so displeasing to the committee of the Academy to which it was submitted for exhibition We have street fighting with every empha- 40 that, though the work was hung, it was scored from corner to corner with bands of white chalk. The artist withdrew the picture: and the insult, combined with the representations of a little group of friends gives us merely an illustration, but a vivid 45 whose belief in his particular genius had been aroused by the success of a number of experiments in the designing of decoration and stage scenery and costume, decided him to break with official patronage exaggerated. The German is not vio- 50 and to follow his own bent. The secession of the younger school of Russian dancing, personified in the art of Nijinsky, provided him with the very opportunity he was seeking; he left Russia, staked his artistic with some relief to the others. Mr. Sar- 55 interests in the new venture, and provided the ballets with a series of settings and costumes that have inestimably enriched the performances of the Russian dancers

and have been the means of his acquiring a great artistic reputation for himself.

Yet I am not at all sure that in England, at any rate, the theatrical work of Léon Bakst has not been treated with 5 greater solemnity than he himself would consider appropriate. The Englishman in art has always been rather like the old lady and the patent medicine - 'My dear. it must be good, the advertisements speak to when they make no attempt to conceal, so well of it'— and provided that the critics supply him with a few portable sententiae on the matter in hand he has been content to like things not so much for what they are as for the variety of terms 15 single design by Bakst which is not from in which they can be described. In the case of work so unavoidable as that of Bakst it is the critic's function to drape the obvious, to explain away enjoyment that might seem too indiscreet or too di- 20 admirable as they were as working indirect, and so to arrange things that respectability may safely become a little wild, and audacity remain still fairly respectable.

But to Bakst himself his work presents 25 ties, gives a permanent value to his more itself in a much simpler light. Art, as he says, is a plaything, and an artist's work will be good only when it has been great fetched qualities you will - and there is plenty enough to his credit — these designs of his charm because, behind all the intervening processes of knowledge and calcuchild, exultant in the possession of paintbox and brushes, greatly daring to draw monsters, or princesses, or cities of an en-

chanted world.

That they should keep the freshness and 40 sparkle of spontaneity is the more remarkable when one considers the amount of solid learning that has gone to the designing of such a series of costumes as enrich Hélène de Sparte, or Signor d'Annunzio's medievalist experiments, S. Sebastien and Pisanelle. Bakst is a real student, a genuine scholar in costume. His designs are the wardrobes of the past; neither are they the summary, impressionistic stock-intrade of the quick-change artist. He is, indeed, a kind of bright, particular chadistorted glamour of the East, or the simple graces of archaic Greece, or the fierce, gay medley of the Middle Ages, and pres-

ently will bring you forth not dresses merely but *personages* who move with ease and certainty each in his own time, and yet retain the stamp of their creator.

This peculiar receptivity of mind, which at the same time recreates and rearranges. is of all qualities that most fitted to adapt itself to the art of the theatre, in which scenery and costume are most telling only rather welcome, the presence of conscious recognized artifice - in fact, when the art that makes them is considered as itself a plaything. It is hardly possible to find a this point of view 'amusing.'

Of course some have greater value than The last exhibition of his drawothers. ings contained a number of designs which, cations of costume and color, would by themselves have carried little proof of the exuberant and at the same time fastidious power of design which, among other quali-

finished drawings.

One critic said of him, apropos of his drawings for Schéhérazade and Le fun doing it. Here is the real secret of his Dieu Bleu, that he had 'rediscovered appeal. Grant him whatever fine and far- 30 the luscious female line bequeathed by the early Orientals.' I am not sure that I know what he meant: historically the remark seems to mean nothing; yet it is very true that Bakst shows a passionate lation, they reveal the enjoyment of the 35 enthusiasm for the flesh, for the contours of form, for strange poise and counterpoise of limb, for furious, abandoned movement, that sets an Eastern stamp upon his art, and reminds us that he is of the nation that long ago watched King David dance before the Lord 'with all his might.'

The illustrations to this article demonstrate the extraordinary facility with the ballets of Schéhérazade, Le Dieu Bleu, 45 which Bakst modifies treatment and design in accordance with the character of his subject. Look at the pencil drawing for the first act of Pisanelle, with its great three-masted ship, its bales of treasure no mere archeological resuscitations of 50 stowed upon the quay, its crowd of detail in such little compass, the whole compact and childlike as a medieval woodcut; or the lovely, subtly simple dress of Likenion in Daphnis and Chloe; or the truculent meleon. He will settle into the strange, 55 swagger of the Pole from Boris Godounoff; of the wasted fakir, blue and yellow draped, part of the very spirit of the East. Each is of its world, and though the mind

may turn to memories of the Morte D'Arthur, or the Greek vase-painters, or of that splendid Bakstian masterpiece, 'Sidonia the Sorceress,' each drawing lives by something more than the stimulus of past 5

It is perhaps only natural that so versatile a master of theatrical design should have tried his hand on modern dress. Yet I cannot think that he has achieved a real to by American collectors upon privatelysuccess. However much we may lament the fact, we live in a democratic, utilitarian age. Trousers are trousers, skirts are skirts for all the world. It is true that some words of Chaucer's 'poor parson' 15 cial committee of the National Gallery concerning 'disordinate scantitee of clothinge' are not altogether inapplicable even to the present time: but the days when men and women made themselves picturesquely ridiculous by wearing almost nothing, or 20 trailing the 'superfluitee of their gowns in the dong and in the myre,' merely in order to furnish an advertisement of their social status, are gone to return no more. There speak broadly, the dressmakers' 'matcher' may come out tomorrow in just such another costume for shape and style as her employer has been 'creating' today for

the greatest lady in the land. If The problem, then, for the original designer is hedged about with limitations. He can do no more than ring the changes on a round of styles that can be harand when he attempts to take a flight beyond the experiments of the past he will generally land himself in an impossible situation. The most practical of Bakst's charming adaptations of past styles. lovely drawing, reproduced in color for this article, differs but little in idea from a creation of any well-known house, save —a point designed to lend originality to the dress, but in reality the sole feature which in any other pose but that of the drawing itself would be impossible.

seemly to carp in any serious spirit at the experiments of an artist to whom we owe so much pure enjoyment, and whose genius for design ranging over so wide a field finds almost nothing which it cannot at 55 thing resembling publicity or 'social reonce assimilate and adorn with some orig-

inal feature of its own making.

VIII

THE AMERICAN ART COLLECTOR

[Philadelphia Press, May 4, 1915. By permission.]

The war has increased the anxiety of British art lovers as to the inroads made owned art works. Fearing that through fatalities and through the general financial depression caused by the war many English collections will have to be sold, a spe-Trustees has been formed in London to discuss ways and means of acquiring options on such collections and prevent them from passing into the hands of Americans.

This anxiety is perhaps natural enough considering that within recent years 316 valuable paintings were shipped out of England to private and public galleries in the United States. If actually faced with, are no more Sumptuary Laws, and, to 25 the problem the British Government would probably be unwilling to permit the steady drain on its art treasures, as the Italian Government was when it passed a law forbidding the exportation of masterpieces 30 from the country. And while no American collector will deny the British public's right to first opportunity of buying British art works, the ground upon which this committee chooses to advocate the exmonized with the thing we call a 'skirt,' 35 ercise of that right is little short of offensive.

'American millionaires,' declared one art authority, testifying before the committee, 'find the collecting of old masters designs for modern costume are merely 40 more amusing than other ways of spending money. It produces more social return than other ways.' Another said: 'American millionaires make collections to advertise themselves, to a certain extent. for the arrangement of lace upon the arms 45 expecting to get back their money in other ways.' Said a third: 'There is a great rush for art by American millionaires who really do not care much about it.'

These charges are too absurd to require Yet, when all is said, it would be un- 50 refutation. In Philadelphia alone we have the example of great collections - the Widener, the Johnson and the McFadden, for example - assembled with discriminating taste and carefully guarded from anyturn.' It is America's pride and her hope of being the future art centre of the world, that her richest citizens have interested themselves in art and are importing the rarest masterpieces of antiquity to hang in private galleries and - as many have already done - eventually to donate whole priceless collections to the use and education of the public.

IX

THE GARDEN AS A MEANS OF ARTISTIC EXPRESSION

THOMAS H. MAWSON

[Studio Yearbook of Decorative Art (John Lane Co.), 1913. By permission of author and publisher.]

From the dawn of literature and art to the present day, poets have sung and ar- 20 invisible streams and little erections shiny tists have painted the incomparable charms of the garden. Whether by this term we conjure up to the mind a vision of parterres neat and prim, and with each portion of the design carefully balanced 25 mens.' against every other, or, on the contrary, the rank profusion and free unrestrained growth of the wild garden with its direct tribute to the supreme beauty of Nature, we shall find that, since man's earliest 30 clear impression of the possibilities of all ages, there has not been wanting appreciation for the incomparable possibilities of the garden on the part of those who have been leaders in art and letters in every generation.

When we add to this fact the consideration that, not only has Holy Writ placed before us a garden as the scene of many of the most sacred as well as the most stirring episodes, but that ancient mythology 40 has almost invariably appealed to the popular mind at one point or another by means of a garden, it becomes almost impossible to conceive how the modern neglect of gardening as a means of serious art ex- 45 and even earlier, who, subordinating pression can have come about.

Instead of the intelligent enthusiasm which one would expect such a heritage of tradition to engender, we find today that the vast majority of people, if they 50 holder suddenly opposite some daring cretrouble to define the purpose of a garden at all, would consider it merely as a place for the cultivation of individual specimens of flowering plants or shrubs for their inconsciousness whatever for the possibilities for collective effect which it presents. Others, more in sympathy with their work,

would have us concentrate our attention on the blending and harmonizing of color masses, certainly a most laudable object in itself, but not if it is allowed to distract 5 the attention from, and blind the vision to, the larger problem of which it is only a part.

It is not too much to say that in the majority of gardens, and in suburban gar-10 dens especially, we have more evidences of an utter lack of any kind of artistic perception than in any other class of feature capable of becoming a medium for art expression. Either an absurd effort is made 15 to imitate the glories of Nature on half an acre of ground, and to include in this area every class of scenery, hill and vale, rock and swamp, in absurd miniature and hopeless jumble, with impossible bridges over with varnish and hideous with cheap colored glass, or, on the other hand, the ground is parcelled out into confessedly utilitarian plots for the culture of 'speci-

Neither course is right, for both are extremes, and extreme measures in art, as in all things, rarely point the way to perfection. Instead we must have, first of all, a the factors which go to the making of a garden, whether architecture, trees, greensward, rock, water, roads and paths, or lawns for games, as well as of their rela-35 tive functions, and from these materials we must build up our picture, or rather series of pictures, for one of the greatest charms with which we can invest the garden will be that of a certain complexity which will give variety and prevent satiety. These two considerations interact on one another and cannot be considered apart, or we shall fall afresh into the errors of the gardeners of a century ago, everything to the creation of 'effects,' ended in reducing their works to a series of startling caricatures. Each walk or drive was so contrived as to bring the beation in which sham churches or ruins and hummocky foreground and other stage scenery played a prominent part. and other curious devices, such as suntrinsic beauty alone, and would show no 55 dials which squirted water at the person who approached them (from one of which the present site of the London County Council Offices obtained its name), might amuse when first seen, but, on familiarity, amusement would give place to satiety and satiety to disgust, for, of all things, the tone of a well-ordered garden should be restful, and familiarity, instead of breed- 5 ing contempt, should give a greater and fuller realization of its many charms as well as adding the delights of old association.

a place where our highest and best instincts may find satisfaction, cut off from the jarring notes and sordid features of the outside world, and where we may find at all times coolness and brightness and a 15 the writer just quoted, and that in taking temptation to rest, and where 'retired Leisure' may 'in trim gardens take his pleasure.'

To realize such a garden we must know, first of all, what are the materials which 20 has come down to us from remote ages, we may legitimately use in its creation, and then, treating these as the artist views his pigments, how we may blend and use them and what limitations their physical prop-

erties will impose upon us.

Immediately we approach our task, however, we are confronted with two distinct schools of garden designers, having diametrically opposed ideas as to the methods to be employed and the results to be aimed 30 of the precedent of the one mode near the The two styles they advocate may, for want of better titles, be called the 'Formal' and 'Landscape' styles. The former of these aims at a balanced and coordinated entity which shall frankly and 35 confessedly be a work of art, made to please, and culling for its use the best from all the arts and sciences; while the latter aims at taking Nature as its guide, ing, every possible suggestion of conventionalization or, indeed, of design as usually understood in other arts.

Which of these two schools of garden makers we are to follow will, I think, be 45 units than at the designing of the units, abundantly clear if we look into their We shall then find that, whereas the former, the Formal, style of design, is of ancient origin and has been developed of ancient origin and has been developed. Adam in Edinburgh, and so on, but by that same form of evolution which has so these have had to work, one might almost governed the production of every other class of art, and in particular in its closest relative, architecture, the latter is an upstart fashion which sprang up around a half-truth which had become a catch 55 tinct and very liberal training. phrase, which was that 'All Nature is a garden fair,' and owed its opportunity to the extravagant lengths into which the

older style had been dragged by puerile imitators who had copied its forms without in the slightest understanding its

The battle of the styles was in full swing when Schiller wrote, in 1795, 'There will be found in all probability a very good middle course between the formality of the French gardening-taste and the lawless This, then, is the garden of our dreams, to freedom of the so-called English style,' and it has been going on ever since. There are, however, strong indications that a solution of the difficulty is being found at last along the lines indicated by from each style all that it has to teach us. acknowledging, on the one hand, Nature's preëminent and unique example, and, on the other, the claims that a style which each generation adding its own vision to the conception, must have upon our respectful consideration.

> We are fast coming to see that, while 25 the Formal style is to be preferred in conjunction with architecture, the Landscape style also has its uses where Nature reigns; and so, by the use of both, or rather, of a style which makes more use mansion and more and more of the features of the other as we recede from it, we are able to blend Nature with Art in a

harmonious manner.

The greatest result of this clearly indicated promise of the dawn of a truly national school of garden design which has taken place so far is the recognition accorded to the profession of Landscape Arand avoiding, or rather consciously ignor- 40 chitecture, or, as the writer would prefer to have it named, 'Topographical Architecture, the art of planning over large areas. This art, which aims more at coordinating and correlating the various themselves, has had its professors in every generation — Haussmann in Paris, Christopher Wren in London, the brothers say, by stealth, and rather as designers of buildings overstepping their province than as professors of a distinct branch of art, requiring for its due presentment a dis-

This last phrase strikes the key-note of the whole matter with all its problems, for it is almost entirely due to the utter lack of any appreciation of the necessity for what I have called 'a distinct and very liberal training' which has resulted in the neglect of the art and the abundant possibilities of its application which have always existed 5 with the practical help of a sympathetic and which are to be found on every hand today, unrecognized and undeveloped. While every other branch of art demands from its votaries, not only a heaven-born genius, but also a knowledge of the prece- 10 dent of his art and a technical training in the use of his media, it would seem to be tacitly agreed by most people in this country that any ordinary and not very gifted individual should be able to evolve from 15 sign. While we have a plethora of garhis inner consciousness, without previous training or experience, all the qualities for the laying out of parks, gardens, boulevards, or even the artistic presentment of whole cities. The most notable, or should 20 days, by landscape architects for garden I say notorious, result of this state of things is that, in this country, practically all our public parks and gardens have been laid out by amateurs in a manner which is puerile and utterly abhorrent to any one 25 whole aim, in writing this article is the with any artistic sense, and their architecture is chosen from the catalogues of the makers of iron buildings.

There are exceptions of course, simply because once in a century or so it happens 30 sub-divisions of the profession of Landby chance that the work falls into the hands of the right man; but the average city councilor or borough official is not chosen for his post on account of his devotion to art, but for his executive, financial, 35 divisions that we are more particularly or technical ability, and to expect such a gentleman, however gifted in his own sphere, suddenly whenever called upon, like Shelley's skylark, to pour out from a full heart 'profuse strains of unpremedi- 40 that they form a composite whole beautitated art' would strike one as utterly impossible were it not done so often.

We thus come across this strange result that, whereas in this country our splendid designers of the past, are incomparably beautiful, our public gardens, as I have already said, leave much, very much, to be desired; while in other countries, and espein France, the reverse is the case, and while the public works, like the gardens and boulevards of Paris, have a worldwide reputation, the private gardens, deferior to ours. Exception must be made, of course, in favor of the world-famous gardens to the villas of Italy, which, however, represent the best results of that ideal arrangement only to be reached when a capable and enthusiastic practitioner works under the inspiring influence and client, himself strongly imbued with the artistic sense and able to sympathize with difficulties and rejoice when they are overcome.

Another contributing cause to the confusion of which I have complained, and which it is my object to remove, is the lack of good textbooks by competent authorities dealing with the subject of garden deden books, they are by amateurs for amateurs, by domestic architects for architects. or by horticulturalists on horticulture, and never, broadly speaking, since Repton's designers.

And now for my confession, lest my ulterior motives should be discovered unconfessed! My chief aim, nay, almost my hope that I may influence some of the younger generation of art students, among whom the Studio Year Book may circulate, to make one or other of the two great scape Architecture (Civic Art and Land-

scape Gardening) their life study.

It is with the latter, and in many ways the more entrancing, of these two subconcerned at present. Its aim is so to group and arrange the various factors which go to the making of the modern domain, and so to design and embellish them ful in itself, thus adding to the attractions of the individual features by providing for them a suitable setting and by harmony and contrast. That there should be any country seats, laid out by the great garden 45 need to urge students of art to take up this work speaks volumes for the low and neglected state into which the whole art of garden design has fallen, and it is my earnest wish that the profession to which cially in the United States of America and 50 I have devoted my life should in the future be more adequately represented by men who have had a catholic art training, such as will enable them to combat the mass of misconception of the nature and functions signed by amateurs, are on the whole in-55 of garden design which at present surrounds the whole subject.

> There is another misconception which has tended to prevent suitable men taking

up the work of garden design, due to the failure to differentiate between garden making and gardening. I would even go so far as to say that a knowledge of the sciences of horticulture and arboriculture, 5 scheme, to the day when he designs the while extremely desirable, is not essential to the landscape architect. It is sufficient if he knows what effects are possible and what he may use under varying circumstances, for the task of materializing his 10 them, or against the proportions of the designs will fall, not upon him, but upon

the working gardener. This is only true, of course, in an abstract sense, for I should always recommend that a student should have a general 15 deavor, will come a mass of questions to acquaintance with these sciences; still it serves to illustrate my point, and, anyway, there are many other subjects which are still more essential to him. Perhaps the chief of these is a knowledge of architec- 20 Nor is there the possibility of the slightest ture and a deep and real sympathy with the aims and inspirations of its exponents; for not only will there be more or less constructional work in all his schemes, but in almost every case he will be called upon 25 ent's requirements will differ, so that origto work in collaboration with a domestic architect. This knowledge, too, will have to be of the most catholic nature, for, generally speaking, the landscape architect will be called upon to harmonize his 30 treatment of the individual problems pescheme with preëxistent architecture which may be in any one of the numberless styles prevailing or in no style what-In the latter case there is, of course, opportunity for the exercise of genius of 35 chitect serves to show us something of the the highest order if the grotesque efforts of an amateur in architectural design are so to be backed up by their surroundings that defects are remedied or, at least, negatived and lack of proportion removed by 40 creation of the beautiful, not merely with the addition of balancing features.

Another requirement of the professor of garden making, which, however, must necessarily be more born than made, is the power so to interpret his vision of beauties 45 beholder, and to be produced not in counto be to others that he fills them with his own enthusiasm for the beautiful and gains their assent to his proposals and their active cooperation. This is the most difficult task of all, but as I have dealt 50 shared with the sculptor and which is that, with it at length on many other occasions, it is unnecessary to do more than call at-

tention to it now.

To these subjects will have to be added a knowledge in the round of road en- 55 sition which shall be equally beautiful gineering, land draining, and almost every form of constructional work and estate management. It will thus be seen how

many-sided his work and training will be. It is a far cry from the point at which he first stands on the vacant site, and maps out in his mind the rudiments of his finishing touches and carefully balances sun-dials, statuary, and the smaller furnishings of the garden in height, breadth and bulk against the open spaces surrounding vista the termination of which the feature is to mark. Between these two points, which, in time, may possibly be separated by months and even years of patient enbe decided and problems to be met which, while they will call forth the best and highest that is in him, will also prove of most absorbing interest at every turn. sameness in this work. Quite apart from the enormous difference between public and private gardens in spirit and intent, no two sites are the same, and every cliinality is inevitable and will be of the best sort, that is, of that form which proceeds not from a desire to avoid sameness but which springs naturally from a proper culiar to the particular site under treat-

This rapid survey of some of the more essential requirements of the landscape arcomplexity, as well as of the charm, of the art of garden making. What more entrancing task could there be than one in which we are constantly employed in the the pigments of the artist for the edification of the few who have the specialized training to feel and understand, but to be a delight, in some sort at least, to every terfeit presentment by pigments but by the manipulation of the actual objects themselves. This very fact, of course, invests the work with a special difficulty which is while the painter or engraver selects his point of view and composes his scheme from that point alone, the garden designer and sculptor have each to create a compofrom every point from which it may be ob-

There is, however, a reciprocal relation-

ship between the practical and esthetic in garden design which differentiates it from every other form of art. The landscape architect is more bound by, or rather his art is more controlled by, practical and 5 shrubs which may be reduced to definite utilitarian limitations than any other branch except, perhaps, domestic architecture. Even in this instance, however, there is one great factor which is peculiar to his art and which is not shared by so one of my books, there is no sense of inthe domestic architect. This arises from the fact that he has to deal with two distinct classes of objects, the inanimate, which is fixed and abiding, and the animate, which is constantly chang- 15 and summer heat. Between these two exing with the seasons and even from hour to hour. The former class is represented by the architectural features incorporated with his scheme, the contours and levels of the various portions of 20 of the laws of proportion as will enable the site, whether natural or controlled, and, to a lesser degree, the distant prospect, which may have an important function to perform in the completion of his The latter class is composed of 25 the whole available range of the native and naturalized vegetable products, from the oak to the cactus, in all their almost bewilderingly divergent forms, sizes, and esthetic qualities. We must also add to 30 tions for the art student with a pronounced it one feature which, although really inanimate, still possesses all the qualities of variableness, otherwise almost entirely peculiar to animate nature, in a most remarkable degree. That is water, without 35 his fellowmen labor and live. To create which, in some form or other, very few landscape compositions can be deemed to be complete, and about the use and adaptation of which to the garden a whole volume might be written.

It is no light task to create a composition in which the animate and inanimate shall combine and harmonize from all points of view at all times and in every season. In some cases, of course, espe- 45 he will ever find his work pall or anything cially in heroic compositions in which the architecture is in the traditionally classic

styles and on a large scale, the foliage effects must necessarily be kept so entirely subservient to the purely architectural portions of the scheme that only trees and and conventional form by the use of the knife and shears can be used, such as cordons, hedges, and screens of foliage. On the opposite hand, as I have pointed out in congruity felt when even the tiniest of cottages is overhung by the largest trees, in fact the greater the contrast the greater the sense of protection from winter storms tremes there is infinite gradation, and half the training of the student of the form of applied art which we are discussing will be complete when he has learned so much him unerringly to decide how much of each, foliage and architecture, may be used in any class of scheme and where the mass of each should be placed.

From what I have said it will be seen that modern needs and modern opportunities are almost compelling the creation of what is practically a new profession and one which possesses the greatest attraclove of architecture, arboriculture, and the allied arts, and who is filled, at the same time, with a practical enthusiasm for the betterment of the conditions under which beauty, not only of form and environment but also of mind and moral atmosphere, is a task which should inspire the best and noblest type of mind and supply food suf-40 ficient, both in quantity and quality, for the greatest intellect. The student who decides to take up this work need never fear that he will not have scope for the best and the highest that is in him, or that he is called upon to do lacking in intense

and vital interest.

